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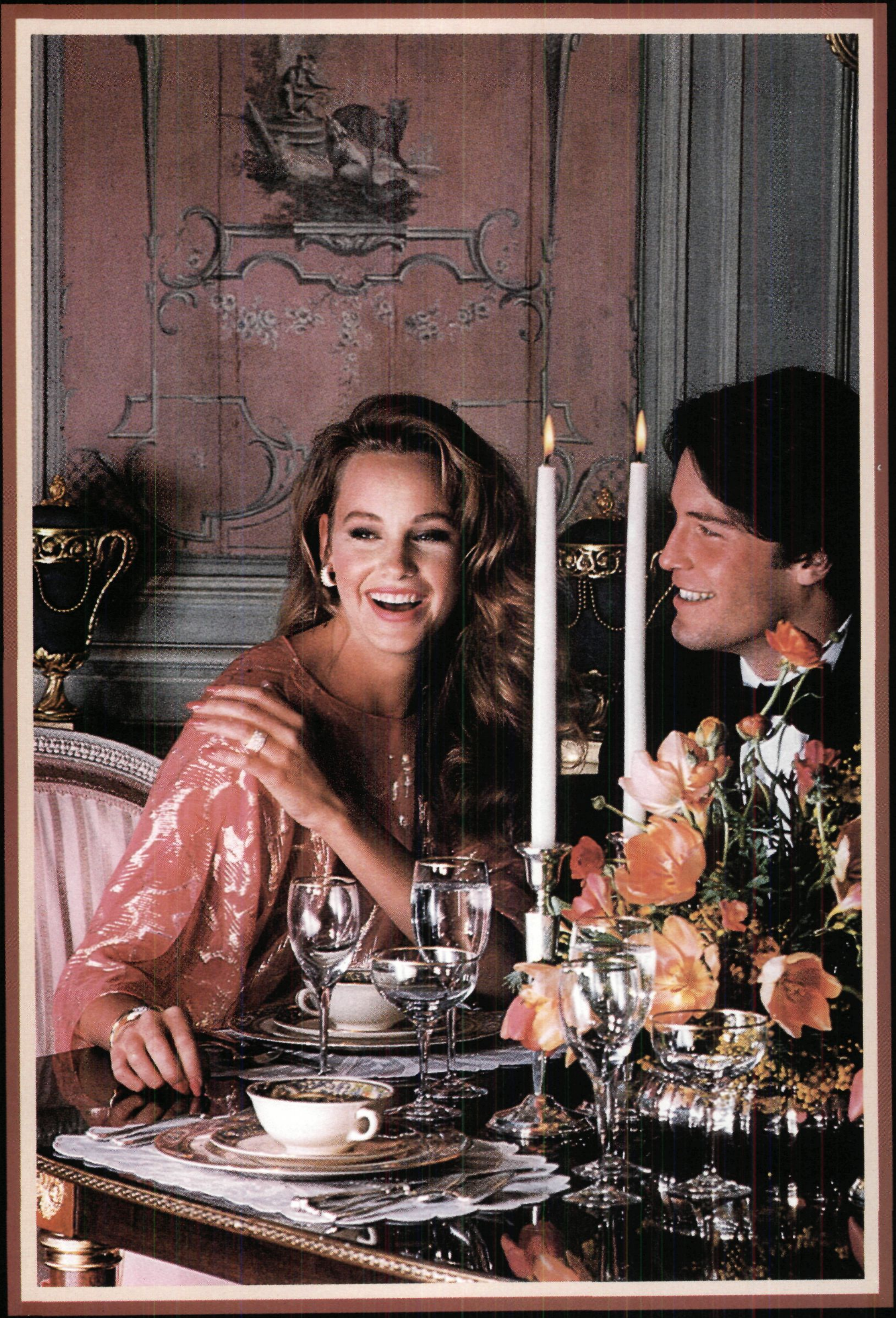

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

THE THEATRE

PLAYS AND MUSICALS

Accounts—A play by Michael Wilcox that is set in Scotland. (Hudson Guild Theatre, 441 W. 26th St. 760-9810. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

The Birds—Aristophanes' comedy, adapted by Walter Kerr. With songs by Evangelos Fampas and John Neil Harris. (Greek Theatre of New York, 120 W. 28th St. 807-0156. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 2. Closes Sunday, June 19.)

Breakfast with Les and Bess—Holland Taylor and Keith Charles in a comedy by Lee Kalcheim. Originally presented last fall at the Hudson Guild Theatre. (Lambs Theatre, 130 W. 44th St. 997-1780. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Brighton Beach Memoirs—Neil Simon looks back with fondness upon his youth in the gloomy thirties. Matthew Broderick is sensationally effective as the wisecracking, adolescent Neil. (4/11/83) (Alvin, 250 W. 52nd St. 757-8646. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

The Caine Mutiny Court-Martial—A distinguished cast, headed by John Rubinstein and Michael Moriarty, breathes plenty of life into Herman Wouk's time-tested melodrama about a Navy minesweeper in the Second World War. (5/16/83) (Circle in the Square, 50th St. west of Broadway. 581-0720. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Cats—Some twenty poems about cats by T. S. Eliot, set to music by Andrew Lloyd Webber. A mighty spectacle about mighty little, owing its effectiveness to Trevor Nunn's direction and to the sets and costumes by John Napier. (10/18/82) (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 239-6222. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Conjur Woman—Sheila Dabney in a one-character play by Beatrice Manley-Blau, with music written and performed on stage by bassist Cecil McBee. Directed by George Ferencz. (La Mama, 74A E. 4th St. 475-7710. Nightly at 7. Closes Sunday, June 12.)

Duet for One—A trashy play about a concert violinist who is stricken with multiple sclerosis. The setting is the office of her psychiatrist. With Eva Marie Saint and Milton Selzer. (5/9/83) (Roundabout Stage One, 333 W. 23rd St. 242-7800. Wednesday through Saturday at 8. Matinées Wednesday, Saturday, and Sunday at 2. Closes Sunday, June 12.)

Egyptology—Yet another abrasive exercise by Richard Foreman. Crash, bam! (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

Ensemble Studio Theatre—Final performances of a festival of one-act plays. "Pastoral," by Peter Maloney; "Eulogy," by Jim Richardson; "Cash," by Stuart Spencer; and "Tender Offer," by Wendy Wasserstein: Wednesday and Thursday evenings, June 8-9; Saturday evening, June 11; and Sunday matinée, June 12. . . . ¶ "I Love You, I Love You Not," by Wendy Kesselman; "Delusions of a Government Witness," by Louis Lippa; "Fast Women," by Willie Reale; and "Two Hot Dogs with Everything," by William Wise: Friday evening, June 10; Saturday matinée, June 11; and Sunday and Monday evenings, June 12-13. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Ensemble Studio Theatre, 549 W. 52nd St. 247-4982. Evenings at 7:30. Matinées at 2:30.)

Extremities—Farrah Fawcett in a play by William Mastrosimone. (Westside Arts, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 3.)

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Fen—In this British import by Caryl Churchill, six actors and actresses portray the members of a farming community in England. The play bears some resemblance to "Under Milk Wood," but it is informed throughout by Miss Churchill's fierce, ironic, tender sensibility. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, July 3.)

Fool for Love—Sam Shepard's play, as performed by his own company from the Magic Theatre in San Francisco, is as near a miracle as makes no matter—mysterious, funny, and beautiful. It is about two battling, loving lovers in a motel room at the edge of the Mojave Desert and about many other matters as well. Ed Harris and Kathy Baker are perfect in the leading roles, and they are ably supported by Dennis Ludlow and Will Marchetti. Mr. Shepard directed. (6/6/83) (Circle Repertory Company Theatre, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. 924-7100. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, June 26.)

Goodnight Ladies!—A play about European émigrés, performed by the British theatrical company Hesitate and Demonstrate. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, June 19.)

Greater Tuna—Ronn Carroll and Michael Jeter, a pair of actors, portray twenty citizens (m. and f.) of the third-smallest town in Texas, in a play that is as broad as a cartoon but is also sharp and satiric and frequently funny. It was written by Jaston Williams, Joe Sears, and the director, Ed Howard. (11/1/82) (Circle in the Square Downtown, 159 Bleecker St. 254-6330. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Greek—A play by Steven Berkoff, with Georgia Brown, Ken Danziger, Mary Denham, and John Francis Harries. Opens Wednesday, June 8. (Actors Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. 691-6226. Opening-night curtain at 6:45; thereafter, Tuesdays through

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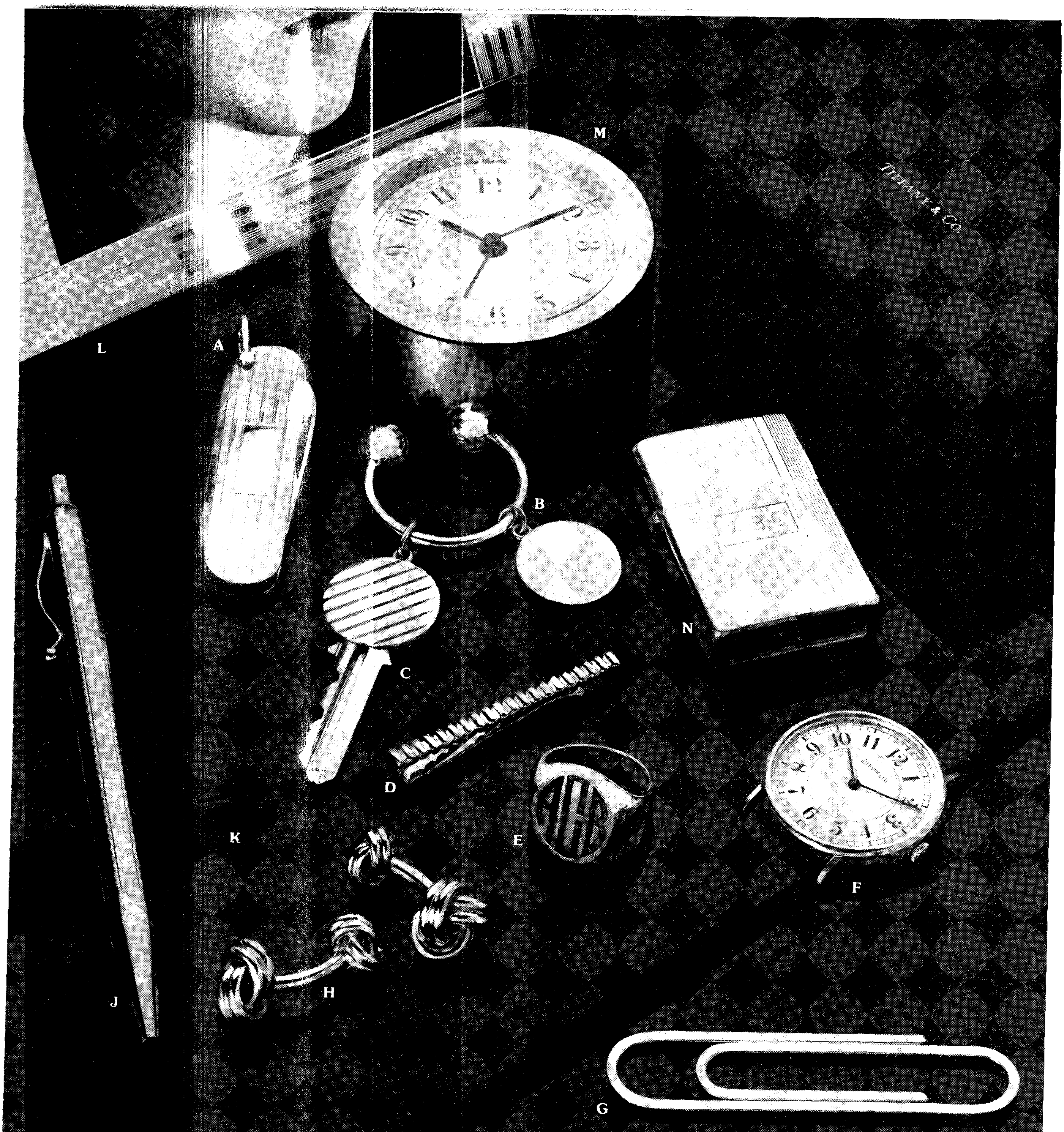

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 5.)

The Guys in the Truck—Elliott Gould in a comedy by Howard Reifsnyder. Staged by David Black. Previews through Monday, June 13. Opens officially on Tuesday, June 14. (New Apollo, 234 W. 43rd St. 921-8558. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8; opening-night curtain at 6:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

In the Beginning . . . Lucifer . . . The Bible—A musical by Estaban Fernandez Sanchez, with a cast of puppets. (La Mama, 74A E. 4th St. 475-7710. Nightly at 8:30. Matinée Sunday at 2:30. Closes Sunday, June 12.)

Jeeves Takes Charge—Edward Duke plays master and servant and ten other roles in a comedy he has adapted from the stories of P. G. Wodehouse. Presented first in London. (The Space, City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 246-8989. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Wednesdays at 2.)

A Kiss Is Just a Kiss—Kevin O'Connor gives a deft, spirited performance as Humphrey Bogart in Paul Foster's captivating comedy, and the three other actors play all the roles in Bogart's life and movies. Don Scardino was the clever director. (Manhattan Punch Line, 410 W. 42nd St. 279-4200. Thursdays and Fridays at 8, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

K2—Two skilled mountain climbers find themselves trapped on a ledge high up on the face of the second-highest mountain on earth. With Jeffrey De Munn and Jay Patterson. The author is Patrick Meyers, who has managed to write a thriller consisting largely of talk. (4/11/83) (Brooks Atkinson, 256 W. 47th St. 245-3430. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Light Opera of Manhattan—Through Sunday, June 19: Rudolf Friml's **ROSE MARIE.** (Eastside, 334 E. 74th St. 861-2288. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, and Saturdays and Sundays at 4.)

Little Shop of Horrors—Based on Roger Corman's 1960 horror quickie about a man-eating plant, this exuberant, jokey musical is wholly free of camp. The spirited, tuneful rock score is by Alan Menken, and Howard Ashman wrote the witty book and witty lyrics; the singing and comic acting by the entire company are a credit to Mr. Ashman, the inventive director. Martin P. Robinson designed the menacing plant, and it speaks and sings in the menacing baritone of Ron Taylor. With Brad Moranz as the apprentice florist who discovers and nurtures it, and Faith Prince as the lady he loves. (9/27/82) (Orpheum, 126 Second Ave., at 8th St. 477-2477. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Merlin—Doug Henning, a superb magician, has wandered as if by chance into a musical comedy totally unsuited to his nature. One of the members of the cast plays a unicorn, unconvincingly. (2/28/83) (Mark Hellinger, 237 W. 51st St. 757-7064. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 6:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2.)

The Middle Ages—A. R. Gurney, Jr.,'s humorous play is set in (and is, in a sense, about) the trophy room in an exclusive club, probably in Boston, and it tells the bittersweet love story of a man named Barney and a woman named Eleanor, over a span of forty years, as it reflects the changing circumstances of the times. Jack Gilpin and Ann McDonough are Barney and Eleanor to the life, and Jo Henderson is very good, too, as Eleanor's mother. David Trainer was the deft director. (4/4/83) (Theatre at St. Peter's Church, Lexington Ave. at 54th St. 486-1666. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 3.)

My One and Only—Tommy Tune and Twiggy are the stars of this merry, newly invented musical comedy (book by Peter Stone and Timothy S. Mayer), which brings back half a dozen superlative Gershwin songs. (5/9/83) (St. James, 246 W. 44th St. 398-0280. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

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'Night, Mother—Marsha Norman's eloquent play about a young woman determined to end her life, superbly acted by Kathy Bates and Anne Pitoniak. The director is Tom Moore. (4/11/83) (Golden, 252 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

On Your Toes—The Rodgers and Hart musical, with choreography by George Balanchine, has survived wonderfully undiminished after the wear and tear of almost fifty years. (3/14/83) (Virginia, 245 W. 52nd St. 977-9370. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Passion—Peter Nichols takes a long look at suburban adultery and finds it partly comic and partly tragic, as who has not? Well acted by a cast that includes Frank Langella and Roxanne Hart. (5/23/83) (Longacre, 220 W. 48th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Private Lives—An unhappy revival of the Coward comedy, starring Elizabeth Taylor and Richard Burton. (5/16/83) (Lunt-Fontanne, 205 W. 46th St. 575-9200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Quartermaine's Terms—The title character of Simon Gray's funny, sad comedy is a teacher whom loneliness has made even more bubble-brained than God did. Lee Richardson plays the leading role, and he is well supported by Roy Poole, Caroline Lagerfelt, Anthony Heald, and Dana Ivey. Kenneth Frankel directed. (3/7/83) (Playhouse 91, 316 E. 91st St. 831-2000. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)

Ridiculous Theatrical Company—Presenting Charles Ludlam's **LE BOURGEOIS AVANT-GARDE.** (One Sheridan Square. 691-2271. Wednesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 8.)

The Señorita from Tacna—Maria Tucci and Jaime Sanchez in the English-language première of Peruvian writer Mario Vargas Llosa's play. (Intar, 420 W. 42nd St. 695-6134. Wednesdays through Sundays at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, June 26.)

Show Boat—The Kern melodies and the Oscar Hammerstein II lyrics are as affecting as they were back in 1927, but the book aches with age, and the present production is a flimsy one. (5/9/83) (Gershwin Theatre, formerly the Uris, 51st St. west of Broadway. 586-6510. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Taking My Turn—A musical, with a score by Gary William Friedman and lyrics by Will Holt. The cast includes Margaret Whiting, Marni Nixon, Sheila Smith, Cissy Houston, and Tiger Haynes. Preview Wednesday, June 8. Opens officially on Thursday, June 9. (Entermedia, 189 Second Ave., at 12th St. 475-4191. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7; opening-night curtain at 6:30. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)

True West—Sam Shepard's comedy about two rival brothers in California, which was given an unsatisfactory production last season, has now been transformed by the clowning of Bruce Lyons and Dan Butler. Gary Sinise was the excellent director. (11/29/82) (Cherry Lane, 38 Commerce St. 989-2020. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 5.)

A View from the Bridge—From the Long Wharf, in New Haven, comes this admirable production of the Arthur Miller thriller. Tony Lo Bianco and Tresa Hughes make the most of their opportunities as an Italian husband and wife in the gray depths of Brooklyn. (2/14/83) (Ambassador, 215 W. 49th St. 239-6200. Wednesday through Saturday at 8. Matinées Wednesday and Saturday at 2, and Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, June 12.)

Wild Life—Four one-act comedies by Shel Silverstein. (Vandam, 15 Vandam St., three blocks south of Houston St., at Sixth Ave. 675-0498. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Winners—A revival of Brian Friel's beguiling comedy (with sad overtones) about a pair of lovers who spend a day on a hilltop above the Irish town of Ballymore. Bernard Shaw's larky **HOW HE LIED TO HER HUSBAND** makes a suitable prologue to this agreeable evening. (5/2/83) (Susan Bloch Theatre, 307 W. 26th St. 242-7800. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2.)

You Can't Take It with You—Jason Robards, Colleen Dewhurst, James Coco, and an army of others, in the Kaufman-Hart comedy of 1936. Most of the lines and all of the fireworks are as funny as ever. (4/18/83) (Plymouth, 236 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Long Runs—**AGNES OF GOD:** A flaky young nun has given birth to a baby, whose body is subsequently found in a wastepaper basket in her convent room. The nun maintains that God is the child's father, and her Mother Superior is inclined to agree, but a court-appointed psychiatrist has other notions. More of a debate than a play. The cast consists of Diahann Carroll, Geraldine Page, and Maryann Plunkett. The author is John Pielmeier. (Music Box, 239 W. 45th St. 246-4636. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **AMADEUS:** We are at the court of Joseph II, in Vienna, in the eighteenth century, and the court composer Salieri is engaged in killing off his upstart rival, Mozart, either by actual poison or by denigration. A sumptuously staged melodrama by Peter Shaffer, with David Birney, Mark Hamill, and Maureen Moore heading the large cast. (Broadhurst, 235 W. 44th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **A CHORUS LINE:** A group of young dancers audition for a handful of chorus jobs in a show not yet in rehearsal, and by the time the evening is over we know everything about all of them. (Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **CLOUD 9:** Caryl Churchill's comedy about the "confusion" of sexuality—first in a British outpost in Africa in

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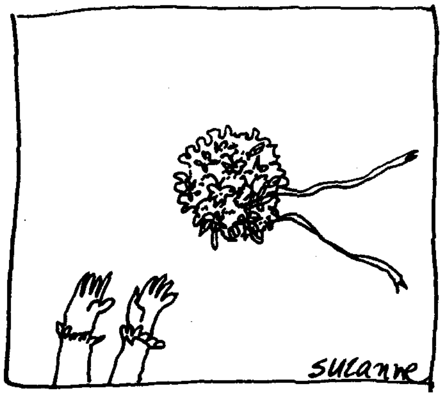
GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

1880 and then in a park in London in 1980—is a bright and original work that adds a measure of confusion all its own. It is nimbly performed under Tommy Tune's brilliant direction. (Lucille Lortel Theatre, 121 Christopher St. 924-8782. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **THE DINING ROOM:** The action of A. R. Gurney, Jr.,'s delightful play takes place over the past fifty years or so, in a formal dining room, somewhere in New England, and this action is a matter of brief scenes about a large assortment of characters who are portrayed by six accomplished actors. David Trainer was the good director. (Astor Place Theatre, 434 Lafayette St., near Astor Pl. 254-4370. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **DREAMGIRLS:** Traditional musical-comedy hokum, directed and choreographed by Michael Bennett at his usual frantic pace. The enormous cast is young, tireless, and talented. (Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **EVITA:** A sung version of the life of Eva Perón, with Florence Lacey, Scott Holmes, and David Cryer. Pamela Blake substitutes for Miss Lacey at the Wednesday and Saturday matinée performances. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sunday, June 12, at 3.) . . . **THE FANTASTICKS:** 9,616 performances so far. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **42ND STREET:** A musical based on the old Warner Brothers movie and by no means an improvement on it. Directed and choreographed by the late Gower Champion. (Majestic, 245 W. 44th St. 246-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **JOSEPH AND THE AMAZING TECHNICOLOR DREAMCOAT:** A musical derived from the Old Testament story. Andrew Lloyd Webber composed the score and Tim Rice wrote the lyrics. (Royale, 242 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8:15, and Sundays at 6:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **NINE:** A musical version of the autobiographical movie "8½" that Fellini directed almost twenty years ago. Sergio Franchi plays the hard-pressed hero, here depicted as an overgrown crybaby, surrounded by twenty-odd women, most of them abjectly servile sexual objects. A gorgeous production. (46th Street Theatre, 226 W. 46th St. 221-1211. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **OH! CALCUTTA!:** A collection of short sketches that purport to give us a refreshing view of sex and do not. (Edison, 240 W. 47th St. 757-7164. Mondays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 9:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **PUMP BOYS AND DINETTES:** A thoroughly engaging and spirited little cabaret musical, set in a gas station with diner attached, somewhere in the South. Most of the appealing songs were written by Jim Wann or by his wife, Cass Morgan. (Princess, Broadway at 48th St. 586-3903. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **SISTER MARY IGNATIUS EXPLAINS IT ALL FOR YOU** and **THE ACTOR'S NIGHTMARE:** "Sister Ignatius," the second of Christopher Durang's brace of one-acters, is a seething satire on Catholic education: a crazy nun verbally molests her small pupils until she is given her comeuppance by four visiting alumni. In the curtain-raiser, "The Actor's Nightmare," a businessman dreams that he is on a stage and forced to perform, giving rise to a cluster of shrewd parodies of respected playwrights. (Westside Arts, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **TORCH SONG TRILOGY:** Three plays—humorous, sad, sentimental, and witty—by and starring Harvey Fierstein, as a Jewish homosexual hustler and drag queen. Starting Monday, June 13, David Garrison will replace Mr. Fierstein. Donald Corren substitutes for Mr. Fierstein and Mr. Garrison at the matinée performances. (Little Theatre, 240 W. 44th St. 944-9450. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)



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MISCELLANY

FORBIDDEN BROADWAY—A musical satire of Shubert Alley denizens. The lyrics to the song parodies are by Gerard Alessandrini. (Palsson's Upstairs, 158 W. 72nd St. 595-7400. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8:30; Fridays and Saturdays at 8:30 and 11:30; and Sundays at 8:30.)

MARTIN CHARNIN'S UPSTAIRS AT O'NEALS'—A lively little revue with a young cast of six, whose ranks may or may not include a future Chita Rivera or Joel Grey. (O'Neals', 147 W. 43rd St. 382-1614. Thursdays at 8, and Fridays and Saturdays at 8 and 10:30.)

THE FLYING KARAMAZOV BROTHERS—Superb juggling and a few good jokes, by an exceptionally attractive group of young men from somewhere on the other side of the Appalachians, if not the Urals. (Reviewed in our issue of 5/23/83.) (Ritz, 219 W. 48th St. 582-4022. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

NEW YORK GILBERT AND SULLIVAN PLAYERS—Presenting "The Mikado." (Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. 864-5400. Saturday, June 11, at 3 and 8, and Sunday, June 12, at 2 and 7.)

DANCE

NEW YORK CITY BALLET—Tentative schedule—Wednesday evening, June 8: "Delibes Divertissement," "Glass Pieces," and "Tchaikovsky Piano Concerto No. 2." . . . ¶ Thursday evening, June 9: "Ballet d'Isoline" (company première), "Agon," and "Vienna Waltzes." . . . ¶ Friday evening, June 10: "Who Cares?," "Monumentum pro Gesualdo/Movements for Piano and Orchestra," and "Vienna Waltzes." . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, June 11: "Delibes Divertissement," "Interplay," "Other Dances," and "Symphony in Three Movements." . . . ¶ Saturday evening, June 11: "Concerto for Two Solo Pianos," "Davidsbündlertänze," and "Who Cares?" . . . ¶ Sunday matinée, June 12: "Scotch Symphony," "Concerto for Two Solo Pianos," and "Tchaikovsky Piano Concerto." . . . ¶ Sunday evening, June 12: "Delibes Divertissement," "Davidsbündlertänze," and "Symphony in Three Movements." . . . ¶ Tuesday evening, June 14: "Donizetti Variations," "Duo Concertant," "Other Dances," and "Ballet d'Isoline." . . . ¶ Wednesday evening, June 15: "Donizetti Variations," "Orpheus," and "Serenade." . . . ¶ Thursday evening, June 16: "Orpheus," "I'm Old Fashioned (the Astaire Variation)" (première), and "Concerto for Two Solo Pianos." . . . ¶ Friday evening, June 17: "Delibes Divertissement," "Davidsbündlertänze," and "Gershwin Concerto." . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, June 18: "Gershwin Concerto," "Monumentum pro Gesualdo/Movements for Piano and Orchestra," and "Tchaikovsky Piano Concerto No. 2." . . . ¶ Saturday evening, June 18: "Symphony in Three Movements," "Serenade," and "I'm Old Fashioned (the Astaire Variation)." (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. 870-5570. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 1. Through Sunday, June 26.)

AMERICAN BALLET THEATRE—Wednesday matinée, June 8: "Estuary" and "La Sylphide." . . . ¶ Wednesday evening, June 8: "Sylvia Pas de Deux," "Follow the Feet," and "La Sylphide." . . . ¶ Thursday evening, June 9: "Torso," "Pas de Deux," and "La Sylphide." . . . ¶ Friday evening, June 10: "Interludes" and "La Sylphide." . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, June 11: "Great Galloping Gottschalk" and "La Sylphide." . . . ¶ Saturday evening, June 11: "Interludes" and "La Sylphide." . . . ¶ Monday evening, June 13: "Symphonie Concertante," "Estuary," and "Billy the Kid." . . . ¶ Tuesday evening, June 14; Wednesday matinée and evening, June 15; and Thursday evening, June 16: "Don Quixote; or, Kitri's Wedding." . . . ¶ Friday evening, June 17: "Estuary," "Pillar of Fire," and "Theme and Variations." . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, June 18: "Apollo," "Interludes," and "Theme and Variations." . . . ¶ Saturday evening, June 18: "Symphonie Concertante," "Pillar of Fire," and "Billy the Kid." (Metropolitan Opera House. 362-6000. Evenings at 8. Matinées at 2. Through Saturday, July 16.)

MERCE CUNNINGHAM DANCE COMPANY—Presenting a new "Event" each evening. (7th Regiment Armory, Park Ave. at 66th St. Wednesday through Saturday, June 8-11, at 8. For tickets, call 279-4200.)

BILL T. JONES AND COMPANY—A program of works-in-progress and repertory dances. (Paula Cooper Gallery, 155 Wooster St. Wednesday and Thursday, June 8-9, at 8. For tickets, call 477-3580.)

NANCY MEEHAN DANCE COMPANY—A program of new and repertory works. (Marymount Manhattan Theatre, 221 E. 71st St. Friday and Saturday, June 10-11, at 8, and Sunday, June 12, at 4. For tickets, call 924-0077.)

MARY ANTHONY DANCE THEATRE—A program of new and repertory works. (Theatre of the Riverside Church, Riverside Dr. at 120th St. 864-2929. Thursday through Saturday, June 9-11, at 8, and Sunday, June 12, at 2.)

KATHRYN POSIN DANCE COMPANY—The first of two performances of "After Light," a work-in-progress, and "The Glass Engine." (Dance Theatre Workshop, 219 W. 19th St. 924-0077. Monday, June 13, at 8.)

ROD RODGERS DANCE COMPANY—A program of new and repertory works. (Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. 864-5400. Friday and Saturday, June 17-18, at 8.)

BENEFIT PROGRAM—The Martha Graham Dance Company, Peter Martins, and soloists from the Royal Danish Ballet. Proceeds will be used to establish an exchange scholarship program for American and Danish performing-arts students. (Carnegie Hall. 247-7459. Wednesday, June 8, at 8.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing, in which bold-face type is used to pick out a few of the more notable performers in town. . . . ¶ Musicians and night-club proprietors live complicated lives that are subject to last-minute change; it is therefore always advisable to call ahead.)

ANGRY SQUIRE, 216 Seventh Ave., at 23rd St. (242-9066)—A long, narrow nautical bar and restaurant that's been a Chelsea fixture for years. Pianist **JOHN HICKS** guides a quartet on Friday and Saturday, June 10-11; on Friday and Saturday, June 17-18, free-and-stride soloist **JAKI BYARD** will lead a trio. Sets at ten, eleven-thirty, and one.

BALLROOM, 253 W. 28th St. (244-3005)—South African singer, actress, and composer **SOPHIE MGCINA** performs concert-style sets here Wednesdays through Saturdays from six-thirty to eight-thirty.

BLUE NOTE, 131 W. 3rd St., near Sixth Ave. (475-8592)—According to the barman, there've been scads of clubs at this address, going all the way back to speakeasy days. Jean Carn sings here through Sunday, June 12; on Monday, June 13, Sudan Baronian and his band, Taksim, will swap sets with the Armen Donelian trio; and on Tuesday, June 14, the HERITAGE HALL JAZZ BAND, a six-part New Orleans institution, will travel here. There are usually three sets, beginning at nine-thirty.

BOTTOM LINE, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—The roster: Wednesday, June 8, Pieces of a Dream; Friday and Saturday, June 10-11, the Crystals, the Marvelettes, and Reparata & the Del Rons; Tuesday, June 14, blues fiddler PAPA JOHN CREACH; Thursday, June 16, free, rhythmic, thumb-strumming guitarist JAMES (BLOOD) ULMER; and Friday and Saturday, June 17-18, jazz pianist LONNIE LISTON SMITH. Shows at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty Sundays through Thursdays, and at nine and midnight Fridays and Saturdays. Dining.

BRADLEY'S, 70 University Pl., at 11th St. (228-6440)—Some of the most accomplished and famous pianists, bassists, and occasionally, guitarists in the world (although no musician's name is ever posted anywhere on the premises) work in this dark-panelled, perpetually (it seems) crowded, talkative New York bar and restaurant. Mondays through Saturdays, Bill Mays is at the piano. Music from nine-forty-five.

BROADWAY JOE'S, 315 W. 46th St., near Eighth Ave. (246-6513)—The poised, swinging JIMMY LYON, who plays piano until ten in Peacock Alley at the Waldorf, a large, *very* subdued room, comes to this convivial, buzzing smallish barroom, where he gets an impressive second wind. He's here from ten-thirty to two Fridays and Saturdays. Wednesdays and Thursdays, from eleven to two, cornettist WARREN VACHÉ leads a trio. Dining.

CAFÉ PIERRE, in the Pierre Hotel, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (838-8000)—BUCKY PIZZARELLI, a subtle, rhythmically motivated guitarist who plays fervent jazz disguised as hotel music, heads a trio Tuesdays through Saturdays from nine to one. Dining and dancing.

CARLYLE HOTEL, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (744-1600)—BOBBY SHORT is back in the Café Carlyle for spring training with his seamless infield, bassist BEVERLY PEER and drummer ROBBIE SCOTT. Shows at ten and midnight Tuesdays through Saturdays. Dining. . . . BARBARA CARROLL plays the piano and sings a bit, too, in the Bemelmans Bar, nightly, except Sundays, from nine.

CARNEGIE TAVERN, 165 W. 56th St. (757-9522)—A restaurant situated in back of Carnegie Hall, with dark-brown walls and carpeting and a glassed-in sidewalk section. ELLIS LARKINS, a diffident performer and a delicate, elegant pianist, does a whole gang of abbreviated sets between nine and midnight nightly, except Sundays.

CBGB & OMFUG, 315 Bowery, at Bleecker St. (982-4052)—Rock and roll as a garage industry: Wednesday, June 8, the Kool-Rays, the Basiks, the Vacations, and L-4; Thursday, June 9, Dream Syndicate, Nonpareil, and Glenn Philips; Friday, June 10, Dream Syndicate, the Vipers, and the Del Fuegos; Saturday, June 11, Pop. O. Pies; and Tuesday, June 14, Pale Face, Nighttime Men, and Jolie. Monday is showcase night. Music from long after nine-thirty.

COOKERY, 21 University Pl., at 8th St. (674-4450)—Tuesdays through Saturdays, OSCAR BRAND sings seagoing, terra-firma, bawdy, and political-protest folksongs. Sundays and Mondays are now the property of bassist and singer JAY LEONHART, with pianist MIKE RENZI. Shows begin at nine and eleven-fifteen. Dining.

EAGLE TAVERN, 355 W. 14th St., at Ninth Ave. (924-0275)—A homey music room for devout admirers of bluegrass, old-time country music, and British and Irish folk music. (Devout doesn't mean subdued; there is plenty of hooting—not the self-indulgent, rowdy kind but the supporting, appreciative kind—and handclapping.) The musicians: Wednesday, June 8, Heather Wood; Saturday, June 11, Charged Particles; Wednesday, June 15, Bill Ochs; and Saturday, June 18, the Jumbo String Band. Music from nine.

EDDIE CONDON'S, 144 W. 54th St. (265-8277)—A dark, sleek alternative hangout for traditional jazz (see also Jimmy Ryan's below). The house sextet works Tuesdays through Saturdays from eight-thirty to two. Sunday, June 12, will be claimed by swing tenor saxophonist HAROLD ASHBY and his quartet starting at about nine-fifteen. Mondays, soprano saxophonist BOB WILBER heads his group from eight-thirty, and on Wednesdays the Bill Simon and George Simon quintet works from five-thirty to eight-thirty. Dining.

FAT TUESDAY'S, 190 Third Ave., at 17th St. (533-7902)—MARK MURPHY and ERNESTINE ANDERSON sing together through Sunday, June 12; and on Tuesday, June 14, intense, vertiginous pianist MC COY TYNER will arrive with his quintet. Sets begin after nine. Dining. Closed Mondays.

FOLK CITY, 130 W. 3rd St., near Sixth Ave. (254-8449)—Folkie City, that is: Wednesday, June 8, Tex Rabinowitz and Johnny Seaton; Friday, June 10, JACK ELLIOTT and Andy Breckman; Saturday, June 11, RICK DANKO; Sunday, June 12, Jane Brucker; Monday, June 13, Lynn Samuels; Wednesday, June 15, the Dream Syndicate, Red Buckets, and the Trypes; Friday, June 17, PAUL BUTTERFIELD; and Saturday, June 18, BIG JOE TURNER. Two shows—the first one getting under way about nine—every night but Wednesday, when the music starts at ten, and Monday, when a hootenanny begins around eight.

GREENE STREET, 101 Greene St., near Prince St. (925-2415)—A big, self-conscious space in which to listen to some worthwhile drummerless music. Wednesday, June 8, pianist DANNY MIXON; Thursday through Saturday, June 9-11, singer CARMEN LUNDY; Sunday through Wednesday, June 12-15, pianist HUGH LAWSON; Thursday through Saturday, June 16-18, bassist BOB CUNNINGHAM and pianist BROSS TOWNSEND, and vocals by Ebony Jo-Ann. Music Sundays at seven, eight-thirty, and ten; Mondays through Thursdays at eight-thirty, ten, and eleven-thirty; Fridays and Saturdays at eight, eleven, and one; and Sundays at seven, eight-thirty, and ten. Dining.

GREGORY'S, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220)—Small enough to be a hamburger stand (it was) and musical enough to be a jazz landmark (it is). The Jack Fragomeni trio works through Sunday, June 12; Wednesday through Sunday, June 15-19, guitarist ATTILA ZOLLER will be present with pianist DON FRIEDMAN. Mondays belong to singer Mike Campbell and his trio, and Tuesdays to guitarist CHUCK WAYNE. All these groups begin about ten. On Sundays from five to ten, singer-pianist Baba Motta is present, and Loumell Morgan plays piano the same hours Mondays through Fridays.

HANRATTY'S, 1754 Second Ave., at 91st St. (289-3200)—The pianists: Tuesdays through Saturdays, resident stride specialist DICK WELLSTOOD is at the dining-room grand. On Sunday, June 12, BROOKS KERR, an Ellington expert and occasional singer, too, will be on hand. Music Sundays through Thursdays from eight-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays from nine.

JIMMY RYAN'S, 154 W. 54th St. (664-9700)—A no-frills, uncarpeted—the music carries more vividly without a carpet to soak it up—traditional-jazz haunt and an alternative to Eddie Condon's (see above), just thirty paces east. A tradition-bound sextet led by trumpeter Spanky Davis occupies the bandstand Tuesdays through Saturdays from nine-thirty to three. On Mondays, trumpeter MAX KAMINSKY leads the group. On Sundays, Kaminsky directs another group of musical archivists from eight until two.

KNICKERBOCKER SALOON, 33 University Pl., at 9th St. (228-8490)—A pleasant corner restaurant and bar that is crowded with good listeners, and for good reasons. The good reasons: Tuesdays through Saturdays, JIMMY ROWLES will be at the piano, sometimes singing, but always assisted by the sensitive bassist MICHAEL MOORE. The Sunday and Monday men are, as usual, JUNIOR MANCE and MARTY RIVERA. Music from ten.

LONE STAR CAFÉ, 61 Fifth Ave., at 13th St. (242-1664)—Authentic in its Texasness except in the wide-open-spaces department. Wednesday, June 8, country singer LACY J. DALTON; Thursday, June 9, JERRY JEFF WALKER and the non-sedate LOST GONZO BAND; Monday and Tuesday, June 13-14, DR. JOHN, lately a rolling New Orleans pianist backing Texas blues singer TRACY NELSON; and Wednesday, June 15, from ten, Blackwater. Music from eight-thirty. Dining.

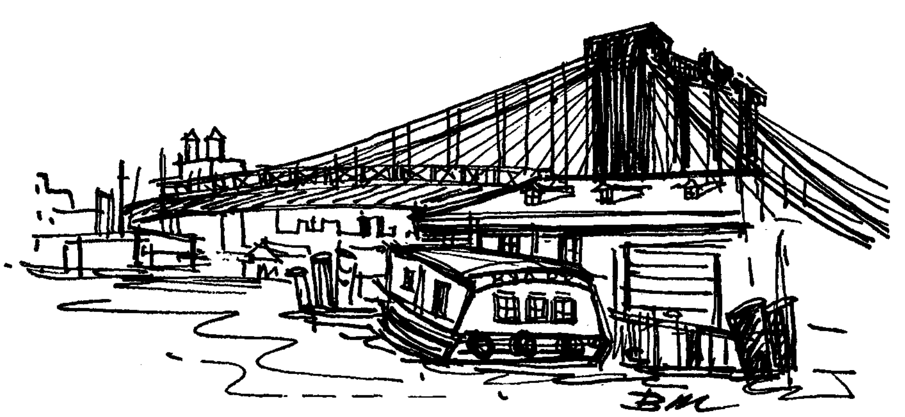
LUSH LIFE, 184 Thompson St., at Bleecker St. (228-3788)—A simple, unpretentious, fledgling jazz club that has an exciting, established feel to it. NAT ADDERLEY, a bluesy, crackling sharp, earthy cornettist and witty raconteur, leads a lively, savvy five-man band—alto saxophonist SONNY FORTUNE, pianist LARRY WILLIS, bassist WALTER BOOKER, and drummer JIMMY COBB round it out—through Sunday, June 12; Tuesday, June 14, will belong to drummer ANDREW CYRILLE'S quartet; and on Wednesday, June 15, hard-bop and lyrical pianist TOMMY FLANAGAN will begin a five-night stint with his trio. Sets begin at nine-thirty. Dining. Closed Mondays.

MIKELL'S 760 Columbus Ave., at 97th St. (864-8832)—For more than a decade, rhythm-and-blues headquarters in New York. The lineup: Wednesday, June 8, Catherine Russell; Thursday, June 9, reggae drummer and singer WINSTON GRENNAN; and Friday and Saturday, June 10-11, DAVE VALENTIN, a hot Latin-jazz flutist. Music from about ten until two. Dining.

OTHER END, 149 Bleecker St. (673-7030)—A folk, folk-rock, rock, and occasional jazz club. The schedule: Thursday, June 9, Jah Malla; Friday, June 10, ARLEN ROTH and Cool Jerks; Saturday, June 11, Maura & the Mirrors and Witness; Wednesday, June 15, Blue Sparks from Hell and the Ray Contreras band; Thursday, June 16, Debra Ginsburg; Friday, June 17, Ric Cherwin and George Dickel; and Saturday, June 18, Buddy Traina. Shows start at ten and twelve-thirty. Sundays after ten are jam-session nights. Mondays, a talent showcase begins at eight. Dining and dancing.

PEACOCK ALLEY, in the Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave. at 49th St. (355-3000)—JIMMY LYON is playing piano in this quiet room, which functions as a sort of passageway connecting the hotel lobby with a dining room. Mr. Lyon, who has accompanied Mabel Mercer throughout the past decade, has a touch that seems magically smooth and cushioned, and his timing is unassailable. He's on hand Tuesdays through Saturdays from six to ten.

RAINBOW ROOM, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (757-9090)—SY OLIVER, chief arranger for and trumpeter with the influential Jimmie Lunceford band of the thirties, leads a septet through an updated version of the bounce Tuesdays



GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
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12	13	14	15	16	17	18

through Thursdays from seven to one; Fridays and Saturdays from eight to two; and Sundays from six to midnight. Dining and dancing.

Red Blazer Too, 1576 Third Ave., at 88th St. (876-0440)—Traditional jazz off the beaten track—far from West 54th Street and the *Village, that is. Different bands work from* nine every night but Sunday, when the music begins at seven. Dining.

Ritz, 119 E. 11th St. (254-2800)—A big, fancy (but the appropriate dress is black sneakers rather than black tie) thirties ballroom that presents past, present, future, past-perfect, present-perfect, future-perfect, and imperfect forms of rock and roll. Wednesday, June 8, Hi Fi Tie and Lemmy Caution; Thursday, June 9, **GRAND MASTER FLASH & THE FURIOUS FIVE;** Friday and Saturday, June 10-11, Scandal; Tuesday, June 14, the November Group; Wednesday, June 15, Shockabilly and the Khmer Rouge; Friday, June 17, **DAVID JOHANSEN;** and Saturday, June 18, the Passions. Shows tend to begin sometime after midnight. Dancing.

Seventh Avenue South, 21 Seventh Ave. S., at Leroy St. (242-4694)—A pleasant second-floor jazz-rock and R. & B. club, with a nice view of the street from the window tables. The schedule: Wednesday, June 8, Connie James; Thursday through Sunday, June 9-12, pianist **CEDAR WALTON,** trombonist **CURTIS FULLER,** and drummer **BILLY HIGGINS;** Tuesday, June 14, Bobby Broom; Wednesday and Thursday, June 15-16, drummer **BOB MOSES,** trumpeter **RANDY BRECKER,** saxophonist **BOB MINTZER,** and others; and Friday and Saturday, June 17-18, French Toast. Music from ten.

Sounds of Brazil, 204 Varick St., at W. Houston St. (243-4940)—A club—in a renovated luncheonette—that offers, in the words of its proprietor, Larry Gold, "the Brazilian experience." The schedule: Through Friday, June 10, Argentine tenor saxophonist **GATO BARBIERI;** Saturday, June 11, **LOREMIL MACHADO & THE SARAVA BAHIA BAND;** Tuesday, June 14, Frank Ferrucci; Wednesday and Thursday, June 15-16, pianist **JORGE DALTO** and percussionist **PATATO VALDEZ;** Friday, June 17, **PÉ-DE-BOI;** and Saturday, June 18, **LOREMIL MACHADO & THE SARAVA BAHIA BAND.** Music from ten. Dining. Closed Sundays and Mondays.

Sweet Basil, 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—Trumpeter **HANNIBAL MARVIN PETERSON** and his Sunrise Orchestra squeeze onto the stand through Saturday, June 11; on Sunday, June 12; the Ken Werner quartet will perform; and on Tuesday, June 14, saxophonist **EDDIE HARRIS** will bring in his quartet. Mondays are devoted to the music of **GIL EVANS** and his young vivacious big band. Shows from about ten. Dining.

Tramps, 125 E. 15th St., at Irving Pl. (777-5077)—R. & B. singer-pianist **CHARLES BROWN,** who had a hit record in 1945, "Driftin' Blues," sings a sophisticated, lounge-variety—as opposed to juke-joint variety—blues, but his piano playing is strictly hot, laced with intense, drubbed, overkill blues chords that nevertheless sound just fine. He is also as personable as all get out. Shows Wednesdays through Saturdays after nine-thirty.

Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. (475-5120)—On Mondays, exuberant, adept salsa bands take over the big downstairs room at nine to play for exuberant audiences: on June 13, **RAY BARRETTO** will share the stage with Somos Musica, and the guest jazz soloist will be trumpeter **WOODY SHAW.** On Friday and Saturday, June 10-11, drummer **RONALD SHANNON JACKSON & THE DECODING SOCIETY** and alto saxophonist **ARTHUR BLYTHE** will be on hand, and Friday and Saturday, June 17-18, **ART BLAKEY & THE JAZZ MESSENGERS** will trade sets with the **WOODY SHAW** quintet. The Top of the Gate features singer Nacha Guevara Tuesdays through Fridays at eight, Saturdays at seven and nine; and Sundays at seven-thirty. And out on the Terrace, jazz harpist **DAPHNE HELLMAN** performs on Tuesdays from nine, and pianist **JUNIOR MANCE** and bassist **MARTY RIVERA** can be heard on Wednesdays and Thursdays from nine-thirty to one, and on Fridays and Saturdays from ten until three.

Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (255-4037)—A hallowed basement of a jazz club. Hard-bop tenor player **GEORGE COLEMAN'S** quartet winds up a week in it on Sunday, June 12; Tuesday and Wednesday, June 14-15, will belong to trumpeter **RED RODNEY;** and Friday, through Sunday, June 17-19, the great guitarist **JIM HALL** will lead his trio. Mondays, the **MEL LEWIS** big band blasts off. Music from ten.

Village West, *577 Hudson St., near Bank St.* (691-2791)—A pleasant, informal, tile-floored bar and restaurant on Abingdon Square, with live jazz. Singer-pianist **MOSE ALLISON** works here through Sunday, June 12; on Tuesday, June 14, sazophonist **FLIP PHILLIPS** will arrive with bassist **MILT HINTON** and guitarist **CAL COLLINS.** Music at nine and eleven Sundays and Tuesdays through Thursdays, and at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty on Fridays and Saturdays. No music Mondays.

West Boondock, 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. (929-9645)—Devoted patrons have sought this place out for years, and it is perhaps the best jazz club in the meat-packing district. One attraction is the authentically prepared collard greens; another is the warm atmosphere. Samir Safwat is at the piano Mondays through Wednesdays; Tom Charlip has the Thursday-through-Sunday shift. Music from eight-thirty until two.

West End, 2911 Broadway, at 113th St. (666-8750)—Past the steam tables of piping-hot student food, beyond the pinball machines is a room full of mostly swing music. **BENNY WATERS,** now in his eighties, is a veteran of the reed sections of the Claude Hopkins, Fletcher Henderson, and Jimmie Lunceford bands. His tone still sounds full and confident, and, sometimes, in the course of a tune, he'll play three solos—one on tenor, one on alto, and one on soprano sax. Mr. Waters is here nightly from about nine.

Zinno, 126 W. 13th St. (924-5182)—A sleekly designed ground-floor town-house bar and restaurant with chamber jazz. Pianist James Williams works with bassist Rufus Reid through Saturday, June 11; on Monday, June 13, singer and pianist **BROOKS KERR** will take charge. Guitarist **JOE BECK** and bassist **MICHAEL MOORE** are here Sundays. Music from about nine.

JAZZ / FOLK / ROCK CONCERTS, PERSONAL APPEARANCES, ETC.

Steve Lawrence & Eydie Gorme—Carnegie Hall. 247-7459. Friday, June 10, through Saturday, June 18. Nightly, except Monday, at 8.

Highlights in Jazz—Big Joe Turner, Dave McKenna, Bob Wilber, Warren Vaché, Major Holley, and Oliver Jackson. (Eisner and Lubin Auditorium, Loeb Student Center, Washington Sq. S. and LaGuardia Pl. 598-3757. Friday, June 10, at 8.)

NEW YORK
STUART LEEDS

Frequency—Jazzmania Society, 40 W. 27th St. 532-7666. Friday and Saturday, June 10-11, at 9:30.

Jackie McLean Quintet and the **Roger Dawson Septet**—Swing Plaza, 17 Irving Pl. 477-3728. Friday and Saturday, June 10-11, at 10 and 12:30.

Tahuantinsuyo—Avery Fisher Hall. 874-2424. Saturday, June 18, at 8.

Jazz Cultural Theatre—Friday and Saturday, June 10-11, at 10, 11:30, and 1: "Jazz Stories," with C-Sharpe, Richard Wyands, Benny Powell, and others. (Jazz Cultural Theatre, Eighth Ave. between 28th and 29th Sts. 244-0997.)

Harry De Jur Henry Street Settlement Playhouse—Tuesday, June 14, at 7 and 8:30: Mongo Santamaria & Group. . . . ¶ Thursday, June 16, at 7: Astrud Gilberto & Group. . . . ¶ Friday, June 17, at 7: Jimmy Heath / Slide Hampton quintet. (Harry De Jur Henry Street Settlement Playhouse, 466 Grand St. 598-0400.)

Benefit Concert—The Hank Doughty/Ray Abrams Big Band, Giant Steps, and others, performing on behalf of the Manna House Workshops. (Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. 864-5400. Friday, June 10, at 8.)

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Tuesdays through Saturdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES—UPTOWN

Akira Arita—Still-lifes in oils and mixed mediums by a realist. Also, two portraits. Through July 8. (Staempfli, 47 E. 77th St. Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.)

Barbara Cushing—Small landscapes: Mount *Desert Island in Maine and the Shawangunk* Range, upstate in Ulster County. Through Wednesday, June 15. (Schoelkopf, 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St.)

Willem de Kooning—The artist's sculptures, plus a few small paintings. Through June 30. *(Fourcade, 36 E. 75th St. A nine-foot piece* called "Seated Woman" is on view on the Seagram Plaza, 375 Park Ave., at 52nd St.)

Sonia Delaunay (1885-1979)—Etchings and lithographs. Through June 25. (Rolly-Michaux, 943 Madison Ave., at 75th St.)

Rafael Ferrer—*Paintings, constructions,* and drawings from the past decade. Through Aug. 10. (Museo del Barrio, 1230 Fifth Ave., at 104th St. Tuesdays through Fridays, 10:30 to 4:30; Saturdays and Sundays, 11 to 4.)

Alain Kirili—Three abstract hand-forged iron sculptures and a group of charcoal drawings shown in the garden and gallery, respectively, of the French Embassy. Through June 24. (972 Fifth Ave., at 78th St. Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.)

Alun Leach-Jones / Rick Dingus—Large canvases covered with kaleidoscopic patterns in bright colors. / Photographs of geological or archeological interest worked over with graphite and silver pencil. Through June 30. (Urdang, 23 E. 74th St.)

Henry Moore—Two gallery shows that are running concurrently with the sculptor's retrospective at the Metropolitan Museum. Drawings at Beadleston, 60 E. 91st St. Through Saturday, June 11. (Opens at noon on Saturdays.) . . . ¶ Sculptures, watercolors, and prints at Weintraub, 992 Madison Ave., at 77th St. Through Sept. 20.

Christopher White—Large abstractions, in most of which one can see suggestions of the Blue Ridge Mountains, where the artist grew up. Through June 25. (Ericson, 23 E. 74th St.)

Robert Wilson—Graphite drawings for his opera-in-progress, "Civil Wars." Through Saturday, June 11. (Castelli Feigen Corcoran, 1020 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

Group Shows—At **ACA,** 21 E. 67th St.: Paintings by five contemporary artists—John Bayalis, Jr., Roy Carruthers, Lionel Kalish, Jeffrey Kronsnoble, and Paul Pletka. Through June 24. . . . **ACQUAVELLA,** 18 E. 79th St.: Cézanne, Degas, Kandinsky, Miró, Lichtenstein, and Pollock are some of the names in this lineup of paintings by nineteenth- and twentieth-

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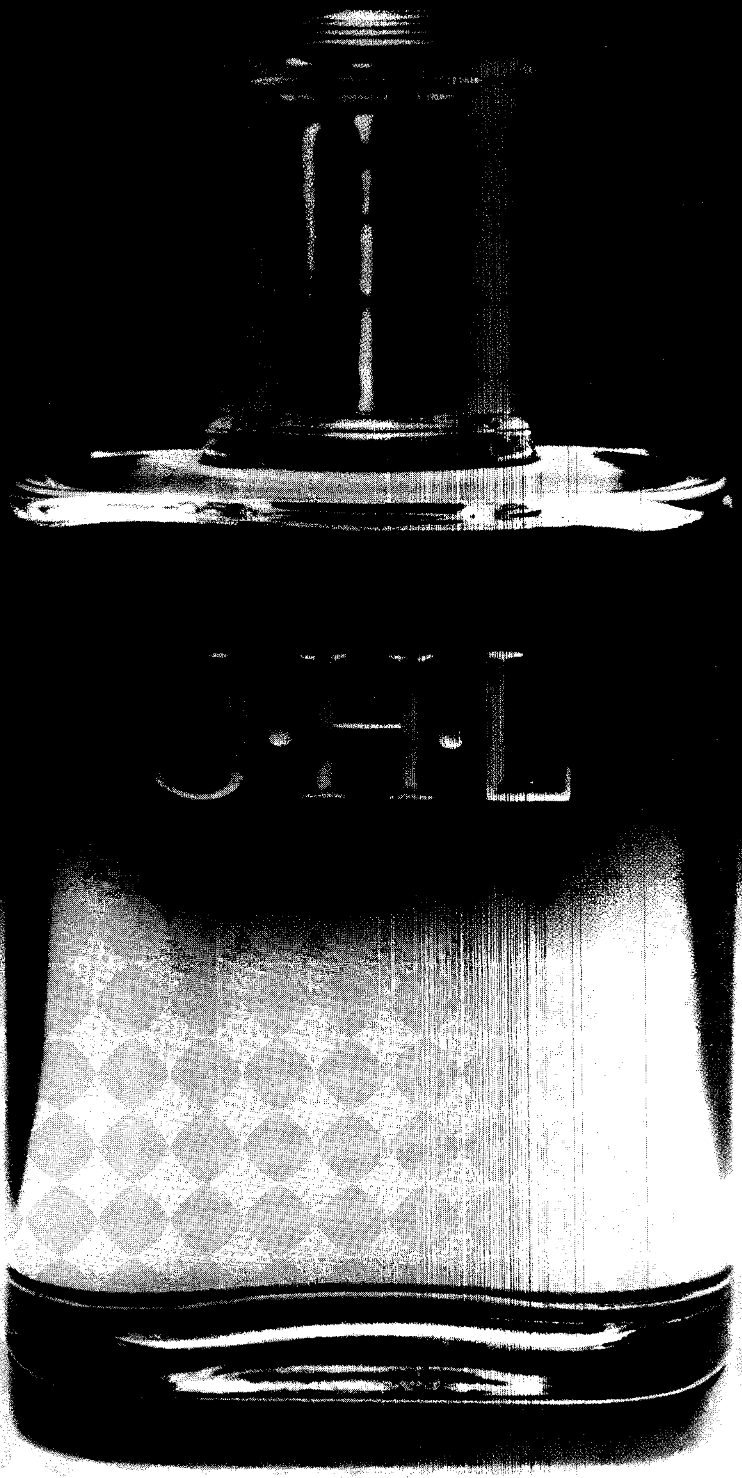

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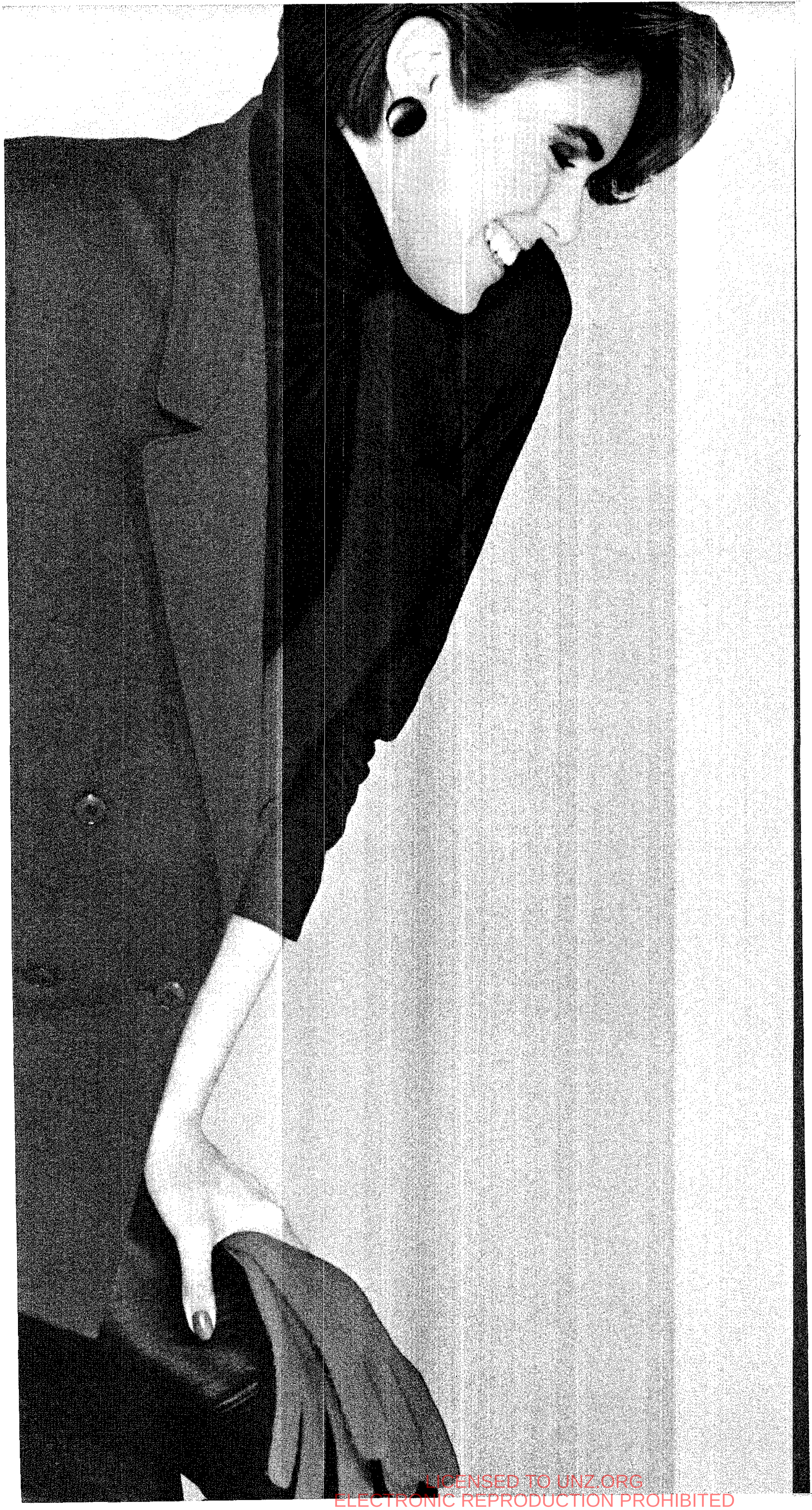

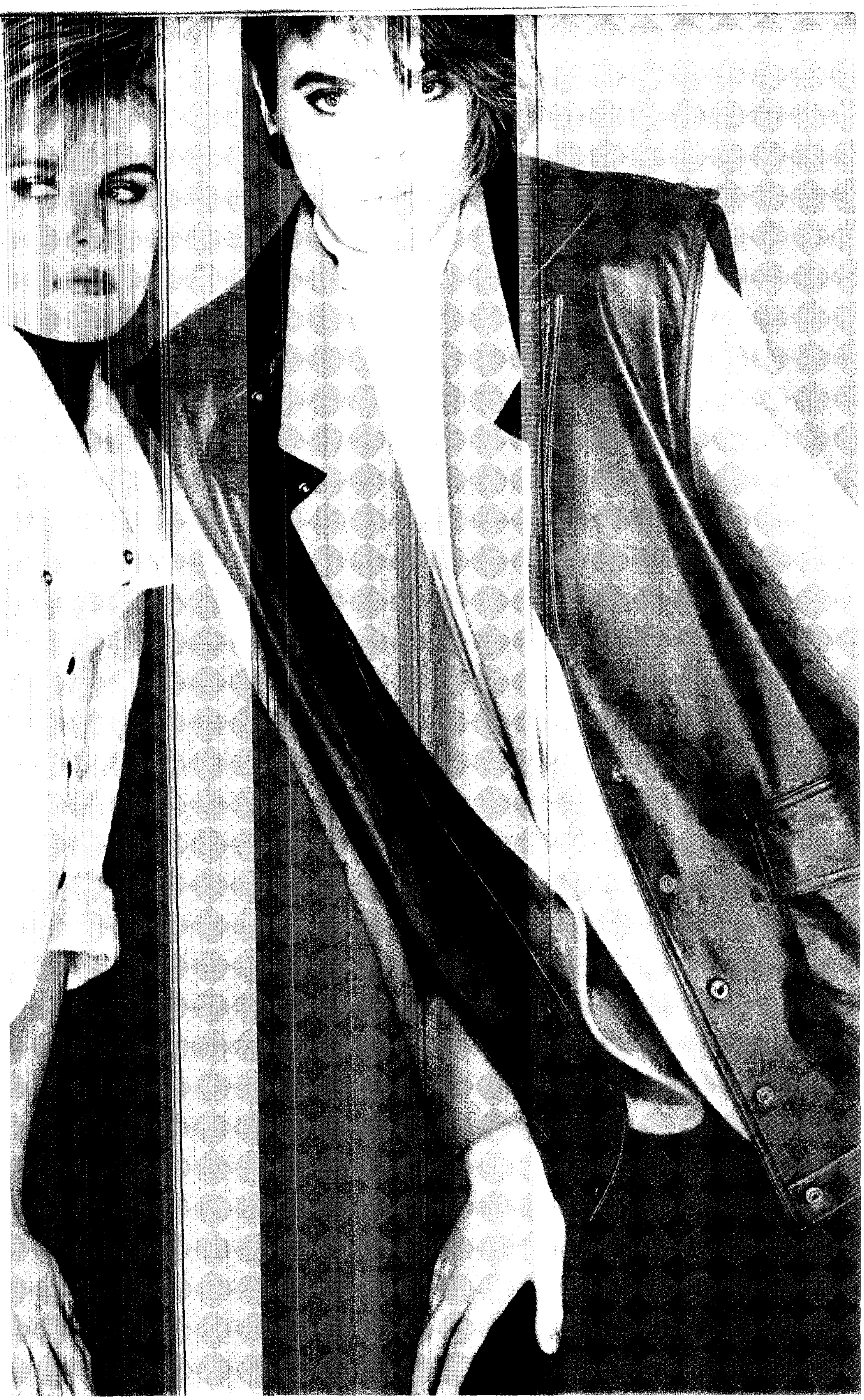

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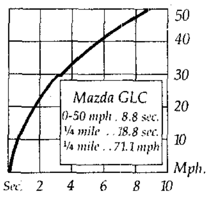

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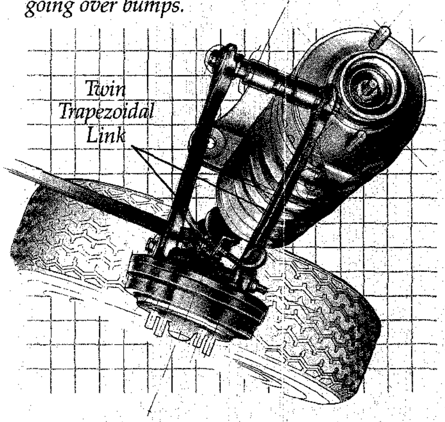

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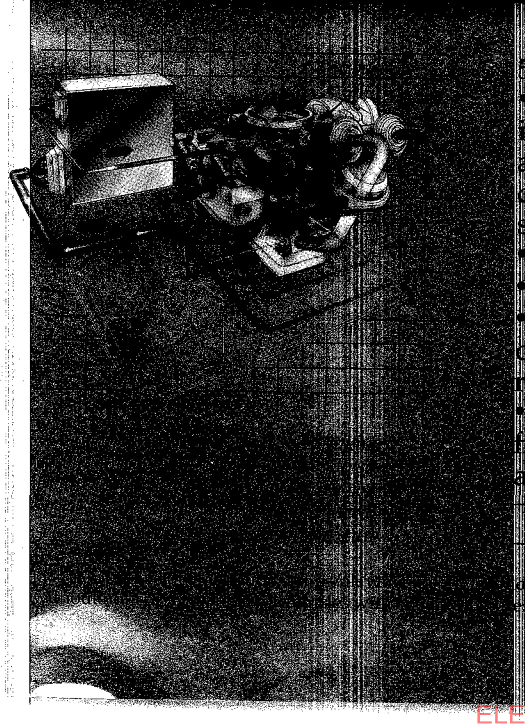

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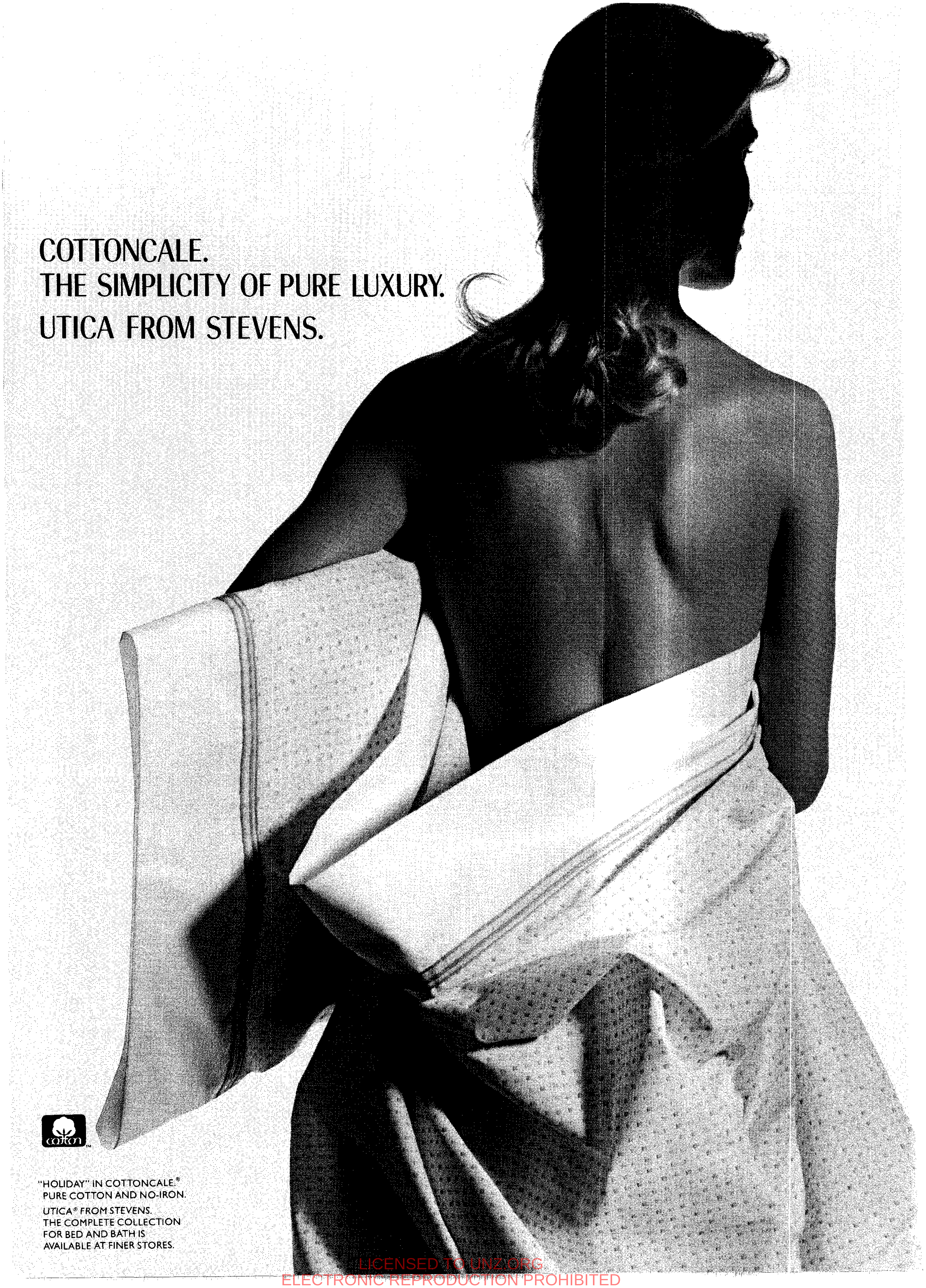

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century artists. Through Friday, June 17. . . . ¶ A second show here offers pastels and watercolors by the Impressionist Paul Maze (1887-1979). Through June 30. (Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.) . . . **CDS,** 13 E. 75th St.: An artists-choose-artists exhibit of paintings and sculptures, in which nominators and nominees are both represented; e.g., Carl Andre (showing a sculpture) picked Nancy Haynes (a painted-wood relief). Through July 16. (Open Mondays.) . . . **COLNAGHI,** 26 E. 80th St.: More than fifty eighteenth-century paintings of Italy, including scenes of Venice by Canaletto and Guardi, ten capricci (landscapes combining elements both real and imagined) of Rome by Panini, and a view of St. Peter's by the British landscape artist William Marlow. Through June 30. (Open Mondays.)

GALLERIES—57TH STREET AREA

ARMAN—Twenty examples from his repertoire of fragmented musical instruments (in bronze), collectively called "Arman's Orchestra." Through Saturday, June 11. (Marisa del Re, 41 E. 57th St.)

JANICE BIALA—Recent oils of Venice, Paris, and Cape Cod. Through Saturday, June 11. (Gruenebaum, 38 E. 57th St.)

FRANK BOWLING / MAURICE GOLUBOV—Thickly painted abstractions. / A self-portrait (1935) in gouache on paper and other examples from the artist's early sketchbooks. Through June 29. (De Nagy, 29 W. 57th St.)

CHARLES BURCHFIELD (1893-1967)—Watercolor landscapes of Ohio in the years 1915-20. Through Friday, June 10. (Kennedy, 40 W. 57th St.)

ALAN COTE—A two-gallery show of abstract paintings that seem only a brushstroke or so away from becoming representational. Through Friday, June 10. (Washburn, 42 E. 57th St., and 113 Greene St.)

JO DAVIDSON (1883-1952)—G. B. Shaw, Gertrude Stein, Woodrow Wilson, and Mohandas Gandhi are among the nearly forty likenesses in bronze by this sculptor whose subjects were for the most part twentieth-century literary figures and statesmen. Through Friday, June 10. (Hammer, 33 W. 57th St.)

KENNETH EVETT—Realist portraits, interiors, and seascapes in which the waves are well mannered and stylized. Through Saturday, June 11. (Kraushaar, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

MICHAEL GRAVES—Drawings and models by this architect. Through June 25. (Protetch, 37 W. 57th St.)

HITCH LYMAN AND GARY KULAK—Watercolors of gardens in Italy by the former, and garden arbors in welded steel (one full size) by the latter. Through July 15. (Kornblee, 20 W. 57th St.)

SYLVIA PLIMACK MANGOLD—Paintings done since 1965, ranging from the sky at dusk to closeup studies of parquet floors. Through Saturday, June 18. (Alexander, 20 W. 57th St.)

MARIANN LOVELAND MILLER / RICHARD MILLER—Fantasy paintings involving figures. / Collage paintings. Through July 15. (Aaron Berman, 50 W. 57th St.)

JOAN MIRÓ—Sculptures, gouaches, and mixed mediums on paper in a ninetieth-birthday salute. Through Saturday, June 18. (Matisse, 41 E. 57th St.)

ISAMU NOGUCHI—New sculptures in carved stone and in steel. Through Friday, June 17. (Pace, 32 E. 57th St.)

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ANNETTE OKO—Paintings of architectural details on the upper West Side, including the façade of Teacher's bar. Through Friday, June 17. (Zarre, 41 E. 57th St.)

PEDRO PEREZ—Paintings and hair-raising tableaux in mixed mediums, all done in gory colors and with a touch of voodoo symbolism, by a Cuban-born artist whose family was exiled from the island. Through Saturday, June 11. (Pearl, 38 E. 57th St.)

RENÉ SCHUMACHER—Recent acrylics in which jigsaw figures are scattered over the canvas. Through Saturday, June 18. (Iolas-Jackson, 52 E. 57th St.)

BARBARA ZUCKER—A series, called "Standing Drawings," of one-quarter-inch-thick steel sculptures (inspired, the artist says, by Picasso's folded-metal sculptures); also, a series of large-scale painted-wood pieces based on architectural latticework. Through July 1. (Pam Adler, 37 W. 57th St.)

GROUP SHOWS—At the **BELLMAN,** 41 E. 57th St.: "The Apocalyptic Vision" is the title of a show of unsettling New Image paintings by Nancy Chunn, Peter Dean, Robert Morgan, and Michael Dvortcsak. Through July 15. . . . **BORGENICHT,** 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.: Rafael Ferrer, Mark Innerst, and Donald Lipski are among the seven artists invited by the gallery to show their paintings and sculptures. Through June 30. . . . **DEUTSCH,** 20 W. 57th St.: Paintings of Jersey wetlands by Peter Homitsky, industrial scenes by Stanley Friedman, and jovial self-portraits by Richard Corozine in which he pictures himself in the company of Picasso, Gorky, and Botticelli. Through June 23. . . . **ESMAN,** 29 W. 57th St., and **RACHEL ADLER,** 58 E. 79th St.: A two-gallery show highlighting Russian graphic art of the twenties and early thirties: Drawings, photographs, and books having to do with architecture, plus film posters, at the former; typography, book jackets, and stage designs at the latter. Through Saturday, June 11. . . . **GALERIE ST. ETIENNE,** 24 W. 57th St.: Drawings, paintings, and prints by Klimt, Kokoschka, Kollwitz, Schiele, and others. Through Sept. 2. (Closed Saturdays.) . . . **GETLER-PALL,** 50 W. 57th St.: Abstract paintings by Dike Blair, Thomas Nozkowski, Marianne Stikas, David Storey, and Jonathan Waite. Through Saturday, June 18. . . . **GOODMAN,** 24 W. 57th St.: Drawings from the past twenty years by German artists associated with Expressionism (among them A. R. Penck and Anselm Kiefer), and by some who are not (Blinky Palermo and Gerhard Richter). Through June 24. (Open Mondays.) . . . **HABER THEODORE,** 29 W. 57th St.: Works on paper by six contemporary artists, among them Richard Kalina and William Kortlander. Through June 30. . . . **HAMILTON,** 20 W. 57th St.: Wood constructions by Loren Calaway, figurative oil paintings by Dona Nelson, and Expressionist paintings by Michael David. Through July 30. . . . **HEIDENBERG,** 50 W. 57th St.: Paintings, sculptures, and works on paper by Moore, Nevelson, Botero, Bonnard, Vuillard, Natkin, others. Through July 8. (Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.) . . . **MILLER,** 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.: "Surreal," a selection of paintings and sculptures from various periods by various artists—de Chirico, Guston, Louisa Chase, Lynda Benglis, and others. Through Friday, June 17. . . . **PARSONS,** 24 W. 57th St.: Richard Pousette-Dart, Lee Krasner, Hedda Sterne, and Jack Youngerman are among the sixteen artists whose paintings are on view. Through Saturday, June 18.

GALLERIES—SoHo

ROLAND BALADI / ALESSANDRO ALGARDI—Toasters, radios, and a gasoline can, all sculpted in polished marble, plus watercolors of similarly transmuted airplanes, cars, and so on. / Large white canvases on which tracts of indecipherable white writing appear. Through Saturday, June 18. (O. K. Harris, 383 West Broadway.)

GEORG BASELITZ—Large painted-wood sculptures of three carved heads and one full figure. Through Saturday, June 18. (Sonnabend, 121 Spring St.)

DONNA BYARS / DIANE FARRELL—Freestanding constructed-wood sculptures, plus cloth-wrapped miniatures arranged on the wall. / Charcoal drawings representing the Stations of the Cross. Through June 25. (A.I.R., 63 Crosby St.)

WALTER DAHN—Paintings by a member of Germany's Mulheimer Freiheit. Through June 30. (Boone, 420 West Broadway.)

DONNA DENNIS / TINA GIROUARD—Two outsize architectural sculptures, one a spooky, dimly lit subway scene, the other entitled "Skowhegan Stair Tower." / Paintings composed of stencils of recognizable images, built up in layers. Through Saturday, June 11. (Holly Solomon, 392 West Broadway.)

GEORG DOKOUPIL—Paintings by another member of the Mulheimer Freiheit. Through June 30. (Boone, 417 West Broadway.)

APRIL GORNIK—Haunting imaginary landscapes, one showing an iceberg, another showing towering columns of rain, both of them reminiscent of Frederic Church's Luminist paintings. Through Saturday, June 11. (Thorp, 419 West Broadway.)

K. H. HÖDICKE—Paintings that dwell on the more gruesome parts of the Medea legend, done by a leader of the Neo-Expressionist movement in Germany. Through Friday, June 10. (Nosei, 100 Prince St.)

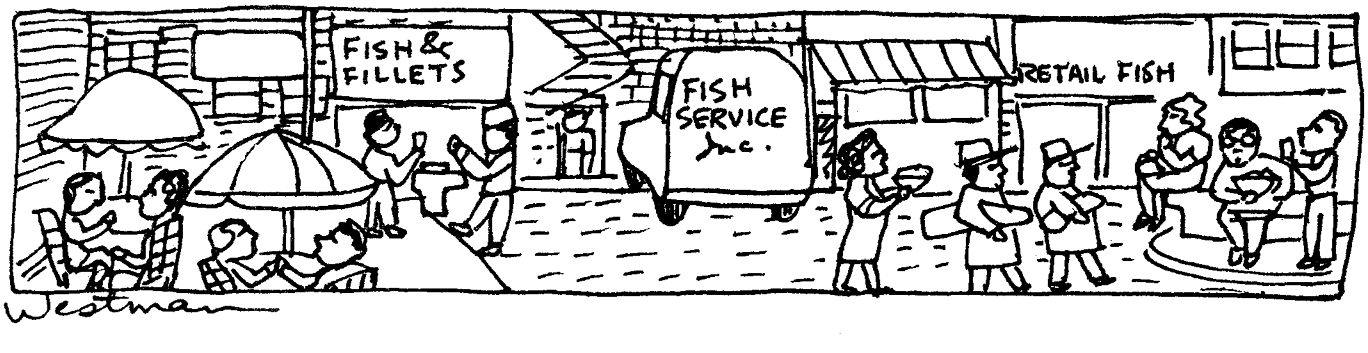
ELAINE HUYER AND NANCY LANGER—Abstract paintings by two colorists. Through June 19. (Pindar, 127 Greene St. Opens Sundays at 1.)

BARRY LE VA / DAVID HAXTON—A single large sculpture combining such materials as metal, plaster, and plywood, plus collages employing drawings and diagrams. / Photographs of constructions that were made by the artist in order to be photographed. Through Saturday, June 18. (Sonnabend, 420 West Broadway.)

LES LEVINE—Works ranging from a five-channel video installation to giant-size crayon drawings, by this artist noted for using the billboard format. Through June 25. (Feldman, 31 Mercer St.)

CLEMENT MEADMORE—Bronze floor samples, so to speak, of his huge outdoor sculptures. Through June 25. (Hutchinson, 138 Greene St.)

JOHN OKULICK / BEN SCHONZEIT—Painted wall constructions whose appearance of great depth is a trick of perspective. / Grisaille paintings of exceptional draftsmanship. Through Wednes-



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day, June 15. (Hoffman, 429 West Broadway.)

Judy Penzer / Elizabeth Layton—Watercolor portraits of friends and relatives at bar mitzvahs and weddings. / Unpretentious self-portraits in watercolor by a Kansas woman who took up painting in her late sixties. Through Wednesday, June 15. (SoHo 20, at 469 Broome St. *Opens at noon.*)

Royden Rabinowitch—Polygonal sculptures of sand-blasted steel which lie on the floor and give the impression of trying to get up. Through Saturday, June 18. (Weber, 142 Greene St.)

Alexander Russo—Abstractions and semi-abstractions, some in black-and-white, all based on sketches made in Italy thirty years ago. Through Saturday, June 11. (Ingber, 460 West Broadway.)

Kenny Scharf—Graffito-like artwork—full of pizzazz and done with Day-Glo spray paint—that might have been peeled off a subway car. Through Saturday, June 11. (Shafrazi, 163 Mercer St.)

Group Shows—At the **BONLOW,** 150 Greene St.: One painting or drawing and one sculpture apiece by fourteen artists known primarily as painters, among them Keith Haring, Robert Longo, and Ned Smyth. Through June 21. . . . **BONNIER,** 420 West Broadway: Paintings and sculptures by Robert Ryman, Joel Shapiro, Brice Marden, and others. Through July 30. . . . **THE DRAWING CENTER,** 137 Greene St.: "Great Drawings from the Collection of the Royal Institute of British Architects": The greats (who are not just British) include Palladio, Wren, Wright, and Inigo Jones. Through July 30. (Open Mondays; open Wednesday evenings until 8.) . . . **SPERONE WESTWATER,** 142 Greene St.: Paintings and drawings by Mario Merz, Bruce Nauman, and Michael Venezia, and a large sculptural installation by Michael Singer. Through Saturday, June 18. . . . **TOLL,** 146 Greene St.: A show of figurative works, with two paintings apiece by Steven Campbell, Robert Carvin, and Baldo Diodato; and two sculptures by Bob Gober. Through June 30.

OTHER GALLERIES

Mimi Gross—Satirical, painted wall reliefs (wood, metal, cardboard, Astroturf, etc.), plus Impressionist paintings on aluminum of Times Square at night. Through Saturday, June 11. (Public Illumination, 257 Lafayette St. Wednesdays through Fridays, 3:30 to 6:30; Saturdays, 2 to 6.)

Frank Moore—A large painting on thirteen hexagons, among other shaped-canvas works. Through Saturday, June 18. (The Clocktower, 108 Leonard St., five blocks south of Canal St., at Broadway. Wednesdays through Fridays, 1 to 6; Saturdays, 10 to 6.)

Michael Smith—"Government Approved Home Fallout Shelter Snack Bar," an installation constructed, from regulation plans, to look like the real McCoy. Through June 30. (Castelli Graphics West, 43 W. 61st St. Opens at 1.)

The Horse Show—A large group show for which the subject is horse imagery, as practiced over the past ten years by such artists as Deborah Butterfield, Robert Fichter, Sharron Quasius, Susan Rothenberg, Garry Winogrand, and others. Through Saturday, June 18. (Freidus, 158 Lafayette St.)

Group Shows—At the **BOUCKAERT,** 100 Hudson St.: A survey of the paintings and sculptures exhibited at this gallery over the past two years includes such artists as Max Coyer, Alex McFarlane, and Edgar Franceschi. Through July 30. . . . **BROMM,** 90 West Broadway, at Chambers St.: The annual new-talent show includes works by Mike Bidlo, Nicolas Moufarrege, and Peter White. Through Saturday, June 11. . . . **CITY GALLERY,** 2 Columbus Circle: "Spare Parts," a show of paintings, sculptures, and installations (several of the latter *en plein air*) realized with the surplus equipment that has been donated by local businesses and individuals to New York's Material for the Arts program. Cathey Billian, Louise Bourgeois, and Justen Ladda are among the nearly fifty artists. Through Friday, June 17. (Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.) . . . **80 WASHINGTON SQUARE EAST GALLERIES,** New York University: Paintings and drawings by ten artists who are not represented by a commercial gallery. Through June 24. (Open Mondays; open Tuesday evenings until 8; closed Saturdays.) . . . **OIL & STEEL,** 157 Chambers St.: Paintings, sculptures, and drawings by eleven artists, such as Milet Andrejevic, Richard Artschwager, Heidi Glück, and Alfred Leslie. Through Saturday, June 11. (Tuesdays through Fridays, 11:30 to 5:30; Saturdays, 11 to 6.)

PHOTOGRAPHY

Harry Callahan—Photographs recently printed in Germany using a laser-scanner. Through July 1. (Zabriskie, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St. Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.)

André Kertész—Sixty prints, all from his "On Reading" series, and some not seen before. Through July 2. (New York Public Library, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St. Mondays through Wednesdays, 10 to 9; Thursdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6.)

Nicholas Nixon—Photographs of people in their homes in the poor sections of Boston, Detroit, and Louisville. Through Friday, June 10. (Wolf, 30 W. 57th St.)

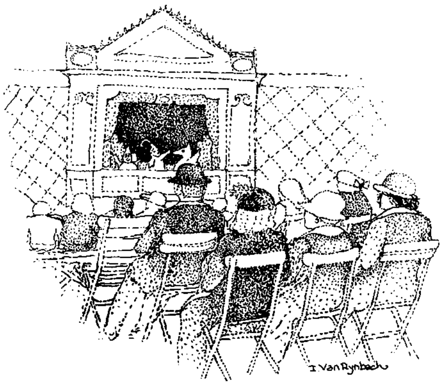
Lilo Raymond—Still-lifes and interiors-with-windows, established subjects for this photographer. Through Friday, June 17. (Pfeifer, 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St.)

Bob Walden—Color photographs, such as those showing an overgrown section of Cunningham Park that unintentionally doubles as an automobile graveyard, which underscore the ironies of urban life. Through June 30. (Educational Alliance Gallery, 197 East Broadway, near Canal St. Mondays through Thursdays, 10 to 10; Fridays, 10 to 6.)

Group Shows—At the **INTERNATIONAL CENTER OF PHOTOGRAPHY,** 1130 Fifth Ave., at 94th St.: "Roy Stryker: U.S.A., 1943-1950," an exhibit of about two hundred prints by photographers who were commissioned by Mr. Stryker, the administrator of a photography project for Standard Oil of New Jersey, to detail "the kinds of things a scholar a hundred years from now is going to wonder about." The better-known names are Elliott Erwitt, Russell Lee, Lisette Model, and Gordon Parks. Through July 3. (Tuesdays through Thursdays, noon to 8; Fridays through Sundays, noon to 6.) . . . **MUSEUM OF MODERN ART,** 18 W. 54th St.: Contemporary photographs. See below, under "Museums," for dates and times.

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—An exhibit of about a hundred and seventy objects related to Charles Willson Peale, whose place in American history is secured by his accomplishments not only as a painter but also as the naturalist who founded the first natural-history museum, a section of which is re-created. Among the well-known works on hand are the trompe-l'oeil portrait "The Staircase Group" and, fittingly, "The Artist in His Museum." Through Sept. 4. . . . ¶ The Henry Moore retrospective contains two hundred works, including direct carvings in wood and stone, cast bronzes, drawings, and prints. Through Sept. 25. (Complementary shows are at the Weintraub Gallery, 992 Madison Ave., at 77th St., and (ending Saturday, June 11) at William Beadleston, 60 E. 91st St.) . . . ¶ The Vatican Collections. Through Sunday, June 12. . . . ¶ Sixty-four paintings and oil sketches of the English countryside by John Constable. Through Sept. 4. . . . ¶ "La Belle Epoque," a show of costumes in period settings. Through Sept. 4. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 8:45; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 4:45; Sundays, 11 to 4:45.)



Museum of Modern Art, 18 W. 54th St.—A show of extremely large photographic prints by contemporary artists Cindy Sherman, Richard Avedon, William Wegman, and others. Through June 28. (Open daily, except Wednesdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9.)

Guggenheim Museum, Fifth Ave. at 89th St.—Two shows of European paintings, one of postwar works by long-established artists on the order of Balthus, Dubuffet, and Tàpies, the other of representatives of the new wave who have attracted so much attention recently, such as Cucchi, Darboven, and Penck. Some of the works are loans that the museum hopes to add to its collections. Both through Sept. 11. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge from 5 to 8; Wednesdays through Sundays, 11 to 5.)

Whitney Museum of American Art, Madison Ave. at 75th St.—"Minimalism to Expressionism: Painting and Sculpture Since 1965" is the title for a show of nearly sixty works; the artists range from, among others, Carl Andre and Agnes Martin (late sixties) to Lynda Benglis and Steve Keister (seventies) to David Salle, Joel Shapiro, and Nam June Paik (eighties). Frank Stella is represented by a painting from both the early and late camps. Through Sept. 18. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge after 6; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, *noon to 6.*)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—A selection of prints and drawings acquired for the museum by the late curator Gene Baro. A few of the artists are Laura Shechter, Alex Katz, and Mark Stock. Through July 4. . . . ¶ A diverse show honoring the Brooklyn Bridge. Through Sept. 5. (Open Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

American Academy and Institute of Arts and Letters, Broadway at 155th St.—An exhibit of works by the Academy/Institute's newly elected members and by recipients of this year's awards offers manuscripts (by, among others, Peter De Vries, Bernard Malamud, Richard Eberhart, Peter Taylor, Richard Howard, Douglas Crase, Raymond Carver, Cynthia Ozick, Elizabeth Spencer, and David Plante); musical scores (Stephen Sondheim); and works of art (Louise Bourgeois and Louise Nevelson, and architects Richard Meier and Frank Gehry). Through Sunday, June 12. (Open daily, except Mondays, 1 to 4.)

Asia Society, 725 Park Ave., at 70th St.—A display of thirteenth- to nineteenth-century dyed cotton textiles from India whose designs are considered the forerunners of calico, gingham, dungaree, and bandanna. Through July 31. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5, and Thursday evenings until 8:30; Sundays, noon to 5.)

Cooper-Hewitt Museum, Fifth Ave. at 91st St.—A show of more than two hundred of the exquisite *objets de luxe* crafted by the Russian designer Carl Fabergé which come almost entirely from the personal collections of Queen Elizabeth II. Through July 10. . . . ¶ Joseph Pennell, John Marin, Richard Haas, and David Macaulay are four of the artists represented in a show of twentieth-century American prints of urban architecture. Through Sept. 4. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

Japan House, 333 E. 47th St.—A display of shop signs of old Japan, the work of woodcarvers and other artisans. Through Sunday, June 12. (Open daily, 11 to 5, and Friday evenings until 7:30.)

Jewish Museum, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—An exhibit of works by nine Jewish artists who emigrated to Great Britain in the first half of this century. It includes sculptures by Jacob Epstein and paintings by Jankel Adler and Josef Herman. (Open daily except Fridays and Saturdays. Hours: Mondays through Thursdays, noon to 5; Sundays, 11 to 6.)

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St.—"Holbein and the Court of Henry VIII" is the title for an exhibition of seventy portrait drawings and one painted miniature by Hans Holbein the Younger, all of which come from the collection of Queen Elizabeth II in the Royal Library at Windsor Castle. As background material, the Morgan has provided paintings and books from its own collections, and original letters and documents by a number of the subjects featured. Through July 30. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10:30 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

National Academy of Design, 1083 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—A pair of loan shows from Great Britain: Fifty paintings by Winston Churchill. Through July 3. . . . ¶ Forty-one eighteenth- and nineteenth-century paintings, from the Royal Academy, by such artists as Constable, Turner, Gainsborough, and Benjamin West. Through Wednesday, June 15. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, noon to 8, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Sundays, noon to 5.)

New-York Historical Society, 170 Central Park W., at 77th St.—A show of more than a hundred and fifty Tiffany lamps from the collection of Egon Neustadt. . . . ¶ An exhibition of Currier & Ives lithographs. Through Aug. 28. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Fridays, 11 to 5; Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

EXPERIMENTAL OUTPOSTS

(Various avant-garde enterprises that may involve not only traditional art but music, video, dance, and so on.)

Artists Space, 105 Hudson St., at Franklin St. Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6.—An installation by Gioia Timpanelli. . . . ¶ Six artists from Los Angeles (Jill Giegerich, Victor Henderson, Kim Hubbard, Lari Pittman, Mitchell Syrop, and Megan Williams) are showing paintings, sculptures, and photographs. Both shows through July 2.

Franklin Furnace, 112 Franklin St. Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 6.—A show of artists' books. Through June 25.

Art in the Anchorage, Cadman Plaza West and Front St., at the base of the Brooklyn Bridge on the Brooklyn side. Exhibition hours: Daily, noon to 8; closes at 7 on Wednesdays. Admission is two dollars.—Warner Wada, Jane Greengold, and Ned Smyth are among the ten artists who have designed installations for this site. Creative Time is the sponsor.

MUSIC

(The box-office number for Alice Tully Hall is 362-1911; for Avery Fisher Hall 874-2424; for Carnegie Hall 247-7459; and for Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House, 129 W. 67th St., 362-8719. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

Bel Canto Opera—Victoria Bond conducting Stanislaw Moniuszko's "Halka," in English, staged by Elizabeth Szczygielska. (Robert F. Wagner Junior High School Auditorium, 220 E. 76th St. Friday and Saturday, June 10-11, at 7:30, and Sunday, June 12, at 2:30. Tickets at the door on the days of the performances.)

Golden Fleece Ltd.—Presenting Hugo Weisgall's one-act opera "The Stronger" and two excerpts from Hendricks Hoy's opera "Freedom's Road," as well as the premières of three choral works by Robert Mitchell and a setting of A. E. Housman poems by Richard Peaslee. (Open Gate Theatre, 401 E. 29th St. 691-6105. Thursday and Friday, June 9-10, at 8, and Saturday and Sunday, June 11-12, at 3 and 8.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

New York Philharmonic—At Avery Fisher Hall—The final programs in "Horizons '83," a series of concerts of music written since 1968. Wednesday, June 8: Zubin Mehta conducting a program of music by William Schuman, Bernard Rands, and Luciano Berio, with Philip Myers, horn; Paul Sperry, tenor; and the New Swingle Singers. . . . ¶ Friday, June 10: Lukas Foss conducting a program of music by George Rochberg, Mr. Foss, Joseph Schwantner, and Frederic Rzewski, with Lucy Shelton, soprano; the Speculum Musicae; Donald Palma, guest conductor; Mr. Rzewski, piano; and the New York Choral Artists. . . . ¶ Wednesday, June 15: Gunther Schuller conducting a program of music by Charles Wuorinen, Jacob Druckman, Tison Street, and Mr. Schuller, with Joseph Robinson, oboe. (Evenings at 8.)

St. Paul Chamber Orchestra—Pinchas Zukerman conducting and acting as violin soloist in a program of music by Wagner, Mendelssohn, J. C. Bach, and Boccherini, with Yo-Yo Ma, cello. (Carnegie Hall. Thursday, June 9, at 8.)

Florilegium Chamber Choir and Baroque Orchestra—JoAnn Rice directing a program of seventeenth-century music, with Bernadette Fiorella and Marjorie Patterson, sopranos; Frank Hoffmeister, tenor; John Franklin, bass; and members of the St. Luke's Chamber Ensemble. (Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House. Thursday, June 9, at 8.)

Cappella Nova—Richard Taruskin directing a program of music composed by Jacob Obrecht and his contemporaries in honor of the Virgin Mary. (St. Joseph's Church, 371 Sixth Ave. Sunday, June 12, at 7:30. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.)

Ohio Boychoir—Alexander B. Musichuk directing. (Alice Tully Hall. Thursday, June 16, at 8.)

RECITALS

Magda Tagliaferro—Piano. (Alice Tully Hall. Wednesday, June 8, at 8.)

Wendy Heckler-Denbaum and Lincoln Mayorga—Flute and piano. (Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House. Wednesday, June 8, at 8.)

Berenice Lipson-Gruzen—Piano. (Alice Tully Hall. Thursday, June 9, at 8.)

John Feeley—Classical guitarist. (CAMI Hall, 165 W. 57th St. Friday, June 10, at 8. For information about tickets, call 757-3255.)

Leslie Howard—Piano. (Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House. Saturday, June 11, at 9.)

Katia and Marielle Labèque—Duo piano. (Avery Fisher Hall. Tuesday, June 14, at 8.)

Music For A While—A program of medieval music entitled "All About Eve." (Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House. Saturday, June 18, at 9.)

SPORTS

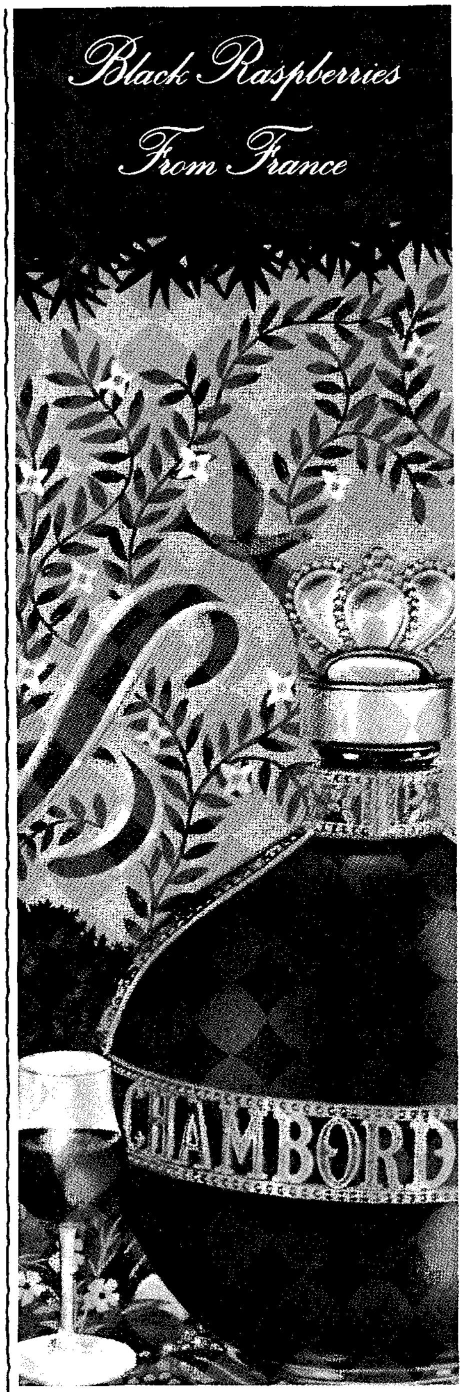
Baseball—YANKEES at Yankee Stadium: Vs. Cleveland, Wednesday, June 8, at 8. . . . ¶ Milwaukee, Friday and Saturday, June 17-18, at 8. . . . METS at Shea Stadium: Vs. Montreal, Friday, June 10, at 8:05; Saturday, June 11, at 7:35; and Sunday, June 12, at 1:35. . . . ¶ Chicago, Monday through Wednesday, June 13-15, at 7:35.

Golf—Westchester Classic. (Westchester Country Club, Harrison. Thursday through Sunday, June 9-12.)

Racing—At BELMONT: Mondays and Wednesdays through Saturdays at 1, and Sundays at 1:05; through Monday, July 25. The Belmont, Saturday, June 11; the Hempstead, Sunday, June 12; the Fashion, Wednesday, June 15; and the Mother Goose, Saturday, June 18. (Frequent trains leave Penn Station for the track Mondays and Wednesdays through Fridays between 10:45 and 1:10, and Saturdays and Sundays between 11 and 1:15.) . . . MONMOUTH PARK, Oceanport, N.J.: Weekdays at 1:30; through Saturday, Sept. 3. (A special train leaves Penn Station for the track Saturdays at 11:20.) . . . ATLANTIC CITY, Mays Landing, N.J.: Mondays and Wednesdays through Saturdays at 7:30; through Saturday, Sept. 24.

Trotting—At YONKERS RACEWAY: Weeknights at 8; through Thursday, June 16. . . . ROOSEVELT RACEWAY, Westbury: Weeknights at 8, from Friday, June 17, through Saturday, Aug. 6. . . . SARATOGA RACEWAY, Saratoga Springs: Weeknights at 8; through Saturday, Nov. 19. . . . MEADOWLANDS: Weeknights at 8; through Friday, Aug. 12.

Yachting—Start of the Annapolis-to-Newport race, Saturday, June 11. . . . ¶ America's Cup at Newport: Defenders' preliminary trials,



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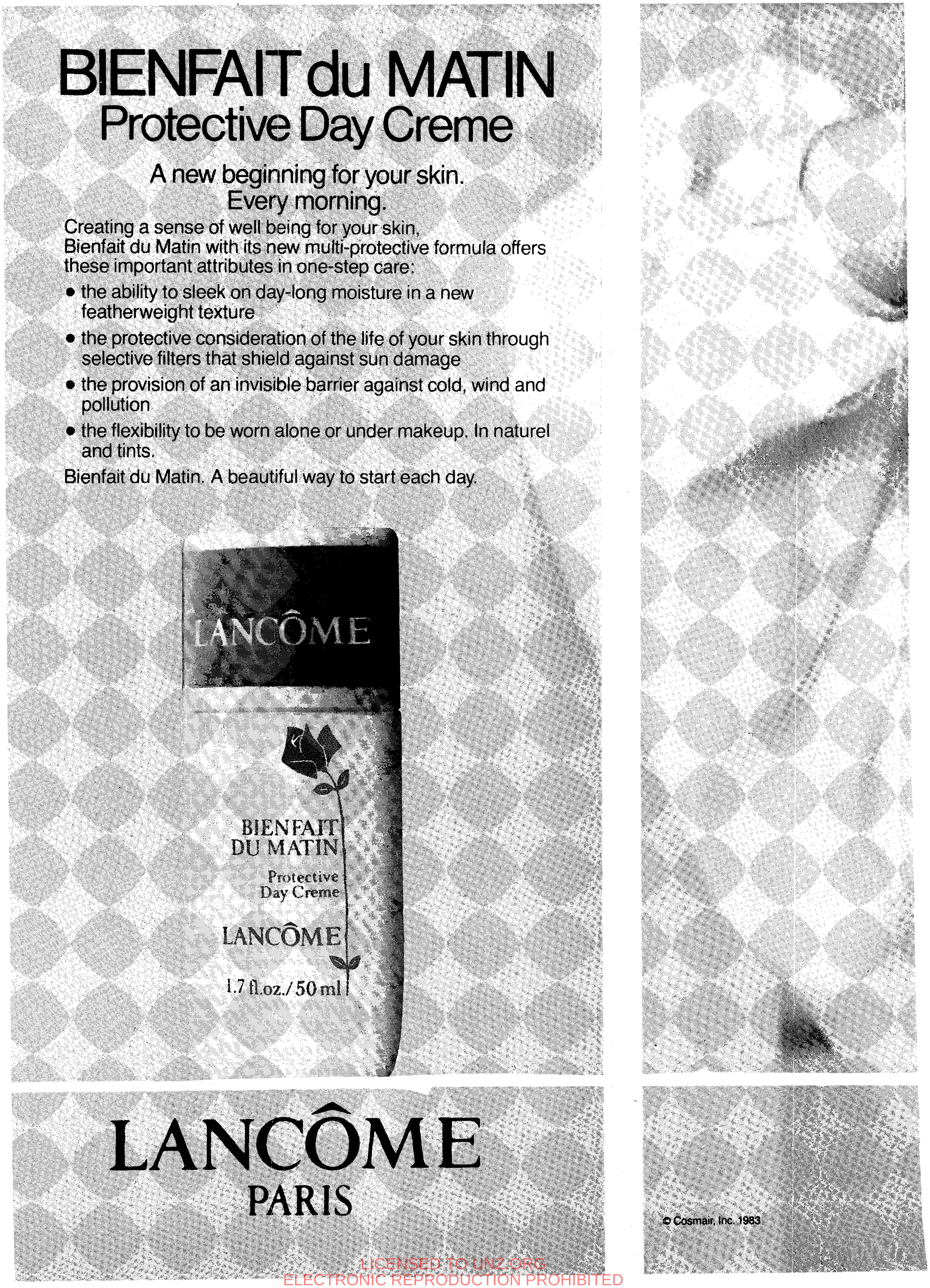

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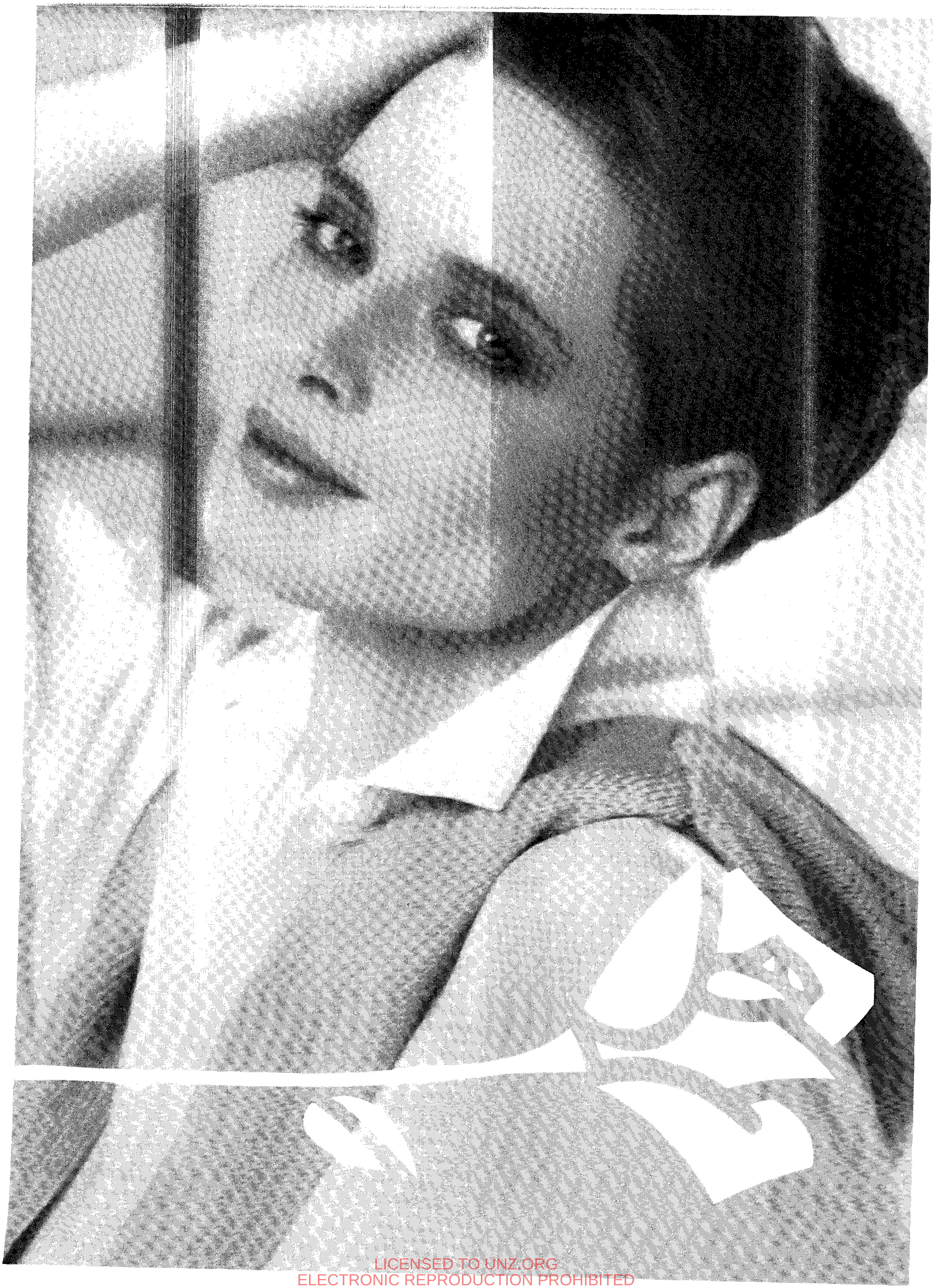

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For the past five years a new strain of Tulips has bloomed superbly in test gardens here and in Holland. They have large blossoms like Darwin Hybrids, grow to around two feet, and self-propagate readily in formal beds *and naturalized sweeps.* We don't know if they will last as long as Daffodils, but we do know that the count of full-sized blooms has actually increased over the period of the trials. So, if you normally plant new Tulip bulbs each fall, you can now figure *your annual cost at one-fifth your* first cost.

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You might think that this extraordinary strain of Tulips would carry a high price. Not so. Bought by the dozen, they are priced at $9.50 for the pink, red, yellow, and two-tone, $12.00 for the white. If the choice is difficult, consider a collection, #84425, 6 each of the 5 varieties for $24.00. Please add shipping charges of 10% east of the Mississippi, 15% west and charge, if you like, to your MasterCard or Visa account. (Connecticut residents please add sales tax.) For your convenience, phone orders are accepted at (800) 243-2853, weekdays from 8:30 to 5:30. Bulbs are shipped in time for fall planting and purchasers will receive a one-year subscription to our catalogues known collectively as The Garden Book. You'll enjoy them almost as much as the Tulips.

—Amos Pettingill

White Flower Farm

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Saturday, June 18, through Saturday, June 25. . . . Challengers (Australia, Canada, England, France, and Italy) in the first of three elimination series, Saturday, June 18, through Sunday, June 26.

ET ALIA

Prose Readings—"Bloomsday on Broadway II," a seventeen-hour-long event, including readings from "Ulysses," by Anne Meara, Michael Moriarty, Fritz Weaver, Barnard Hughes, Maria Tucci, Malachy McCourt, and Howard Stein, and recorded excerpts from the 1982 Irish Radio broadcast of the James Joyce Centennial Celebration in Dublin. (Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. Thursday, June 16, from 8 A.M. until 1 A.M. Friday. No tickets necessary.)

Auctions—At **SOTHEBY'S**, York Ave. at 72nd St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 9:30 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.) Thursday, June 9, at 10:15: Old Master paintings. . . . ¶ Thursday, June 9, at 2: The Fred Wichmann Collection of Pennsylvania German folk art and related decorative arts. . . . ¶ Monday, June 13, at 10:15 and 2: Musical instruments. . . . ¶ Wednesday, June 15, at 10:15 and 2: Chinese ceramics and other works of art, plus paintings. Exhibition starts Friday, June 10. . . . ¶ Thursday and Friday, June 16-17, at 10:15 and 2: The individual hand-colored aquatints from a complete set of John James Audubon's "The Birds of America." Exhibition starts Saturday, June 11. . . . **CHRISTIE'S**, Park Ave. at 59th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.) Friday, June 10, at 10: Old Master paintings. . . . ¶ Friday, June 10, at 2: British and American sporting paintings.

THE GREAT OUTDOORS

Metropolitan Opera, Concert Productions—**CENTRAL PARK'S GREAT LAWN:** Tuesday, June 14, at 8:30 (rain date, June 16), "Lucia di Lammermoor," with Mariella Devia, Dano Raffanti, Brian Schexnayder, and Paul Plishka; conducted by Michelangelo Veltri. . . . **BOTANICAL GARDEN**, the Bronx: Wednesday, June 15, at 8:30 (rain date, June 16), "La Bohème," with Teresa Zylis-Gara, Patricia Craig, Giuliano Ciannella, and Richard Stilwell; conducted by Eugene Kohn. . . . **CUNNINGHAM PARK**, Queens: Saturday, June 18, at 8:30 (rain date, June 19), "La Bohème," with the same cast as June 15.

Damrosch Park, Lincoln Center—A seven-hour program, featuring such women jazz performers as Esther Blue, the Carol Sudhalter quartet, Atsuko Yuma, and Jean Fineberg and Ellen Seeling and their jazz and blues band, Deuce. (Sunday, June 12, from 1 to 8.) . . . ¶ Jens Nygaard conducting the Naumburg Symphony Orchestra, with Jeffrey Kahane, piano, and Marni Nixon, soprano. (Saturday, June 18, at 8.)

Walking Tours—A conducted tour from City Hall to the South Street Seaport, sponsored by the Municipal Art Society. Saturday and Sunday, June 11-12, starting in front of City Hall, at 2. (For information about tickets, call 935-3960.) . . . ¶ "Brooklyn Heights: Home of the Brooklyn Bridge," a conducted tour sponsored by the Museum of the City of New York. Sunday, June 12, starting at Borough Hall, Brooklyn, at 1:30. (For information about tickets, call 534-1672.)

Washington Square Outdoor Art Exhibit—The semiannual show will be on view Saturday and Sunday, June 11-12, from noon until sundown.

Brooklyn Botanic Garden—On Friday, June 10, the Cranford Rose Garden will open for the season, with more than five thousand rosebushes representing nine hundred varieties. (Tuesdays through Fridays, 9 to 4:30; Saturdays and Sundays, 10:30 to 4:30.)

Brooklyn Bridge Centennial—"The Eighth Wonder," a twenty-five-minute *son-et-lumière* show about the planning and building of the bridge, is being held every evening, using the recorded voices of Anne Jackson, Farley Granger, and Paul Roebling. The spectacle may be seen and heard at outdoor theatres on opposite sides of the East River, located in Manhattan at the end of Peck Slip, south of the bridge and north of the South Street Seaport, and in Brooklyn at the Fulton Ferry Landing at the foot of Cadman Plaza. (Sundays through Thursdays at nine-fifteen, and Fridays and Saturdays at nine-fifteen and ten. For information about tickets, call 977-9020.)

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE MOVIE HOUSES

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FILMS ACCOMPANIED BY A DAGGER ARE DESCRIBED IN THE "IN BRIEF" SECTION, STARTING ON PAGE 25.

EAST SIDE

Little Theatre, Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. (598-7171; theatre opens in the late afternoon and is closed Mondays.)
Through June 12: "Espoir" (1938; directed by André Malraux; in French).
June 14: "From the Life of the Marionettes" (1980; Ingmar Bergman; in German), with Robert Atzorn, Christine Bucheggar, and Martin Benrath; and "Port of Call" (†).
June 15: "From the Life of the Marionettes;" and "The Serpent's Egg" (†).
June 16: "Scenes from a Marriage" (†).
June 17: "Monika" (†) and "Three Strange Loves" (†).
June 18: "Wild Strawberries" (†) and "Autumn Sonata" (†).

R.K.O. Century Art, 36 E. 8th. (473-7014)
"The Man with Two Brains" (Carl Reiner), with Steve Martin.

St. Marks Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 8th. (533-9292)
Through June 9: "Monty Python's The Meaning of Life" (Terry Jones); and "Bad Boys" (†).
June 10-16: "Mad Max" (1980; George Miller and Mel Gibson; an Australian film), with Gibson; and "First Blood" (Ted Kotcheff), with Sylvester Stallone.
From June 17: To be announced.

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (475-1660)
Through June 9: "Sophie's Choice" (†).
From June 10: "Monty Python's The Meaning of Life" (Terry Jones).

Bay Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 32nd. (679-0160)
Through June 9: "Flashdance" (Adrian Lyne), with Jennifer Beals.
From June 10: "Octopussy" (John Glen), with Roger Moore.

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
Through June 16: "Psycho II" (Richard Franklin), with Anthony Perkins and Vera Miles.
From June 17: "Superman III" (Richard Lester), with Christopher Reeve and Richard Pryor.

Loews 34th Street Showplace, 238 E. 34th. (532-5544)
Theatre 1: "Trading Places" (John Landis), with Eddie Murphy and Dan Aykroyd.
Theatre 2: "Blue Thunder" (†).
Theatre 3: "Return of the Jedi" (†).

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
"Breathless" (Jim McBride), with Richard Gere and Valerie Kaprisky.

Eastside Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)
Through June 9: "The Hunger" (Tony Scott), with Catherine Deneuve and David Bowie.
From June 10: "Octopussy" (John Glen), with Roger Moore.

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (759-1411)
"The Salamander" (1980; Peter Zinner), with Franco Nero and Anthony Quinn.

Gotham Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (759-2262)
Through June 9: "Monty Python's The Meaning of Life" (Terry Jones).
From June 10: To be announced.

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (355-3320)
Through June 11: "La Boum" (Claude Pinoteau; in French), with Claude Brasseur and Brigitte Fossey.
From June 12: "L'Etoile du Nord" (Pierre Granier-Deferre; in French), with Simone Signoret and Philippe Noiret.

Manhattan I and 2, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (935-6420)
Theatre 1: Through June 16: "Local Hero" (†). From June 17: "Superman III" (Richard Lester), with Christopher Reeve and Richard Pryor.
Theatre 2: Through June 16: "Sophie's Choice" (†). From June 17: "Superman III" (Richard Lester), with Christopher Reeve and Richard Pryor.

Baronet and Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
Theatre 1: "La Truite" (Joseph Losey; in French), with Isabelle Huppert.
Theatre 2: "Breathless" (Jim McBride), with Richard Gere and Valerie Kaprisky.

D. W. Griffith, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)
"The White Rose" (Michael Verhoeven; in German), with Lena Stolze and Wulf Kessler.

Cinema I and II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (753-6022/0774)
Theatre 1: Through June 9: "Norman Loves Rose" (Henri Safran; an Australian film), with Carol Kane. June 10-16: "The Road Warrior" (†). From June 17: "Fanny and Alexander" (†).
Theatre 2: "Betrayal" (David Jones), Jeremy Irons and Ben Kingsley.

Gemini I and 2, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
Theatre 1: Through June 9: "Nudo di Donna" (Nino Manfredi; in Italian), with Manfredi. From June 10: "Octopussy" (John Glen), with Roger Moore.
Theatre 2: "Psycho II" (Richard Franklin), with Anthony Perkins and Vera Miles.

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (737-2622)
"The Man with Two Brains" (Carl Reiner), with Steve Martin.

Loews New York Twin I and 2, 2nd Ave. at 67th. (744-7339)
Theatre 1: "WarGames" (†).
Theatre 2: Through June 9: "The Ruling Class" (†). From June 10: "Blue Thunder" (†).

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (734-0302)
Through June 9: "Say Amen, Somebody" (†).
From June 10: "The Return of Martin Guerre" (Daniel Vigne; in French), with Gérard Depardieu and Nathalie Baye.

Loews Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)
"Flashdance" (Adrian Lyne), with Jennifer Beals.

72nd Street East, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (288-9304)
Through June 9: "Tootsie" (†).
June 10-16: "Tender Mercies" (†).
From June 17: To be announced.

U. A. 85th St. East, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
"WarGames" (†).

Loews Orpheum I and 2, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)
Theatre 1: Through June 9: "Blue Thunder" (†). From June 10: "Trading Places" (John Landis), with Dan Aykroyd and Eddie Murphy.
Theatre 2: "Return of the Jedi" (†).

86th St. East, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
"Psycho II" (Richard Franklin), with Anthony Perkins and Vera Miles.

R.K.O. Century 86th St. Twin, Lexington at 86th. (289-8900)
Theatre 1: Through June 9: "Chained Heat" (Paul Nicholas), with Linda Blair and John Vernon. From June 10: "Octopussy" (John Glen), with Roger Moore.
Theatre 2: Through June 16 (tentative): "Spacehunter: Adventures in the Forbidden Zone" (Lamont Johnson), with Peter Strauss and Molly Ringwald. In 3-D. From June 17: "Superman III" (Richard Lester), with Christopher Reeve and Richard Pryor.

WEST SIDE

Film Forum I and 2, 57 Watts St. (431-1590; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
Theatre 1: Through June 14: "Chicken Ranch" (directed by Sandi Sissel and Nick Broomfield). From June 15: "Irreconcilable Memories" (1979; Klaus Volkenborn, Karl Siebig, and Johann Feindt; in German); and "Of Judges and Other Sympathizers" (1981; Axel Engstfeld; in German).
Theatre 2: June 8: "Tokyo Story" (1953; Yasujiro Ozu; in Japanese). June 9-11: "Princess Yang Kwei Fei" (1955; Kenji Mizoguchi; in Japanese); and "Ohayo" (1958; Yasujiro Ozu; in Japanese). June 12-13: "The Loyal 47 Ronin, Part Two" (1942; Kenji Mizoguchi; in Japanese); and "A Story of Floating Weeds" (1934; Yasujiro Ozu; in Japanese). June 14: "Early Spring" (1956; Yasujiro Ozu; in Japanese). June 15: "Early Summer" (1951; Yasujiro Ozu; in Japanese). June 16: "The Life of O-Haru" (†). June 17-18: "Crucified Lovers" (†); and "The Record of a Tenement Gentleman" (1947; Yasujiro Ozu; in Japanese).

Waverly I and 2, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)
Theatre 1: "Baby, It's You" (John Sayles), with Rosanna Arquette and Vincent Spano.
Theatre 2: "Betrayal" (David Jones), with Jeremy Irons and Ben Kingsley.

Greenwich Playhouse I and 2, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
Theatre 1: "WarGames" (†).
Theatre 2: Through June 18 (tentative): "Lianna" (John Sayles).

Quad Cinema, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)
Theatre 1: "Local Hero" (†).
Theatre 2: "Tender Mercies" (†).
Theatre 3: "La Nuit de Varennes" (†).
Theatre 4: Through June 9: "Nudo di Donna" (Nino Manfredi; in Italian), with Manfredi. From June 10: "Diva" (†).

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (757-2406)
"Tender Mercies" (†).

Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
"Gandhi" (†).

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (757-2715)
"Flashdance" (Adrian Lyne), with Jennifer Beals.

57th St. Playhouse, 110 W. 57th. (581-7360)
Through June 9: "Baby, It's You" (John Sayles), with Rosanna Arquette and Vincent Spano.
From June 10: "Say Amen, Somebody" (†).

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th. (757-2131)
Through June 14: A program of Nadine Gordimer films.
From June 15: "Flights of Fancy" (Roman Balayan; in Russian).

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
"La Traviata" (Franco Zeffirelli; in Italian), with Teresa Stratas and Placido Domingo.

Cinema 3, 2 W. 59th. (752-5959)
Through June 16: "To Begin Again" (José Luis Garci; in Spanish).
From June 17: "Fanny and Alexander" (†).

Loews Paramount, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
"Tootsie" (†).

Lincoln Plaza I, 2, and 3, B'way at 63rd. (757-2280)
Theatre 1: "La Nuit de Varennes" (†).
Theatre 2: "The Night of the Shooting Stars" (†).
Theatre 3: "Angelo My Love" (Robert Duvall).

Cinema Studio I and 2, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
Theatre 1: Through June 9: "Diva" (†). From June 10: "Heatwave" (Phillip Noyce; an Australian film), with Judy Davis and Richard Moir.
Theatre 2: "They Don't Wear Black Tie" (Leon Hirszman; a Brazilian film, in Portuguese).

Embassy 72nd St. I and 2, B'way at 72nd. (724-6745)
Theatre 1: "Heads or Tails" (Robert Enrico;

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in French), with Philippe Noiret and Michel Serrault.
Theatre 2: "The Divine Emma" (Jiří Krejčík; in Czech).

Loews 83rd Quad, B'way at 83rd. (877-3190)
Theatre 1: Through June 16: "The Man with Two Brains" (Carl Reiner), with Steve Martin. From June 17: To be announced.
Theatre 2: Through June 16: "Psycho II" (Richard Franklin), with Anthony Perkins and Vera Miles. From June 17: To be announced.
Theatre 3: Through June 16: "WarGames" (†). From June 17: To be announced.
Theatre 4: Through June 16: "Tender Mercies" (†). From June 17: To be announced.

New Yorker 1 and 2, B'way at 88th. (580-7900)
Theatre 1: Through June 9: "Baby, It's You" (John Sayles), with Rosanna Arquette and Vincent Spano. From June 10: "Betrayal" (David Jones), with Jeremy Irons and Ben Kingsley.
Theatre 2: Through June 9: "Betrayal." From June 10: "Octopussy" (John Glen), with Roger Moore.

Olympia Quad, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)
Theatre 1: Through June 9: "Local Hero" (†). From June 10: "Local Hero" (†) and "Best Friends" (†).
Theatre 2: Through June 9: "Pink Motel." From June 10: "Mad Max" (1980; George Miller and Mel Gibson; an Australian film), with Gibson.
Theatre 3: Through June 16: "The Ruling Class" (†). From June 17: "Tender Mercies" (†); and another feature, to be announced.
Theatre 4: Through June 9: "48 Hrs." (†); and "Airplane II: The Sequel" (Ken Finkleman), with Robert Hays and Julie Hagerty. From June 10: "The Hunger" (Tony Scott), with Catherine Deneuve and David Bowie; and "Diner" (†).

TIMES SQUARE AREA

Criterion Theatres, B'way at 44th. (582-1795)
Theatre 1: Through June 9: "Pink Motel." June 10-16: "Bill Cosby Himself," a concert film. From June 17: "Superman III" (directed by Richard Lester), with Christopher Reeve and Richard Pryor.
Theatre 2: "Breathless" (Jim McBride), with Richard Gere and Valerie Kaprisky.
Theatre 3: "Still Smokin'," with Cheech & Chong.
Theatre 4: "Monty Python's The Meaning of Life" (Terry Jones).
Theatre 5: "Doctor Detroit" (Michael Pressman), with Dan Aykroyd and Howard Hesseman.
Theatre 6: "Porky's" (1982; Bob Clark), with Dan Monahan and Mark Herrier.

Embassy 1, B'way at 46th. (757-2408)
"Flashdance" (Adrian Lyne), with Jennifer Beals.

Embassy 2, 3, and 4, B'way at 47th. (730-7262)
Theatre 2: "Flashdance" (Adrian Lyne), with Jennifer Beals.
Theatre 3: "Spacehunter: Adventures in the Forbidden Zone" (Lamont Johnson), with Peter Strauss and Molly Ringwald. In 3-D.
Theatre 4: "An Officer and a Gentleman" (†).

Loews Astor Plaza, B'way at 44th. (869-8340)
"Return of the Jedi" (†).

Loews State 1 and 2, B'way at 45th. (582-5060)
Theatre 1: "Blue Thunder" (†).
Theatre 2: "Trading Places" (John Landis), with Eddie Murphy and Dan Aykroyd.

Movieland, B'way at 47th. (757-8320)
Through June 9: "E.T. The Extra-Terrestrial" (†).
From June 10: To be announced.

New Embassy 49th Street, Seventh Ave. at 49th. (757-7003)
"48 Hrs." (†).

Rivoli 1 and 2, B'way at 49th. (247-1633)
Theatre 1: "Psycho II" (Richard Franklin), with Anthony Perkins and Vera Miles.
Theatre 2: "Chained Heat" (Paul Nicholas), with Linda Blair and John Vernon.

R.K.O. Century National Twin, B'way at 44th. (869-0950)
Theatre 1: Through June 9: "The Evil Dead" (Sam Raimi), with Bruce Campbell. From June 10: "Octopussy" (John Glen), with Roger Moore.
Theatre 2: "The Man with Two Brains" (Carl Reiner), with Steve Martin.

R.K.O. Century Warner Twin, B'way at 47th. (975-8369)
Theatre 1: "WarGames" (†).
Theatre 2: Through June 9: "The Mack" (1973; Michael Campus), with Max Julien and Don Gordon. From June 10: "Mad Max" (1980; George Miller and Mel Gibson; an Australian film), with Gibson.

REVIVAL HOUSES

Agee Room, 144 Bleecker St. (473-8306; theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
"Breathless" (1959; directed by Jean-Luc Godard; in French), with Jean Seberg and Jean-Paul Belmondo.

Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St. (674-2560)
June 8: "A Fistful of Dollars" (1967), "For a Few Dollars More" (1967), and "The Good, the Bad and the Ugly" (1968), all three films directed by Sergio Leone, with Clint Eastwood.
June 9: "King of Hearts" (1967; Philippe de Broca; in French and English), with Alan Bates and Geneviève Bujold; and "A Thousand Clowns" (1965; Fred Coe), with Jason Robards, Barbara Harris, Martin Balsam, Gene Saks, and William Daniels.
June 10-11: "Chilly Scenes of Winter" ("Head Over Heels;" 1979; Joan Micklin Silver), with John Heard and Mary Beth Hurt; and "Hair" (1979; Miloš Forman), with John Savage, Treat Williams, and Beverly D'Angelo.
June 12-13: "Manhattan" (1979) and "Bananas" (1971), both films directed by, and with, Woody Allen.
June 14: "The Woman Next Door" (1981; François Truffaut; in French), with Gérard Depardieu and Fanny Ardant; and "Mississippi Mermaid" (1970; François Truffaut; in French), with Jean-Paul Belmondo and Catherine Deneuve.
June 15: "Wasn't That a Time!" (1982; Jim Brown), a documentary about the Weavers; and "The Last Waltz" (1978; Martin Scorsese), about The Band.
June 16: "A Day at the Races" (1937; Sam Wood) and "A Night at the Opera" (1935; Sam Wood), both films with the Marx Brothers.
June 17-18: "Lolita" (1962; Stanley Kubrick), with Sue Lyon, James Mason, Peter Sellers, and Shelley Winters; and "Sunday Bloody Sunday" (1971; John Schlesinger), with Glenda Jackson, Peter Finch, and Murray Head.

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)
Through June 9: "The Story of O" (1975; Just Jaeckin; in French); and "Emmanuelle" (1974; Just Jaeckin; in French), with Sylvia Kristel and Alain Cuny. Both X-rated.
June 10-11: "The Fountainhead" (1949; King Vidor), with Gary Cooper, Patricia Neal, and Raymond Massey; and "Siddhartha" (1973; Conrad Rooks), with Shashi Kapoor.
June 12-14: "The Killing of Sister George" (†); and "Making Love" (1982; Arthur Hiller), with Michael Ontkean, Kate Jackson, and Harry Hamlin.
June 15-16: "Throne of Blood" (1957) and "Yojimbo" (1961), both films in Japanese, directed by Akira Kurosawa, with Toshiro Mifune.
June 17-18: "Richard Pryor Live on the Sunset Strip" (†); and "The Lenny Bruce Performance Film" (1974), recorded in August, 1965, at Basin Street West, in San Francisco.

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (674-6515; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
Through June 9: "The Hunger" (1983; Tony Scott), with Catherine Deneuve and David Bowie.
June 10-16: A program of cult films usually seen only at midnight.
From June 17: To be announced.

Hollywood Twin Cinema 1, 8th Ave. at 47th. (246-0717)
June 8: "Mondo Trasho" (1970; John Waters); and "Multiple Maniacs" (1977; John Waters).
June 9-11: "Life of Brian" (1979; Terry Jones), with Graham Chapman and Terry Gilliam; and "And Now for Something Completely Different" (1972), selected skits from the BBC-TV series "Monty Python's Flying Circus."
June 12-13: "Star Trek—The Motion Picture" (†) and "Star Trek II: The Wrath of Khan" (†).
June 14-15: "Emmanuelle" (1974; Just Jaeckin; in French), with Sylvia Kristel and Alain Cuny; and "The Story of O" (1975; Just Jaeckin; in French). Both X-rated.
June 16-18: "La Cage aux Folles" (†) and "La Cage aux Folles II" (†).

Hollywood Twin Cinema 2, 8th Ave. at 47th. (246-0717)
Through June 9: "The Front" (1976; Martin Ritt), with Woody Allen, Zero Mostel, and Herschel Bernardi; and "The Angel Levine" (1970; Jan Kadar), with Zero Mostel, Harry Belafonte, and Ida Kaminska.
June 10-11: "On Golden Pond" (1981; Mark Rydell), with Katharine Hepburn, Henry Fonda, and Jane Fonda; and "Guess Who's Coming to Dinner" (1967; Stanley Kramer), with Spencer Tracy, Sidney Poitier, and Katharine Hepburn.
June 12: "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde" (1941; Victor Fleming), with Ingrid Bergman, Spencer Tracy, and Lana Turner; and "Captains Courageous" (†).
June 13-14: "Atlantic City" (1981; Louis Malle), with Burt Lancaster, Susan Sarandon, and Kate Reid; and "Pretty Baby" (1978; Louis Malle), with Keith Carradine, Susan Sarandon, and Brooke Shields.
June 15-16: "They Shoot Horses, Don't They?" (1969; Sydney Pollack), with Jane Fonda, Michael Sarrazin, Susan York, Red Buttons, and Gig Young; and "Stardust Memories" (1980; Woody Allen), with Allen, Charlotte Rampling, Jessica Harper, Marie-Christine Barrault, and Tony Roberts.
June 17-18: "Body Heat" (1981; Lawrence Kasdan), with William Hurt, Kathleen Turner, and Richard Crenna; and "Eyewitness" (1981; Peter Yates), with William Hurt, Sigourney Weaver, Christopher Plummer, and James Woods.

Metro Cinema, B'way at 99th. (222-1200)
June 8: "Camera Buff" (1980; Krzysztof Kieslowski; in Polish); and "Mother Küsters Goes to Heaven" (1975; Rainer Werner Fassbinder; in German), with Brigitte Mira.
June 9: "The Night of the Hunter" (1955;

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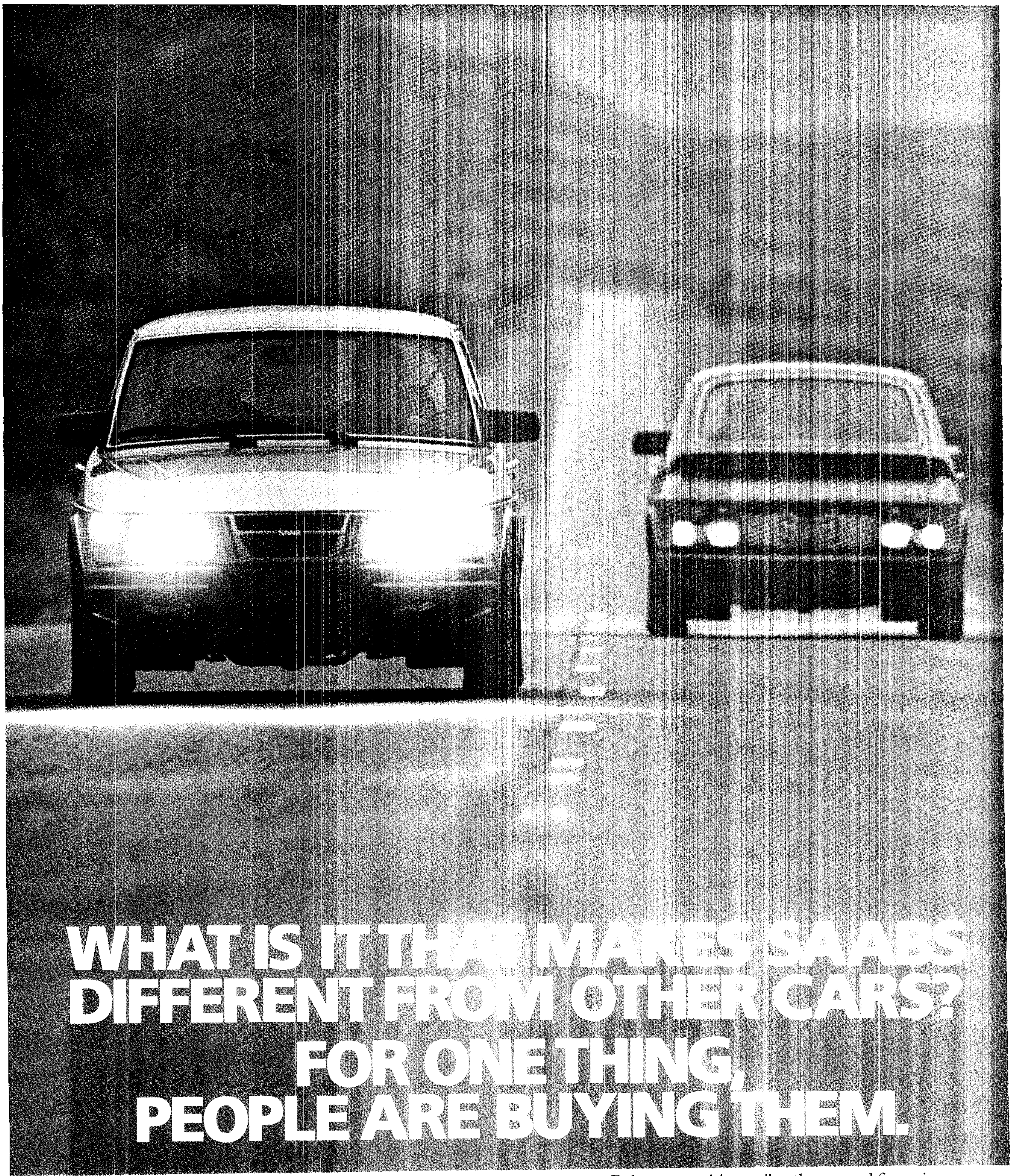
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Charles Laughton), with Robert Mitchum, Shelley Winters, and Lillian Gish; and "The Postman Always Rings Twice" (1946; Tay Garnett), with Lana Turner, John Garfield, Cecil Kellaway, Hume Cronyn, and Leon Ames.

June 10: "The Spirit of the Beehive" (1973; Victor Erice; in Spanish); and "Lord of the Flies" (1963; Peter Brook).

June 11: "L'Avventura" (1959; Michelangelo Antonioni; in Italian), with Monica Vitti, Gabriele Ferzetti, and Lea Massari; and "La Grande Illusion" (1937; Jean Renoir; in French), with Erich von Stroheim, Jean Gabin, Pierre Fresnay, and Marcel Dalio.

June 12: "Fantastic Voyage" (†); and "Solaris" (1976; Andrei Tarkovsky; in Russian).

June 13: "Victor/Victoria" (1982; Blake Edwards), with Julie Andrews, James Garner, Robert Preston, Lesley Ann Warren, and Alex Karras; and "La Cage Aux Folles" (†).

June 14: "The Bad Sleep Well" (†); and "Stray Dog" (1949; Akira Kurosawa; in Japanese), with Toshiro Mifune.

June 15: "Une Femme Douce" (†) and "A Free Woman" (†).

June 16: "The Woman in the Window" (†) and "Kiss Me Deadly" (†).

June 17: "Gate of Hell" (1954; Teinosuke Kinugasa; in Japanese), with Machiko Kyo; and "Ugetsu" (1953; Kenji Mizoguchi; in Japanese), with Masayuki Mori and Machiko Kyo.

June 18: "The Thief of Bagdad" (†); and "The Red Shoes" (1948; Michael Powell and Emeric Pressburger), with Moira Shearer and Léonide Massine.

Regency, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)

June 8: "The Apartment" (1960; Billy Wilder), with Jack Lemmon, Shirley MacLaine, and Fred MacMurray; and "Elmer Gantry" (1960; Richard Brooks), with Burt Lancaster, Jean Simmons, and Arthur Kennedy.

June 9-11: "West Side Story" (1961; Robert Wise), with Natalie Wood, Richard Beymer, Russ Tamblyn, Rita Moreno, and George Chakiris.

June 12-13: "Lawrence of Arabia" (1962; David Lean), with Peter O'Toole, Alec Guinness, Omar Sharif, José Ferrer, and Anthony Quinn.

June 14-15: "Tom Jones" (†) and "Hud" (†).

June 16-18: "My Fair Lady" (1964; George Cukor), with Audrey Hepburn, Rex Harrison, Stanley Holloway, Wilfrid Hyde-White, and Gladys Cooper.

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (222-3370)

June 8: "Zatoichi's Cane Sword" (1967; Kimiyoshi Yasuda; in Japanese), with Shintaro Katsu; and "Broken Swords" (1969; Kazuo Ikehiro; in Japanese), with Hiroki Matsukata.

June 9: "Harold and Maude" (1971; Hal Ashby), with Ruth Gordon and Bud Cort; and "Being There" (1979; Hal Ashby), with Peter Sellers, Shirley MacLaine, Melvyn Douglas, and Jack Warden.

June 10-11: "Strangers on a Train" (1951; Alfred Hitchcock), with Farley Granger, Robert Walker, and Ruth Roman; and "Jamaica Inn" (1939; Alfred Hitchcock), with Charles Laughton, Emlyn Williams, Maureen O'Hara, and Leslie Banks.

June 12: "Leap Into the Void" (†); and "Victory March" (1976; Marco Bellocchio; in Italian).

June 13: A program of cartoons by Chuck Jones and Friz Freleng.

June 14: "The Searchers" (1956; John Ford), with John Wayne, Natalie Wood, Jeffrey Hunter, Vera Miles, and Ward Bond; and "Springfield Rifle" (1952; André de Toth), with Gary Cooper, Phyllis Thaxter, and David Brian.

June 15: "Sanjuro" (1963; Akira Kurosawa; in Japanese), with Toshiro Mifune; and "Samurai Rebellion" (†).

June 16: "Baby Doll" (1956; Elia Kazan), with Karl Malden, Carroll Baker, Eli Wallach, and Mildred Dunnock; and "This Property Is Condemned" (1966; Sydney Pollack), with Natalie Wood, Robert Redford, Charles Bronson, and Kate Reid.

June 17-18: "Mean Streets" (1973; Martin Scorsese), with Robert De Niro and Harvey Keitel; and "Bloodbrothers" (†).

Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)

June 8: "A Man and a Woman" (1966; Claude Lelouch; in French), with Anouk Aimée and Jean-Louis Trintignant; and "Live for Life" (1967; Claude Lelouch), with Yves Montand and Candice Bergen.

June 9: "Now Voyager" (1942; Irving Rapper), with Bette Davis, Paul Henreid, Claude Rains, and John Loder; and "Dark Victory" (1939; Edmund Goulding), with Bette Davis, George Brent, and Geraldine Fitzgerald.

June 10-11: "Ministry of Fear" (1945; Fritz Lang), with Ray Milland, Marjorie Reynolds, and Dan Duryea; and "The Fallen Idol" (1948; Carol Reed), with Bobby Henrey, Ralph Richardson, and Michèle Morgan.

June 12: "Wuthering Heights" (1939; William Wyler), with Merle Oberon, Laurence Olivier, Flora Robson, and David Niven; and "Jane Eyre" (†).

June 13: "Hiroshima, Mon Amour" (1959; Alain Resnais; in French), with Emmanuèle Riva and Eiji Okada; and "Last Year at Marienbad" (1961; Alain Resnais; in French), with Delphine Seyrig.

June 14: "That Certain Woman" (1937; Edmund Goulding), with Bette Davis, Henry Fonda, Ian Hunter, and Anita Louise; and "It's Love I'm After" (†).

June 15: "Lady in the Lake" (†) and "Night Must Fall" (†).

June 16: "The Postman Always Rings Twice" (1946; Tay Garnett), with Lana Turner, John Garfield, Cecil Kellaway, Hume Cronyn, and Leon Ames; and "They Made Me a Criminal" (1939; Busby Berkeley), with John Garfield, May Robson, Gloria Dickson, and the Dead End Kids.

June 17: "Thieves Like Us" (1974; Robert Altman), with Keith Carradine, Shelley Duvall, John Schuck, and Bert Remsen; and "3 Women" (1977; Robert Altman), with Shelley Duvall, Sissy Spacek, and Janice Rule.

June 18: "A Day at the Races" (1937; Sam Wood) and "A Night at the Opera" (1935; Sam Wood), both films with the Marx Brothers.

FILM LIBRARIES, ETC.

Museum of Modern Art, Roy and Niuta Titus Auditorium II, 18 W. 54th St. (708-9490)—June 9 at noon: "L'Imagination et le Front Populaire: 1935-36" (directed by Armand Panigel; in French, with English subtitles). . . . ¶ June 9 at 2:30: "Mollenard" (1937; Robert Siodmak; in French, with no English subtitles), with Harry Baur, Albert Préjean, Gabrielle Dorziat, and Pierre Renoir. . . . ¶ June 9 at 6: "La Tendre Ennemie" (1936; Max Ophuls; in French, with English subtitles), with Simone Berriau. . . . ¶ June 10 at noon: "L'Imagination et le Front Populaire: 1935-36." . . . ¶ June 10 at 2:30; "Ils Etaient Neuf Célibataires" (1939; Sacha Guitry; in French, with no English subtitles), with Guitry, Elvire Popesco, Marguerite Moreno, Max Dearly, and Geneviève Guitry. . . . ¶ June 10 at 6: "Adrienne Lecouvreur" (1938; Marcel L'Herbier; in French, with English subtitles), with Yvonne Printemps, Pierre Fresnay, and Junie Astor. . . . ¶ June 11 at noon: "My Darling Clementine" (1946; John Ford), with Henry Fonda, Linda Darnell, and Victor Mature. . . . ¶ June 11 at 2:30: "Adrienne Lecouvreur." . . . ¶ June 11 at 5: "Nuits de Feu" (1937; Marcel L'Herbier; in French, with no English subtitles), with Gaby Morlay, Victor Francen, and Madeleine Robinson. . . . ¶ June 12 at noon: "My Darling Clementine." . . . ¶ June 12 at 2:30: "Mayerling" (1937; Anatole Litvak; in French, with English subtitles), with Charles Boyer, Danielle Darrieux, and Gabrielle Dorziat. . . . ¶ June 12 at 5: "La Mort du Cygne" (1937; Jean Benoît-Lévy and Marie Epstein; in French, with English subtitles), with Mia Slavenska and Yvette Chauviré. . . . ¶ June 13 at noon: "Vers un Réalisme Poétique: 1936-38" (Armand Panigel; in French, with English subtitles). . . . ¶ June 13 at 2:30: "Le Roman de Werther" (1938; Max Ophuls; in French, with no English subtitles), with Pierre Richard-Willm and Annie Vernay. . . . ¶ June 14 at noon: "The Knack . . . And How to Get It" (1965; Richard Lester), with Rita Tushingham and Michael Crawford. . . . ¶ June 14 at 2:30: "Petulia" (1968; Richard Lester), with Julie Christie, George C. Scott, Richard Chamberlain, and Shirley Knight. . . . ¶ June 14 at 5:45: "Robin and Marian" (1976; Richard Lester), with Sean Connery, Audrey Hepburn, Richard Harris, Robert Shaw, and Nicol Williamson. Mr. Lester will be present. . . . ¶ June 16 at noon: "Vers un Réalisme Poétique: 1936-38." . . . ¶ June 16 at 2:30: "J'Accuse" (1937; Abel Gance; in French, with English subtitles), with Victor Francen and Line Noro. . . . ¶ June 16 at 6: Three documentaries on Zimbabwe—"I Can Hear Zimbabwe Calling" (1980; Ron and Ophera Hallis), "Nkuleleko Means Freedom" (1982; Ron and Ophera Hallis), and "New Zimbabwe" (1982; Frank Frost). . . . ¶ June 17 at noon: "Vers un Réalisme Poétique: 1936-38." . . . ¶ June 17 at 2:30: "Lucrèce Borgia" (1935; Abel Gance; in French, with English subtitles), with Edwige Feuillère, Gabriel Gabrio, and Josette Day. . . . ¶ June 17 at 6: "Quilts in Women's Lives" (1981; Pat Ferrero), "Fundi: The Story of Ella Baker" (1981; Joanne Grant), and "China: Land of My Father" (1979; Felicia Lowe). . . . ¶ June 18 at noon: "Once Upon a Choice" (1981; Liane Brandon), "The Flashettes" (1977; Bonnie Friedman), "Am I Normal?" (1979; Debra Franco and David Shepard), and "Anything You Want to Be" (1971; Liane Brandon). . . . ¶ June 18 at 2:30: "2 A.M. Feeding" (1982; Kristine Samuelson), "Joyce at 34" (1972; Joyce Chopra and Claudia Weill), and "Men's Lives" (1975; Josh Hanig and Will Roberts). . . . ¶ June 18 at 5: "Great Grand Mother" (1978; Anne Wheeler and Lorna Rasmussen), "Possum Living" (1980; Nancy Schreiber), and "Union Maids" (1976; Julia Reichert, James Klein, and Miles Mogulescu). (A limited number of tickets are available to those applying for them in person at the museum after 11 on the day of the showing.)

Whitney Museum, Madison Ave. at 75th St. (570-0537)—"Oracle" (1981-83; Frank Gillette), a video work. Continuous showings from noon to 6 (Tuesday evening until 8). Closed Mondays.

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS.
IF A MOVIE HAS BEEN REVIEWED IN THESE PAGES DURING THE PAST TWO YEARS, THE DATE OF ITS REVIEW IS GIVEN.

Autumn Sonata (1978)—Eva (Liv Ullmann), a spiritually distraught, dowdy woman of perhaps thirty-five or forty, the wife of a pastor in rural Norway, invites Charlotte (Ingrid Bergman), her majestically worldly concert-pianist mother, to come for a visit. Then she goes at her mother with the impacted rage of a lifetime, accusing Charlotte of having deserted her when she was a child by going off to give concerts, and of never loving her. Ingmar Bergman's whole film is like the grievances of someone who has just gone into therapy—Mother did this to me, she did that to me, and that and that and that. Ullmann enters into Bergman's disturbed emotions and puts them on the screen just as he desires; neither of them does the shaping job of an artist here. It's a gruelling, unconvincing movie. Ingrid Bergman is the one likable performer. With Lena Nyman and Halvar Björk. Cinematography by Sven Nykvist. In Swedish. (Little Theatre, Public Theatre; June 18.)

Bad Boys—Sean Penn gets so far inside a role that he can make even a sociological confection such as the sixteen-year-old hero, Mick—a proud, tough juvenile delinquent who commits crude, reckless crimes—someone an audience can care about. Penn is given so little to work with here that it's practically a pantomime performance: he holds us by the depth of Mick's grief over the way things have worked out in his life. He's worth watching, even though the picture is singularly unimaginative. Even when episodes are powerful, they're banal. Directed by Rick

Rosenthal, from a script by Richard DiLello. With Eric Gurry, Esai Morales, Ally Sheedy, Reni Santoni, and Jim Moody. (Reviewed in our issue of 4/4/83.) (St. Marks Cinema; through June 9.)

The Bad Sleep Well (1960)—Kurosawa takes on the theme of corruption in business and government in this melodrama about how Toshiro Mifune tries to track down the men responsible for murdering his father. He finds them, all right, but here's the Japanese twist on a basically American-type story: Mifune is eliminated and business goes on as usual. It's a strangely mixed movie—an attempt at social significance but with several borrowings from "Hamlet" that take bizarre forms: a giant wedding cake in the shape of an office building serves the plot function of the play within the play in "Hamlet." (The groom's father is thought to have committed suicide by jumping from a window of an office building.) The cast includes Masayuki Mori and Takashi Shimura. In Japanese. (Metro Cinema; June 14.)

Best Friends—The script raises the question: Why does formalizing a living-together relationship by marriage often wreck it, leaving both partners feeling trapped? But the scriptwriters (Barry Levinson and Valerie Curtin) have nothing but sitcom answers. It's a Velveeta comedy, processed like a Neil Simon picture, with banter and gags and an unctuous score. All its smart talk is low-key and listless. It stays on the surface, yet it's dissatisfied with the surface; it's a deeply indecisive movie that starts escaping its subject as soon as the newlywed screenwriting partners—Burt Reynolds and Goldie Hawn—go off on their wedding trip and into a series of comic nightmares. The two have been made so lightweight that there's nothing at stake when they recoil from each other, and Reynolds gives a flabby, mildewed performance. Directed by Norman Jewison; with Jessica Tandy, Barnard Hughes, Audra Lindley, and Keenan Wynn. Two performers give the film a little bounce—Ron Silver as a hotshot movie producer and Richard Libertini as the Hispanic who conducts the marriage ceremony. (1/24/83) (Olympia Quad; starting June 10.)

Bloodbrothers (1978)—The director, Robert Mulligan, is trying for something crude, powerful, volatile—but it goes terribly wrong. The story is of a brawling Italian Catholic family living in Co-op City, in the Bronx, and the actors—Richard Gere as the sensitive, imaginative nineteen-year-old, Tony Lo Bianco as his father, and Paul Sorvino as his uncle—pour on the Mediterranean sensuality and act at their highest pitch. The father and uncle, who are electricians on construction jobs, are frustrated, boozing, skirt-chasing, braggart hardhats; the boy is trying to save himself. This is an ethnic variant of all those the-summer-the-adolescent-became-a-man pictures, done in a messagey, exploitative manner. People in it laugh with hysterical heartiness, or they've learned their lessons and say things like "Life can hurt. It's made me feel close to all those doin' the hurtin' dance." Gere's performance is all mannerisms—defenseless, sunshiny grins and juvenile torment. Lo Bianco is reaching so frenziedly for large-scale emotions that he seems three feet off the ground, and Sorvino appears to equate hardhat with wide-eyed simpleton. The only actor who gets inside his role is Kenneth McMillan, in the minor part of Banion, the crippled barkeep. With Lelia Goldoni, Marilu Henner, Michael Hershewe, Robert Englund, Yvonne Wilder, and Floyd Levine. From Richard Price's novel, adapted by Walter Newman. (Thalia; June 17-18.)

Blue Thunder—There's electricity in the air, and L.A. at night has a psychedelic, futuristic quality, like Godard's Alphaville. But the plot is no more than hints and eavesdroppings about a sinister right-wing conspiracy within the government—it involves the use of a sumptuous test-model helicopter with the deceptively romantic name "Blue Thunder." The director, John Badham, does a glamorous, showy job, and, what with all the stunt flying and the hair-trigger editing (by Frank Morriss and Edward Abroms), this is the sort of action film that can make you feel sick with excitement, yet it's all technique—suspense in a void. The battle between good and evil rages in the dirty looks that Roy Scheider, a police-officer pilot, exchanges with Malcolm McDowell as an Army colonel, a mad-twit racist. With Daniel Stern in an engaging performance as a rookie police pilot, Warren Oates as a scowling, good-guy police captain, and Candy Clark. The cinematography is by John A. Alonzo; the script is by Dan O'Bannon and Don Jakoby—they obviously don't do people. (5/30/83) (Loews 34th Street Showplace, and Loews State. . . . ¶ Loews Orpheum; through June 9. . . . ¶ Loews New York Twin; starting June 10.)

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12	13	14	15	16	17	18

La Cage aux Folles (1979)—A brilliant comedy about a pair of aging homosexuals, one of whom has had a son; the son is eager to marry, his fiancée is extremely conventional, and her family wishes to make the acquaintance of his family. Trouble in paradise, here known as Saint-Tropez. Edouard Molinaro directed, with Michel Serrault and Ugo Tognazzi. In French. (Metro Cinema; June 13. . . . ¶ Hollywood Twin Cinema 1; June 16-18.)

La Cage aux Folles II (1980)—The return of Albin (Michel Serrault) and Renato (Ugo Tognazzi). This picture isn't as original as the first, but it gives the actors more range, and it's more smoothly directed (also by Edouard Molinaro). A thriller plot serves as a pretext to get the two middle-aged homosexuals out of their apartment and into the straight world. The movie is most inventive when they're in Italy, and Albin, dressed as a peasant woman, is toiling in the fields among the women; he looks youthful and radiantly fulfilled—he really believes that he is one of them. Albin doesn't see what we can see: wherever he is and however he's dressed, he's so far into his fantasy that he looks like no one else. This film has nothing to do with the art of movies, but it has a great deal to do with the craft and art of acting, and the pleasures of farce. Serrault gives a superb comic performance—his Albin is a wildly fanciful creation. And maybe it's only in this exaggerated form that a movie about the ridiculousness and the tenderness of married love can be widely accepted now. With Marcel Bozzuffi. In French. (Hollywood Twin Cinema 1; June 16-18.)

Captains Courageous (1937)—One of the M-G-M powerhouse "family" entertainments: beefy and rousing and good fun for all. (Great for children—almost guaranteed tears and laughter.) Freddie Bartholomew plays the rich brat who learns about life from the fishermen of the Gloucester fleet, especially from Spencer Tracy (as a Portuguese) and with a little help from Mickey Rooney. Victor Fleming keeps the handsome production in motion; the Kipling novel was reworked by experienced hands: John Lee Mahin, Marc Connelly, and Dale Van Every. With Melvyn Douglas, the inevitable Lionel Barrymore, John Carradine, Charley Grapewin, Leo G. Carroll, and Jack La Rue, cast against type as a priest; the score is by Franz Waxman. (Hollywood Twin Cinema 2; June 12.)

Crucified Lovers (1954; also known as "Chikamatzu Monogatari")—A sensitive psychological study of a woman's passions and adultery in seventeenth-century Japan, directed by Kenji Mizoguchi, a master of the nuances of women's emotions. In Japanese. (Film Forum; June 17-18.)

Diner (1982)—A wonderful movie, set in Baltimore, around Christmas of 1959. A fluctuating group of five or six young men in their early twenties hang out together; they've known each other since high school, and though they're moving in different directions, they still cling to their late-night bull sessions at the diner—where, magically, they always seem to have plenty to talk about. It's like a comedy club—they take off from each other, and their conversations are all overlapping jokes that are funny without punch lines. Conversations may roll on all night, and they can sound worldly and sharp, but when these boys are out with girls, they're nervous, constricted, fraudulent, half crazy. Written and directed by Barry Levinson, "Diner" is a great period piece—a look at middle-class relations between the sexes just before the sexual revolution, when people still laughed (albeit uneasily) at the gulf between men and women. It features some of the best young actors in the country: Mickey Rourke (who was the jailed arsonist in "Body Heat"), Ellen Barkin, Daniel Stern, Kevin Bacon, Steve Guttenberg, Paul Reiser, and Timothy Daly. (4/5/82) (Olympia Quad; starting June 10).

Diva (1981)—An up-to-the-minute romantic thriller from France, made by a new director, Jean-Jacques Beineix, who has a fabulous camera technique and understands the pleasures to be had from a picture that doesn't take itself too seriously. The diva is an awesomely beautiful black American soprano (Wilhelmenia Fernandez) who refuses to make recordings. Frédéric Andrei is the wide-eyed eighteen-year-old postal messenger who adores her; he sneaks his Nagra tape machine into her concert in Paris so he'll be able to listen to her at home—and all hell breaks loose around him. The unfazable heroine (the fourteen-year-old Thuy An Luu) is a post-Godardian tootsie—in her short-short skirts and transparent plastic coat she's a lollipop wrapped in cellophane. The film may remind you of Welles' "Touch of Evil;" it's Welles romanticized, packaged. It's a mixture of style and chic hanky-panky, but it's genuinely sparkling. In French. (4/19/82) (Cinema Studio; through June 9. . . . ¶ Quad Cinema; starting June 10.)

E.T. The Extra-Terrestrial—Steven Spielberg's movie is bathed in warmth, and it seems to clear all the bad thoughts out of your head. It's the story of a ten-year-old boy, Elliott, who feels fatherless and lost because his parents have separated, and who finds a miraculous friend—an alien inadvertently left on Earth by a visiting spaceship. This fusion of science fiction and mythology is emotionally rounded and complete; it reminds you of the goofiest dreams you had as a kid, and rehabilitates them. It puts a spell on the audience; it's entrancing. The stars are Henry Thomas, as Elliott, and E.T., who was designed by Carlo Rambaldi. With Drew Barrymore, Robert Macnaughton, Dee Wallace, and Peter Coyote. The script is by Melissa Mathison. (6/14/82) (Movieland; through June 9.)

Fanny and Alexander—Directed by Ingmar Bergman. In Swedish. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Cinema I, and Cinema 3; starting June 17.)

Fantastic Voyage (1966)—The sci-fi idea is ingenious, promising both poetry and excitement: a medical team is miniaturized so it can go into the bloodstream of a scientist to destroy a blood clot on his brain; the team has only sixty minutes for the journey and operation and getting out. But there's the usual little argument about whether to take the heroine, Raquel Welch, along ("A woman has no place on a mission like this"), and we know who the villainous saboteur is as soon as we hear one of the scientists spouting atheism. The body entered looks pretty, shiny clean, and expensive, like a new refrigerator, and the adventures inside are no more mysterious than a trip through Disneyland. (The action doesn't go below the waist.) Stephen Boyd is the stout-hearted hero; with Edmond O'Brien, Donald Pleasence, Arthur Kennedy, William Redfield, Arthur O'Connell, and a lot of bubbly special effects. The process shots are so clumsy that the actors look as if a child has cut them out with a blunt scissors—an effect that might be witty in a different context. It isn't terrible, just disappointing. Directed by Richard Fleischer, from Harry Kleiner's script. (The script was novelized by Isaac Asimov.) (Metro Cinema; June 12.)

Une Femme Douce (1969)—Robert Bresson's modern-Paris transcription of Dostoevski's "A Gentle Creature"—Bresson's first time in color, though it turns into black-and-white in your head afterward. The teen-age heroine, a mysteriously ominous mixture of the docile and the stubborn, marries a stuffy pawnbroker. The film begins with the last act—with her suicide. What follows is a narrative of their life together. This is one of Bresson's big films. Like "Un Condamné à Mort s'Est Échappé," "Pickpocket," "Le Journal d'un Curé de Campagne," and all his others, it is really about confinement and flight—an account of a character pledged to escape. In French. (Metro Cinema; June 15.)

48 Hrs.—Walter Hill's fast and brutal action comedy is a roller coaster that hurtles along. Nick Nolte is a San Francisco police detective and Eddie Murphy (making his movie début) is a young hipster thief who outsmarts him by his hustler's verbal finesse and his black man's sense of irony. The two set out as brawling and cursing enemies and, of course, become guffawing pals; the racial infighting is what gives the film its charge. It's like "The French Connection," "Dirty Harry," "Butch Cassidy and the Sundance Kid," and a half-dozen other films all put in a compactor, smashed, and pressed into cartoon form. With Annette O'Toole, Frank McRae, James Remar, Sonny Landham, Brion James, Olivia Brown, David Patrick Kelly, and the Busboys. (1/10/83) (New Embassy 49th Street. . . . ¶ Olympia Quad; through June 9.)

A Free Woman (1974)—Directed by Volker Schlöndorff, who made "Young Törless," this film was written in collaboration with his wife and leading actress, Margarethe von Trotta. The character has just gone through the special torture of inquisition by divorce lawyers, and eventually—mistakenly—says yes to an old friend who wants to marry her, mostly because she wants not to jeopardize the custody of her young son, whom the courts feel to be in better hands with her ex-husband while she is a career woman leading a life on her own. Some of the script is like a play by a funny, tenderhearted Ibsen, and it is filled with irony, for this woman is hardly "free." In German. (Metro Cinema; June 15.)

Gandhi—A biographical epic, directed by Richard Attenborough, whose sensibility is conventional. Spanning fifty-five years, the picture covers some of the principal events in Gandhi's public life and tidies up his rather kinky domestic relations. Gandhi goes by in a cloud of serenity, and everyone who sees him knuckles under (with the exception of a few misguided fellows, of course). Ben Kingsley, who plays the Mahatma, looks the part, has a fine, quiet presence, and conveys Gandhi's shrewdness. Kingsley is impressive; the picture isn't. The first half builds up considerable interest in Gandhi; the second half is scattered—as if it had been added to or subtracted from at random. From a script by John Briley. (3 hours, 8 minutes.) (12/27/82) (Ziegfeld.)

Hud (1963)—Hugely entertaining contemporary Western, set in the Texas of Cadillacs and cattle, crickets and transistor radios; handsomely designed, and shot in black-and-white (by James Wong Howe), it's visually simple and precise and unadorned. The film is schizoid: it tells you to condemn the nihilistic heel Hud (Paul Newman), who represents modern materialism, but casting Newman as a mean materialist is like writing a manifesto against the banking system while juggling your investments to make a fortune. Newman has energy and wit and his physique and "them there eyes," while his clean-old-man father (Melvyn Douglas), who stands for high moral principles, is a pious fuddy-duddy—inhuman, except for a brief sequence when he's at the local movie house and he follows the bouncing ball and sings "Clementine." The plot involves Hud's wanting to sell off a herd that is possibly infected with hoof-and-mouth disease, and his father's rectitude in having the cattle slaughtered. As the ranch housekeeper, Patricia Neal, full-bodied and likable, has an easy, raunchy good humor, and talks seductively, in a deep-toned Texas twang; the sexual byplay between her and Newman has just the right summertime temperature—this is some of the best work the director, Martin Ritt, has ever done. The script is by Irving Ravetch and Harriet Frank, Jr., from Larry McMurtry's novel "Horseman, Pass By." As Hud's nephew—our observer—Brandon deWilde is a less appealing, adolescent version of the boy he played in "Shane." With Whit Bissell as the vet. (Regency; June 14-15.)

It's Love I'm After (1937)—A light farce in which Leslie Howard and Bette Davis play a shallow, vanity-ridden matinée idol and his hot-tempered leading lady, and relish every hammy, slapstick minute of it. They are surrounded by the millionaires (George Barbier), the valets and butlers (Eric Blore, E. E. Clive), and the silly heiresses (Olivia de Havilland) who were at one time as much of a convention in American comedy as the fops of Restoration theatre. Casey Robinson's script (from a story written for the screen by Maurice Hanline) is musty and Archie Mayo's direction is sluggish, but the movie is pleasantly bad. It begins with a burlesque of the tomb scene from "Romeo and Juliet" and proceeds like a somewhat deranged "Taming of the Shrew." With Bonita Granville, Patric Knowles, and Spring Byington. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; June 14.)

Jane Eyre (1944)—Perfectly respectable version, directed by Robert Stevenson, with Aldous Huxley adding his own pungency to Charlotte Brontë's novel. Orson Welles looms in a cast that includes Joan Fontaine and a very young Elizabeth Taylor. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; June 12.)

The Killing of Sister George (1968)—This is a case of the wrong director (Robert Aldrich) for the material (Frank Marcus's play). It's about a butch lesbian actress (played by Beryl Reid) who is going to be killed off in her television soap-opera role and who is also losing her girlfriend (Susannah York) to a chic rival (Coral Browne). Aldrich starts out in that blunt, overwrought style of his and keeps pounding away at us. The film is full of grotesque touches: the girlfriend playing with dolls, sadomasochistic rituals, etc. In a guided tour through a London lesbian bar, every shot is locked in with significance; the obvious supposition is that we're going to be shocked and wowed. It's a clumpingly archaic piece of moviemaking. (Cinema Village; June 12-14.)

Kiss Me Deadly (1955)—Robert Aldrich adapted this film from Mickey Spillane, with Ralph Meeker and Albert Dekker in a cast that well illustrates Aldrich's lunging style of direction. The entertainment is crass and reeling, very indicative of the mid-fifties, with a lot of signs that it was made by the man who was later to make "The Dirty Dozen." Brutish stuff, sometimes funny if you are in a rough mood. (Metro Cinema; June 16.)

Lady in the Lake (1947)—A Raymond Chandler murder mystery, with the camera functioning as the Private Eye—that is, as the eyes of Philip Marlowe, the narrator-protagonist (Robert Montgomery), who is seen in his entirety only when his reflection is caught in mirrors. This novelty is a nuisance, and is frustrating besides, since Montgomery (who also directed) is the only star and the plot isn't involving enough to compensate for the absence of star byplay. At one point, the face of Audrey Totter, the female lead, comes swimming out at you, lips ajar, as if to honor you with a great big kiss; then she's lost in shadows. That's about as close as you get to any fun. With Lloyd Nolan, Leon Ames, and Jayne Meadows. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; June 15.)

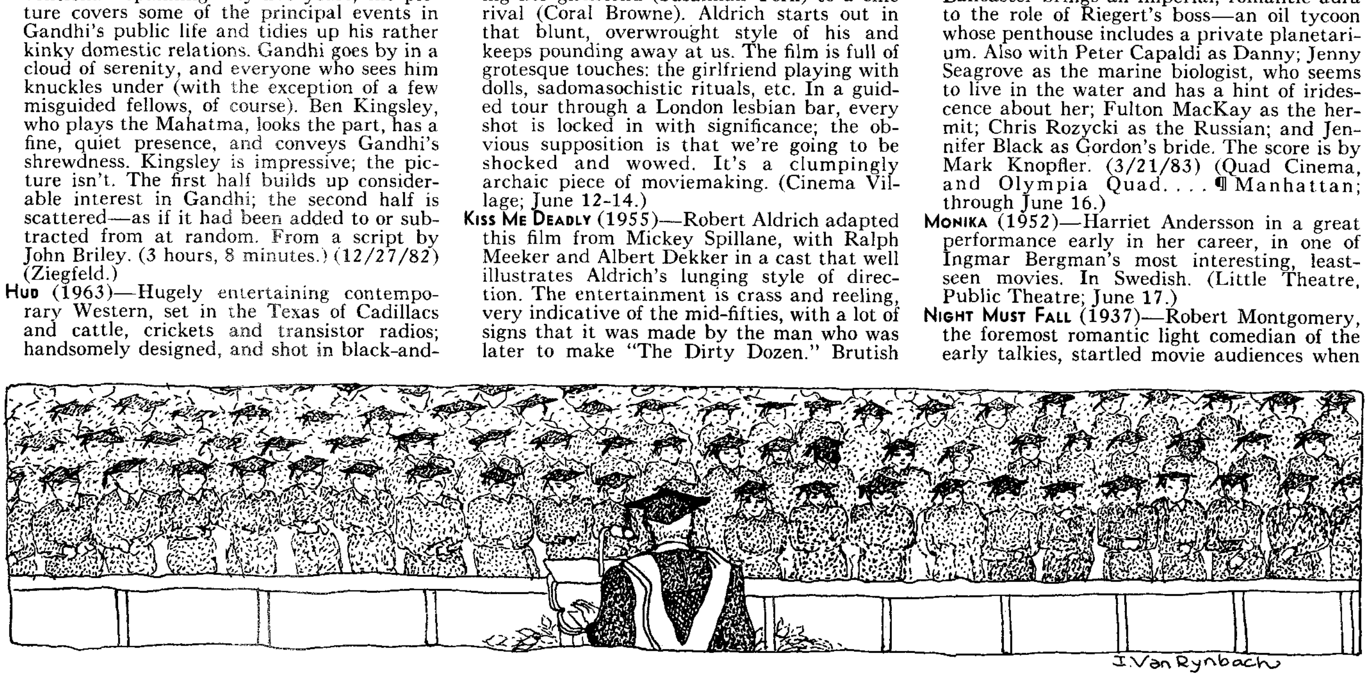
Leap into the Void (1979)—The Italian director, Marco Bellocchio ("Fists in the Pocket," "China Is Near"), has a feral sense of the ridiculous and a snake charmer's style. This new film is poised between farce and tragedy, and he keeps it in slippery chiaroscuro—it all might be taking place in a dark dream. Michel Piccoli gives a mesmerizing performance as an Italian judge who's a worm, a spoiled worm wriggling in its comfortable nest; he's a craven fraud, a distant cousin to the characters W. C. Fields used to play. Anouk Aimée is the judge's older sister, a menopausal virgin who has spent her life keeping the nest cozy for him; she has begun to rebel—she has been having fits of hysteria. Bellocchio is probably the only director (with the big exception of Buñuel) whose morbidity is exhilarating; this film about family entanglements and the functions of madness is perverse, horrifying, and funny. There's greatness in it. With Michele Placido as a dashing, bearded outlaw (and sociopath), and the director's small son, Piergiorgio. Written by Bellocchio, Piero Natoli, and Vincenzo Cerami. In Italian. (11/29/82) (Thalia; June 12.)

The Life of O-Haru (1952)—This Mizoguchi film—his own favorite—took a grand prize at Venice. Kinuyo Tanaka (the wife in "Ugetsu") stars in the story of a woman's life in feudal society: the beautiful daughter of a rich merchant falls from palace wife to prostitute. In Japanese. (Film Forum; June 16.)

Local Hero—A magical comedy by the Scottish writer-director Bill Forsyth, who observes the people in the movie as if they were one-of-a-kind creatures in a peculiarly haphazard zoo. The story is about an American mergers-and-acquisitions executive (played by Peter Riegert) who is sent to Scotland to buy a fishing village and experiences something new to him: happiness. Denis Lawson—the most relaxed actor of a large, relaxed cast—is Gordon, the village innkeeper, pub owner, accountant, unofficial mayor, and great lover, and he makes each of Gordon's functions funny in a suavely different high style. Burt Lancaster brings an imperial, romantic aura to the role of Riegert's boss—an oil tycoon whose penthouse includes a private planetarium. Also with Peter Capaldi as Danny; Jenny Seagrove as the marine biologist, who seems to live in the water and has a hint of iridescence about her; Fulton MacKay as the hermit; Chris Rozycki as the Russian; and Jennifer Black as Gordon's bride. The score is by Mark Knopfler. (3/21/83) (Quad Cinema, and Olympia Quad. . . . ¶ Manhattan; through June 16.)

Monika (1952)—Harriet Andersson in a great performance early in her career, in one of Ingmar Bergman's most interesting, least-seen movies. In Swedish. (Little Theatre, Public Theatre; June 17.)

Night Must Fall (1937)—Robert Montgomery, the foremost romantic light comedian of the early talkies, startled movie audiences when



I. Van Rynbach

he took this role of a baby-faced killer—a Cockney psychopath carrying a sinister hatbox. Adapted (just barely) by John Van Druten from the Emlyn Williams play, this shocker, set in an isolated cottage, is stage-bound but very scary. Intelligent, repressed Rosalind Russell is drawn to the smiling, thick-lipped Montgomery but becomes frightened when she sees him wheedling his way into the affections of a silly, spoiled old lady (Dame May Whitty). The direction, by Richard Thorpe, is somewhat ponderous (in the we-want-to-be-sure-you-are-catching-every-single-detail M-G-M manner), but the penny-dreadful theatrics are gruesomely effective. This is one of the rare movies in which the viewer loathes the potential victim (Whitty) and still doesn't want to see her get it. With Alan Marshal, Merle Tottenham, Kathleen Harrison, and E. E. Clive. (A 1964 English version, directed by Karel Reisz and starring Albert Finney, was insistently cinematic, and a mess.) (Theatre 80 St. Marks; June 15.)

The Night of the Shooting Stars—In its feeling and completeness, this film by Paolo and Vittorio Taviani may rank close to Jean Renoir's bafflingly beautiful "Grand Illusion." The story is a woman's memories of her adventures as a six-year-old in a Tuscan village and its environs during the summer of 1944, when the American troops were rumored only days away, and the Germans who had held the area under occupation were preparing to clear out—preparations that included mining the houses so they could blow them up. Yet this setting is magical, like a Shakespearean forest, and the woman's account has the quality of folklore and legend, and even its most tragic moments can be dizzyingly comic. With Omero Antonutti as the leader of the group of two or three dozen villagers who sneak away in the night to find the Americans. The script is by the Tavianis and the producer, Giuliani G. De Negri, with the collaboration of Tonino Guerra; the score is by Nicola Piovani; cinematography is by Franco di Giacomo. In Italian. (2/7/83) (Lincoln Plaza.)

La Nuit de Varennes—Descended from a long line of "Gallic romps," this is a creakingly cultured historical pageant set in the time of Louis XVI. As the decaying Casanova, Marcello Mastroianni (who is made to look toweringly tall) has a couple of superb moments—one with Laura Betti as a jolly touring opera singer, and one with Andrea Ferreol as a wealthy woman who declares her passion for him. Jean-Louis Barrault looks great as the scandalously popular, often pornographic writer Restif de la Bretonne, but the role has been written to make Restif a darling old reprobate, and Barrault just keeps smiling. Also with Hanna Schygulla as a royalist countess; Jean-Claude Brialy, who is almost a comic archetype as her devoted hairdresser; Harvey Keitel as Thomas Paine; and Daniel Gelin and Jean-Louis Trintignant. Written by Sergio Amidei and the director, Ettore Scola. A French-Italian co-production, in French. (3/21/83) (Quad Cinema, and Lincoln Plaza.)

An Officer and a Gentleman—This formula romantic melodrama seems to come out of a time warp, but the director, Taylor Hackford, has done a smashing job of making the retrograde love story whiz by. Richard Gere is the tightly wound-up loner who is determined to become a flier; the movie centers on his thirteen-week basic-training ordeal at Naval Aviation Officer Candidate School. Gere has a striking moment when the character cracks, after the tough drill sergeant (Louis Gossett, Jr.) has caught him in some petty chiselling and punished him. But after he has broken down he's still Richard Gere, lost in his own placid beauty. As the millworker heroine, Debra Winger brings the film sultriness; you pull for this heroine because her tough-chick little-girl insolence plays off the avid look in her eyes that tells you she longs to make human contact. Gossett plays the sergeant bone hard; it's a beautifully hammy austere performance. There are also impressive characterizations by David Keith and Robert Loggia. With Tony Plana as an officer candidate with a Mohawk haircut and Lisa Eilbacher as a woman candidate. The script is by Douglas Day Stewart. (8/23/82) (Embassy.)

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Port of Call (1948)—About a girl stranded in a harbor city. An untypical Ingmar Bergman film, made when he was being influenced by Rossellini and was experimenting with documentary realism. In Swedish. (Little Theatre, Public Theatre; June 14.)

Return of the Jedi—Some of the trick effects in this concluding film of the "Star Wars" trilogy might seem miraculous if the imagery had any lustre, but this is an impersonal and rather junky piece of moviemaking. It's packed with torture scenes, and it bangs away at you. And every time there's a possibility of a dramatic climax, a chance to engage the audience emotionally with something awesome, the director Richard Marquand trashes it. But children who have lived their imaginative lives with the Star Wars characters for six years may be so eager to get the payoffs to the story that they'll hardly notice. And they'll probably be charmed by some of the new characters, especially the tribe of potbellied woodland creatures, the furry, cuddly Ewoks, who suggest a cross between koala bears and puli dogs—they're like living Teddy bears. (5/30/83) (Loews 34th Street Showplace, Loews Orpheum, and Loews Astor Plaza.)

Richard Pryor Live on the Sunset Strip (1982)—The master of physical comedy and lyrical obscenity in a new one-man show. To those of us who thought his 1979 film, "Richard Pryor Live in Concert," was one of the greatest performances we'd ever seen or ever will see, it may be disappointing yet emotionally stirring. That earlier movie made him a legend, and the vast public outpouring of affection for him after his near-fatal accident in June, 1980, when (as he acknowledges here) the dope he was freebasing exploded and set him on fire, has changed him and his relation with the audience. He knows that all he has to do is stand on the stage and be adored. And he knows there's something the matter with this new situation, but he doesn't know how to deal with it. This film isn't in the class of the first, but it has superb bits. (4/5/82) (Cinema Village; June 17-18.)

The Road Warrior—Set in a post-apocalyptic Wasteland, this Australian film is a mutant, sprung from virtually all action genres. It's one continuous spurt of energy, and the jangly, fast editing suggests wit; so does the broad blacktop highway that cuts across the desert nothingness. And the rampaging vandals—punkish post-nuclear-war bikers, led by a masked bodybuilder called the Humungus—are s-m comic-strip terrors. But the picture is abstract in an adolescent way. Director George Miller's attempt to tap into the universal concept of the hero (as enunciated by Jung and explicated by Joseph Campbell in "The Hero with a Thousand Faces") makes the film joyless. He consciously uses his hero, Max (Mel Gibson), as an icon; that's enough to squeeze the juice out of any actor, and Max seems bland and apathetic. For all its huffing and puffing, this is a sappy, sentimental movie. With Bruce Spence and Vernon Wells; the script is by Terry Hayes and Miller, with Brian Hannant. (9/6/82) (Cinema I; June 10-16.)

The Ruling Class (1972)—Peter Medak directs Peter Barnes' play about the English class system, with a very funnily played Mr. Magoo-shaped butler (Arthur Lowe), who is a member of the Communist Party but slavishly accepts the cruel oddities of a noble family living in a hideous eighteen-thirties castle. Peter O'Toole gives an interesting, romantic performance as a paranoid schizophrenic who thinks he's Christ and inherits the earldom in the teeth of most of the family. The film lays it on a bit thick all the way through, and deals in stereotypes, but it makes a couple of ideological points. (Loews New York Twin; through June 9. . . . ¶ Olympia Quad; through June 16.)

Samurai Rebellion (1967)—Masaki Kobayashi, who made a famous anti-militarist trilogy, directed this story of a rebellion against feudal power. At the climax, Toshiro Mifune and Tatsuya Nakadai have a geometrically planned and handsomely choreographed sword fight. In Japanese. (Thalia; June 15.)

Say Amen, Somebody—A sensitive and absorbing documentary about the lives of the pioneers of gospel music. It features Thomas A. Dorsey, an eighty-three-year-old hepcat who is still bouncing to the jazz rhythms that he brought into black people's churches in the Depression years. The music keeps its singer-evangelists young, radiant, hearty. That's the film's unspoken message. At seventy-eight, Willie Mae Ford Smith has astonishingly firm and strong contralto tones. And the three middle-aged Barrett Sisters sing so exhilaratingly that they create a problem for the young filmmaker, George T. Nierenberg. They bring the film to an emotional pitch, and we in the audience want to go on soaring; we feel let down when we get more reminiscences and only snatches of song. With the twin O'Neal brothers, and a sensationally attractive St. Louis singer, Zella Jackson Price (she looks better than she sounds). (4/4/83) (68th St. Playhouse; through June 9. . . . ¶ 57th St. Playhouse; starting June 10.)

Scenes from a Marriage (1974)—Bergman's picture of the intimacies and misapprehensions between Johan (Erland Josephson) and Marianne (Liv Ullmann, never more beautiful), originally made for TV as six fifty-minute sequences, here cut into a triumphantly coherent two and three-quarters hours of film, photographed by Sven Nykvist. Johan has a touch of the priggish about him, and also a touch of the weak; Marianne, apparently the victimized one, turns out to be the stronger. In Swedish. (Little Theatre, Public Theatre; June 16.)

The Serpent's Egg (1978)—Set in Berlin in 1923, this Bergman film, made in English in Munich, is about a Jewish-American trapeze artist (David Carradine) and his sister-in-law (Liv Ullmann), who are entrapped by a mad doctor (Heinz Bennent)—a prophet who dreams of what the Nazis will accomplish in the thirties. The movie, which fills the screen with images of fear and blood, of head-splitting pain and death, and then throws in gothic political theories, is a crackpot tragedy. Everything is strained, insufficient, underfelt. Cinematography by Sven Nykvist. (Little Theatre, Public Theatre; June 15.)

Sophie's Choice—This unusually faithful adaptation of William Styron's Holocaust Gothic comes to us stuffed with literary references and encrusted with the weighty culture of big themes: evil, tortured souls, guilt. The director, Alan J. Pakula, did the screenplay himself. He didn't write it, he penned it. Meryl Streep is Sophie the Catholic; Kevin Kline is Nathan the mad-genius Jew, who is her lover and tormentor; and Peter MacNicol is Stingo the Protestant, the young heir to Southern chivalry (and stand-in for Styron)—he moves into the Brooklyn house where they live and becomes involved in their sadomasochistic trials. The movie is a novel being talked to us, and it has the kind of plotting that points relentlessly at a character's secret and then has to have the character lying constantly, so

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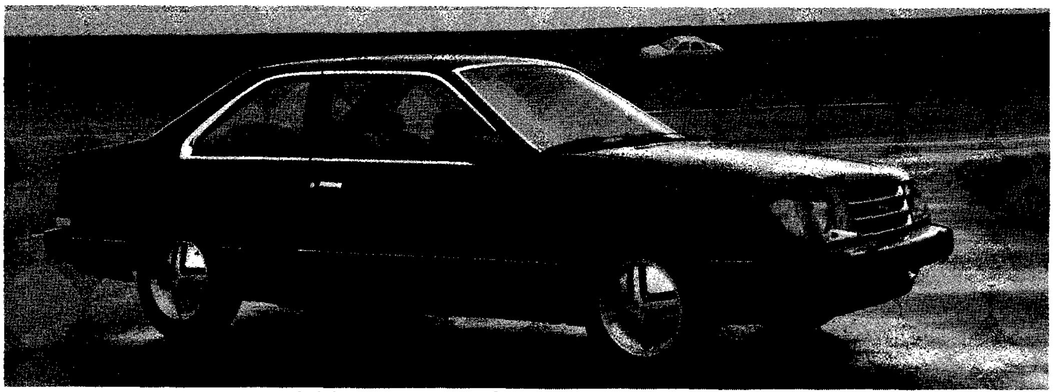

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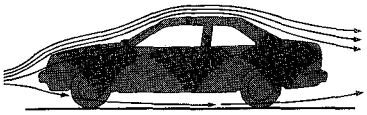

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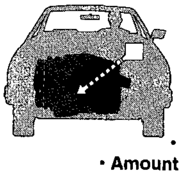

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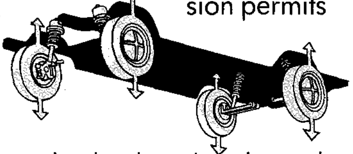

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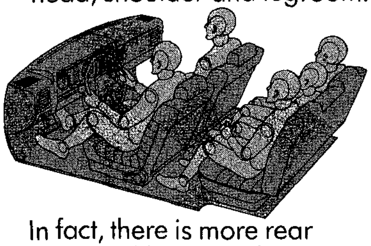

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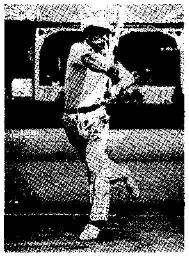

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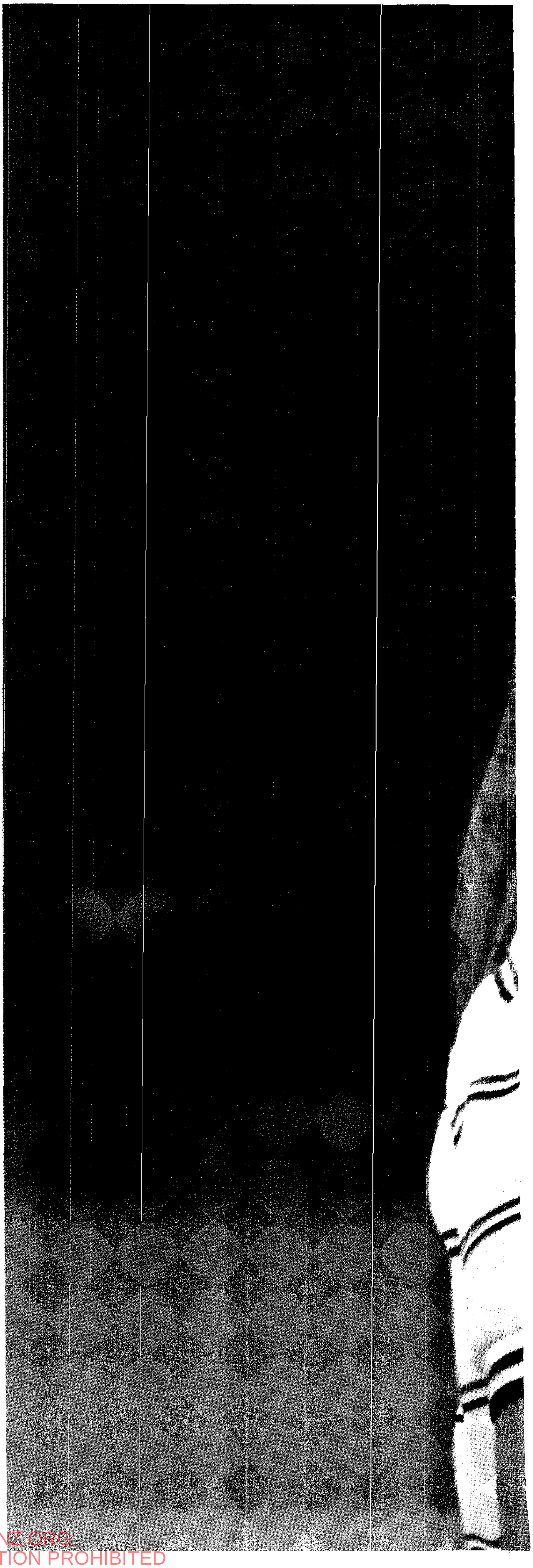

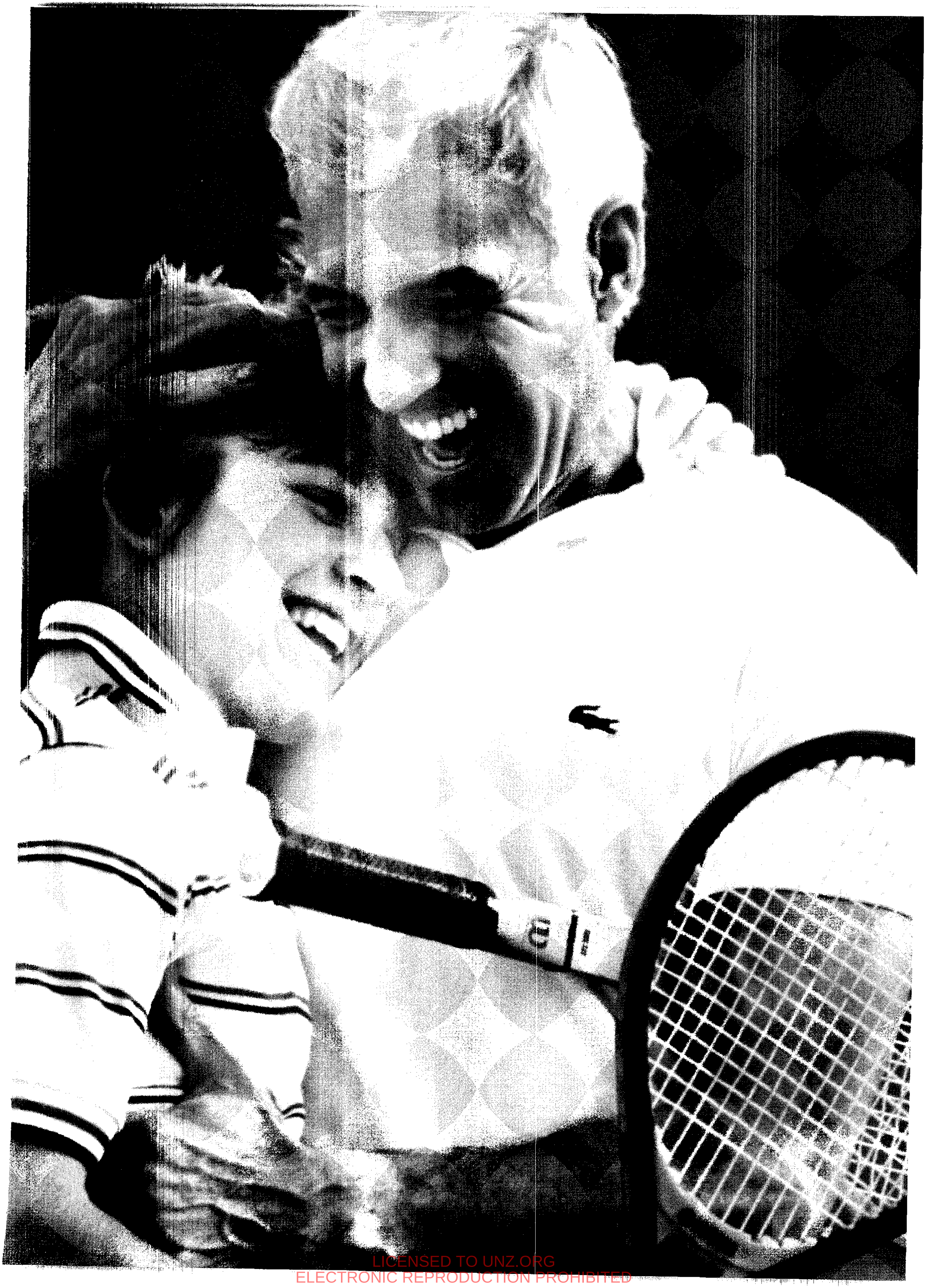

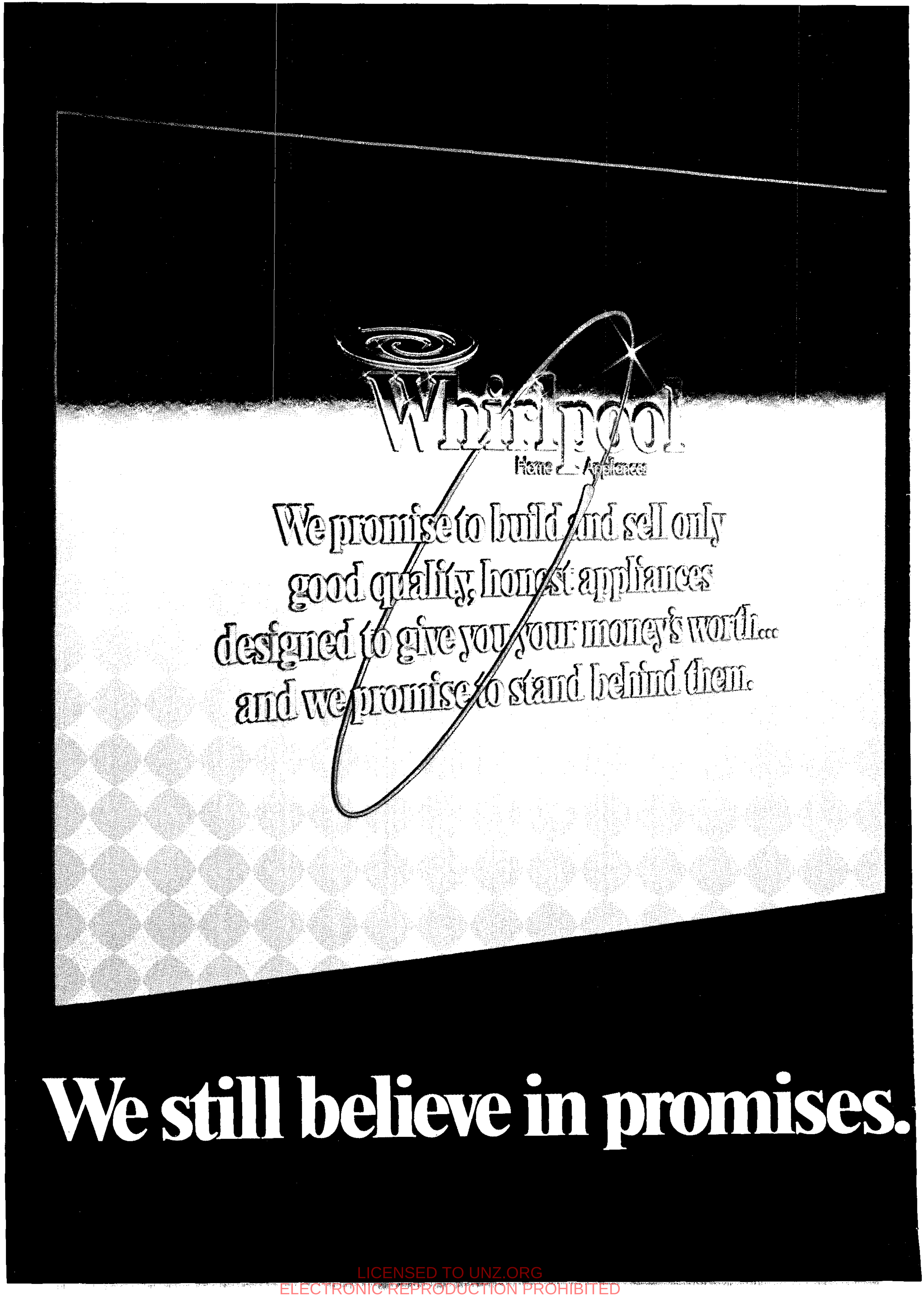
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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that the lies can be stripped away. Meryl Streep is colorful in the first, late-forties scenes, when she does amusing nervous bits of business, like fidgeting with a furry boa—her fingers twiddling with our heartstrings. But when the flashbacks to Sophie's past start up and the delayed revelations are sprung on us, it's apparent that the whole plot is based on a connection that isn't there—the connection between Sophie and Nathan's relationship and what the Nazis did to the Jews. (12/27/82) (Gramercy; through June 9. . . . ¶ Manhattan; through June 16.)

Star Trek—The Motion Picture (1979)—The Starship Enterprise survives (but just barely) its risky voyage from TV series and cult object to movie spectacular, thanks in part to the older but still reassuring presence of Captain (now Admiral) Kirk, and of Spock, Bones McCoy, Sulu, and the rest of the crew, who are played by the original actors. The plot—the invasion of earth space by an intruder cloud of surpassing intelligence—is familiar, and so is the jargon, but the special effects (by Douglas Trumbull and John Dykstra) are often of great beauty. This space epic is not close to the level of "2001" or "Star Wars," but it has an innocence and modesty that almost make up for its clichés. With William Shatner, Leonard Nimoy, Stephen Collins, and Persis Khambatta. Directed by Robert Wise, and produced by Gene Roddenberry, who started the whole business way back in the sixties. (Hollywood Twin Cinema 1; June 12-13.)

Star Trek II: The Wrath of Khan (1982)—Wonderful dumb fun. The director, Nicholas Meyer, hits just the right amused, slightly self-mocking note in the opening scenes, and the same actors who looked flabby and embarrassed in "Star Trek—The Motion Picture" turn into a troupe of confident, witty professionals. The theme of this endlessly inventive movie is death and rebirth, with the prim, smug Admiral Kirk (William Shatner), who has become stiff from sitting at his administrative post, taking a three-week cruise on his old starship, the Enterprise, encountering his old enemy, the maniacal Khan (Ricardo Montalban), and waking up. Montalban plays his fiery villainy to the hilt, smiling grimly as he does the dirty; his bravado is grandly comic. The regulars are all present: Mr. Spock, Bones McCoy, Sulu, Uhura, Scotty, and the fuddled Chekov. And the crew has acquired the voluptuous, half Vulcan, Saavik, played by Kirstie Alley. Such guest performers as Paul Winfield, Bibi Besch, and Judson Scott shine in their roles, and DeForest Kelley makes the prickly Bones more crisply funny than he used to be; his performance helps to compensate for the disappointment of Leonard Nimoy's ashen, dried-out Spock. The pieces of the story fit together so beautifully that eventually the director has you wrapped up in the foolishness. By the end, all the large, sappy, satisfying emotions get to you. (6/28/82) (Hollywood Twin Cinema 1; June 12-13.)

Tender Mercies—This bare-bones "art" movie is about the healing of Mac Sledge (Robert Duvall), a legendary country-and-Western singer who has become an alcoholic wreck. The film is said to be honest and about real people, and it affects some viewers very powerfully; audiences are unusually still—almost reverent—as the born-again Mac is baptized at the church of the Vietnam widow (Tess Harper) whose frontier-woman steadfastness has made his redemption possible. The Australian director Bruce Beresford, making his American début with this inspirational film, has shot it in bright sunshine out in the middle of nowhere. Mostly the picture consists of silences; long shots of the bleak, flat land, showing the horizon line (it gives the film integrity); and Duvall's determination to make you see that he's keeping his emotions to himself; and Tess Harper staring out of her cornflower-blue headlights. Written by Horton Foote, master of arid realism; with the fine young actress Ellen Barkin as Mac's daughter by his first marriage, and Betty Buckley as the brassy, country-star first wife. (5/16/83) (Quad Cinema, and Guild. . . . ¶ Loews 83rd Quad; through June 16. . . . ¶ 72nd Street East; June 10-16. . . . ¶ Olympia Quad; starting June 17.)

The Thief of Bagdad (1940)—Magical Arabian Nights adventures, on enormous, spacious sets and in brilliantly clear Maxfield Parrish colors; the screen seems to be made of velvet. Sabu is the boy thief who befriends Ahmed (John Justin), the prince who has been blinded and has had his kingdom usurped by the evil magician, the Grand Vizier Jaffar (Conrad Veidt). Though Justin is a wan embodiment of virtue, Veidt sparkles with villainy; in his dashing black ensembles, he makes superb entrances in the calendar-art vistas that the designer, Vincent Korda, supplied for this essentially cheery Alexander Korda production. Sabu seems most appealing when the wicked Jaffar has turned him into a dog; the dog seems to represent the essence of Sabu, and it even looks like him. Best of all is the deep-rumbling-voiced Rex Ingram as the Djinni of the bottle; this Djinni is not only giant-sized but giant-voiced, with a big roaring, threatening laugh and a grin that suggests trouble. (He also has a Southern accent.) Bare except for a loincloth, he has talon fingernails and great quizzical eyebrows, and is bald-headed except for a ponytail. As the heroine, June Duprez—with her pouty mouth and sensual, edgy diction—is an unusual enough choice to catch one's interest. And Miles Malleson does a quirky turn as the Sultan, her toy-loving senile father; Malleson is like a toy himself, and when he becomes enchanted by a mechanical flying horse he and the machine seem a perfect pair. But as a writer, Malleson, who, along with Lajos Biró, did the script, lacks enchantment; the flashback device at the beginning is unnecessarily complicated, and the dialogue throughout is distressingly ordinary. This adds to the film's other problems—the uneven rhythms and the occasional dead spots, the stagy use of the spectacular sets. Yet considering how many directors took turns on this picture (Ludwig Berger, Michael Powell, and Tim Whelan are all credited, and Zoltán Korda and William Cameron Menzies, who are credited only as associate producers, also directed, as did Alexander Korda), it's surprising how well it holds together. The Miklos Rozsa score is intrusive and mood-shattering, but the cinematography by Georges Périnal (with Osmond Borradaile on the outdoor footage, and Robert Krasker as camera operator) and the costumes by Oliver Messel, John Armstrong, and Marcel Vertès have a fairy-tale richness. (This version takes off from the 1924 silent film that starred Douglas Fairbanks, Sr., as the thief, but it's very different.) Vincent Korda, Périnal, and the special-effects team all won Academy Awards. (Metro Cinema; June 18.)

Three Strange Loves (1949)—Originally called "Thirst," this is one of the finest and most original of the early Ingmar Bergman films. With Birger Malmsten and Eva Hennings. In Swedish. (Little Theatre, Public Theatre; June 17.)

Tom Jones (1963)—Tony Richardson whizzes through the Fielding novel, but he pauses long enough for a marvellous, lewd eating scene. With Albert Finney, Hugh Griffith, Edith Evans, the late, great George Devine, and many others. Shapely and eloquent script by John Osborne. (Regency; June 14-15.)

Tootsie—Marvellous fun. Dustin Hoffman plays Michael Dorsey, a brilliant, "uncompromising" New York actor whom no one wants to hire because he makes things hell for everybody. When Michael's girlfriend (Teri Garr) goes up for an audition for a role in a soap and is rejected, he makes himself up as a woman, presents himself as Dorothy Michaels, and lands the job. And Michael finds himself when he's Dorothy—he's such a dedicated, fanatical actor that he comes fully alive only when he's playing a role. Michael is still in the guise of Dorothy when he meets his dream girl—Jessica Lange, who's like a shock absorber to him. With Bill Murray, Charles Durning, George Gaynes, Doris Belack, Dabney Coleman, and, as Michael's agent, Sydney Pollack, who also directed. Pollack does some of his best work yet in the opening sequences—a crackling, rapid-fire presentation of the hopes versus the realities of out-of-work actors' lives. The script is credited to Larry Gelbart and Murray Schisgal, but Don McGuire wrote the first draft, and Elaine May and many others worked on it. (12/27/82) (Loews Paramount. . . . ¶ 72nd Street East; through June 9.)

WarGames—With Matthew Broderick and Dabney Coleman, directed by John Badham. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Loews New York Twin, U.A. 85th St. East, Greenwich Playhouse, and R.K.O. Century Warner Twin. . . . ¶ Loews 83rd Quad; through June 16.)

Wild Strawberries (1957)—Ingmar Bergman's first big popular success in this country. It's a very uneven film; an eminent physician (Victor Sjöström) looks back over his life, which is tricked up with gothic effects and contrasts (there are resemblances to passages in "Dead of Night" and Dreyer's "Vampyr") and with peculiarly unconvincing flashbacks and over-explicit dialogue. It's a very lumpy odyssey, yet who can ever forget Sjöström's face, or the vicious, bickering couple who rasp at each other in the back seat of a car, or the large-scale mask of the beautiful Ingrid Thulin as the physician's unhappy daughter-in-law? Few movies give us such memorable, emotion-charged images. One can try to forget the irritations: the incredibly callow representatives of youth, the "cold," rigid son (Gunnar Björnstrand), the disappointingly vacuous parts assigned Bibi Andersson as the two Saras, the expendable role of Naima Wifstrand as the ancient mother. With Max von Sydow, Gunnel Lindblom, and other Bergman regulars. Cinematography by Gunnar Fischer. In Swedish. (Little Theatre, Public Theatre; June 18.)

The Woman in the Window (1944)—One of the best of Fritz Lang's American movies—a thriller with the logic and plausibility of a nightmare. Lang's technique is so sure and so seductive that the viewer completely identifies with the safe, serene protagonist (Edward G. Robinson), an associate professor of psychology in a New York City college, and shares his shock and fear when he's caught in a trap. The professor is interested in the relation of motive to homicide—an interest that's purely a matter of intellectual curiosity. Then, when his wife and child are out of town, he visits a woman's apartment; her lover comes in and unexpectedly attacks him, and he kills the intruder with a pair of scissors. Joan Bennett is the woman in the case, Dan Duryea is a blackmailer, and Raymond Massey is an assistant district attorney. Nunnally Johnson produced and adapted J. H. Wallis's novel, "Once Off Guard." With Dorothy Peterson and Bobby Blake. Cinematography by Milton Krasner. (Metro Cinema; June 16.)

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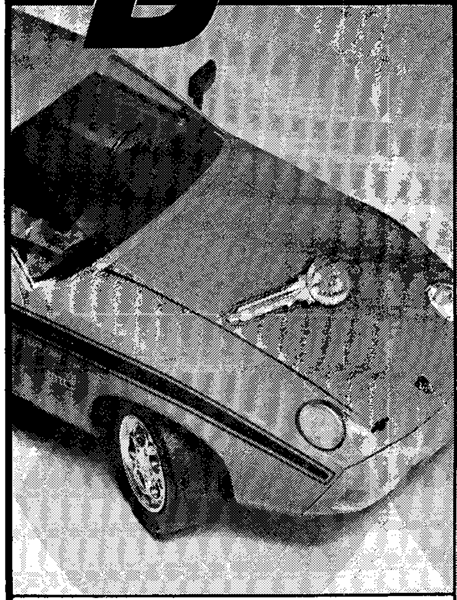

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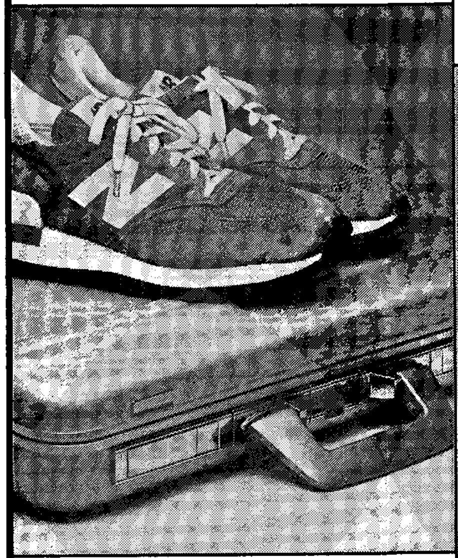

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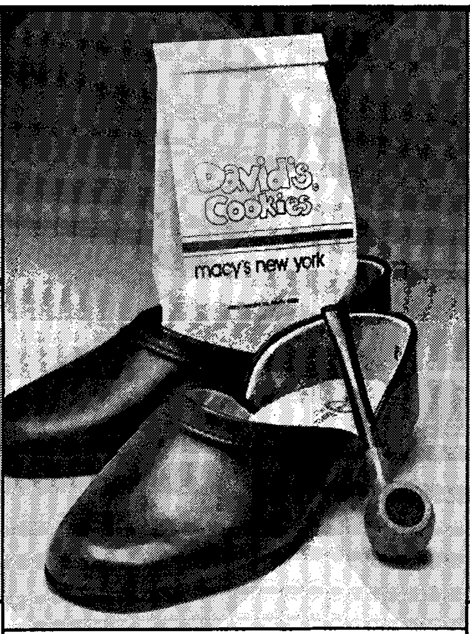
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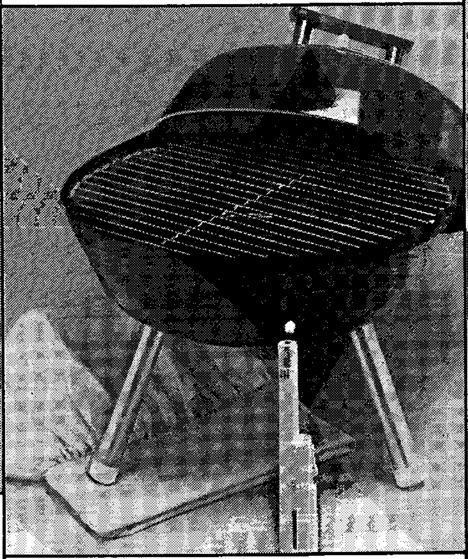

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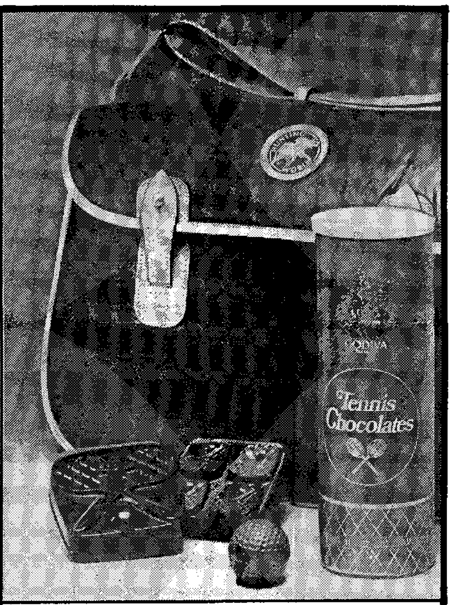
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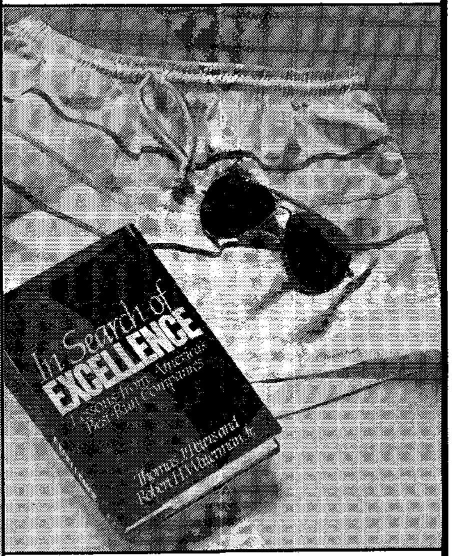
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THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

A FRIEND has sent the following message:

I have been home recuperating from an eye injury. Undistracted by the mail, deprived of the printed word, I thought I could explore the inner reaches of consciousness. I even had fantasies of indulging in abstract speculation in the manner of a minor Kant, or, conceivably, an amateur Einstein, forging out of high-school geometry some still unknown equation that would stun the world. I discovered, to my dismay, that my own thoughts proved short on ideas. All those notions I believed I could finally string together once I was liberated from the demands of the daily round refused to be strung. Philosophy deserted me; memory proved a road already paved with the familiar. I took a hard look inside and found nothing—just a blank. It took me some time to adjust to the surrounding *nada*. I listened to words and music on cassettes through my Aiwa headphones—a "Nicholas Nickleby," in Dickens' own abridgment for use on his American tours, that was superbly rendered by Roger Rees; a splendid "The Mayor of Casterbridge" (Alan Bates); a suitably scary "The Turn of the Screw" (Susannah York). Mozart and Lee Wiley never let me down. But the mind had no "cliffs of fall/frightful, sheer, no-man-fathomed," in the words of Gerard Manley Hopkins. On the contrary, it seemed more like a playground from which the children had departed and on which the sun had set. I made up a few simple tunes that were meant to be harmonized later by professionals, but I have already forgotten them. I found myself posing questions of a dubious profundity, such as: What *is* the difference between cane and wicker? Once I recover, I plan to read nothing but works of enormous weight and depth.

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Magic

AT a viewing of Dakota Jackson's furniture designs, we stood at his side before his neoclassical credenza. A round crystal vase held clear water, pierced at a slant by the stems of pale-colored orchid spikes. Flowers, vase, water floated on a rectangle of heavy glass, in cross-section as green as the sea. Our gaze went snorkelling on down to the substructure: an arch of tinted leather, columns of rich veneer. "It's like a pheasant under glass, I think," said Jackson. He is a tall, slim, high-cheekboned man with a distinctive, catlike physical presence. We followed him into an adjacent room. "This is my earlier work," he said. "My idea of subtle tension. Furniture as deadly weapon." He leaned over a coffee table made of several heavy discs and fan blades of glass, pivoted one above another on a central column. Gently placing the pads of his splayed fingers on the limpid surfaces, he sent them slowly, concentrically circling, like the celestial spheres. "I'm the only one who gets to do this," he said. "It's not meant to be moved."

Judith Shahn

Diane Von Furstenberg, the designer, invited people to a supper later, in Mr. Jackson's honor. We went into her bedroom to see her bed, which Mr. Jackson created for her some years ago. It is large, astounding, sumptuous, with sunbursts of cherry wood and quilted ivory satin at head and foot. The room's walls were papered with a swarm of full-blown pink cabbage roses and hung with large Victorian oil paintings of maidens in various stages of undress. From high above the bed, a pink-and-white reclining nude gazed down impassively at a little group of people standing chatting round the footboard. There was a tall man with gray hair and the same aura of stillness as Dakota Jackson: his father. A woman chic, as for a wedding, in black-and-white silk, with a rakishly angled large-brimmed hat of shiny black straw: Jackson's mother. And a man with gold-wire glasses, freckled bald head, a double-breasted dark suit as proper as a Victorian undertaker's: introduced to us as Dr. Bernard Ackerman.

Carrying a plate of food, we went to sit in the drawing room.

"We dreamed about a lion last night," we remarked to Laurie Anderson, the performance artist.

"Ah!" she said, leaning closer with her funny spikes of close-cropped hair. "Did it have . . ." With her hands, she sketched around her small, expressive face pouchy cheeks, pointed ears, an abracadabra whoosh of whiskers. "Was it, like, a *real* lion, or a *mask*?"

This room, too, was hung with Royal Academicians' canvases—these of epic scenes and allegorical slave girls. Below, next to potted palms, people sat eating back to back on round Victorian banquettes of buttoned velvet. Dakota Jackson stood close beside his wife at the entrance from the foyer, watching guests and apparently thinking, index finger to lip. His father was standing beside a bronze statue, drink in hand, and when he saw us approach he set down his glass. He slid his hand into his jacket pocket and pulled out a sheaf of cut-up Citibank brochures. There was a flip and a rustling sound, and he had turned them into a bouquet of crisp twenty-dollar bills.

"Good heavens!" we said.

"And I served a magician's apprenticeship with my father," said Dakota Jackson, materializing at our elbow.

The older man handed us his professional card. "Thaumaturgist," it read, and gave an address in Middle Village, New York. "I come from a theatre and variety family," he said. "My sister was a Talking Woman. My father was a song-and-dance man."

He asked us to lay two fingers on his wrist, and we did. "Watch very closely, now," he said. A silver dollar blinked and vanished, but not, we swear, up his cuff.

"My early designs were all about hidden compartments," said Dakota Jackson. "Even with the new things, there's illusion, surprise, the idea of the conjurer's wand."

In the bedroom corridor behind the father and son, a coatrack held strangers' garments, waiting passively, square-shouldered in the shadows, nestled chest to back. Diane Von Furstenberg, with her wild cloud of russet hair, came clickety-clacketing in high heels down the hall, in her wake an Indian file of European friends all talking at once in foreign languages.

Dakota Jackson's mother, in her big black hat, was eating dessert—a salad with little pieces of bright-colored fruit. "I help my husband with the act," she said, "but only when we're out at sea."

"There's Jack Nicholson in the doorway, with his arm in a sling," said Dakota Jackson's wife, looking past our shoulder. "Now he's gone again."

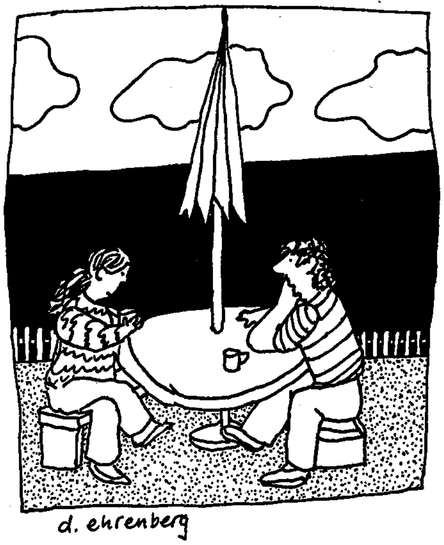
Some of the guests ate supper in the bedroom, sitting on hassocks on the floor against the foot of the bed, as if they were warming their backs by a stove. The apartment windows, draped in tasselled curves of silk, gave on to a pale-navy sky, the twinkling lozenge lights of Central Park, a full and haloed moon.

The man with the freckled head came up and made a sort of bow over Mrs. Dakota Jackson's hand. "Good night, Dr. Ackerman," she said, adding to us, as he retreated, "He's the skin pathologist, you know, who testified in the Jean Harris case." She held her palm toward us as if halting traffic, then pointed at it to mark the trace of an imaginary bullet.

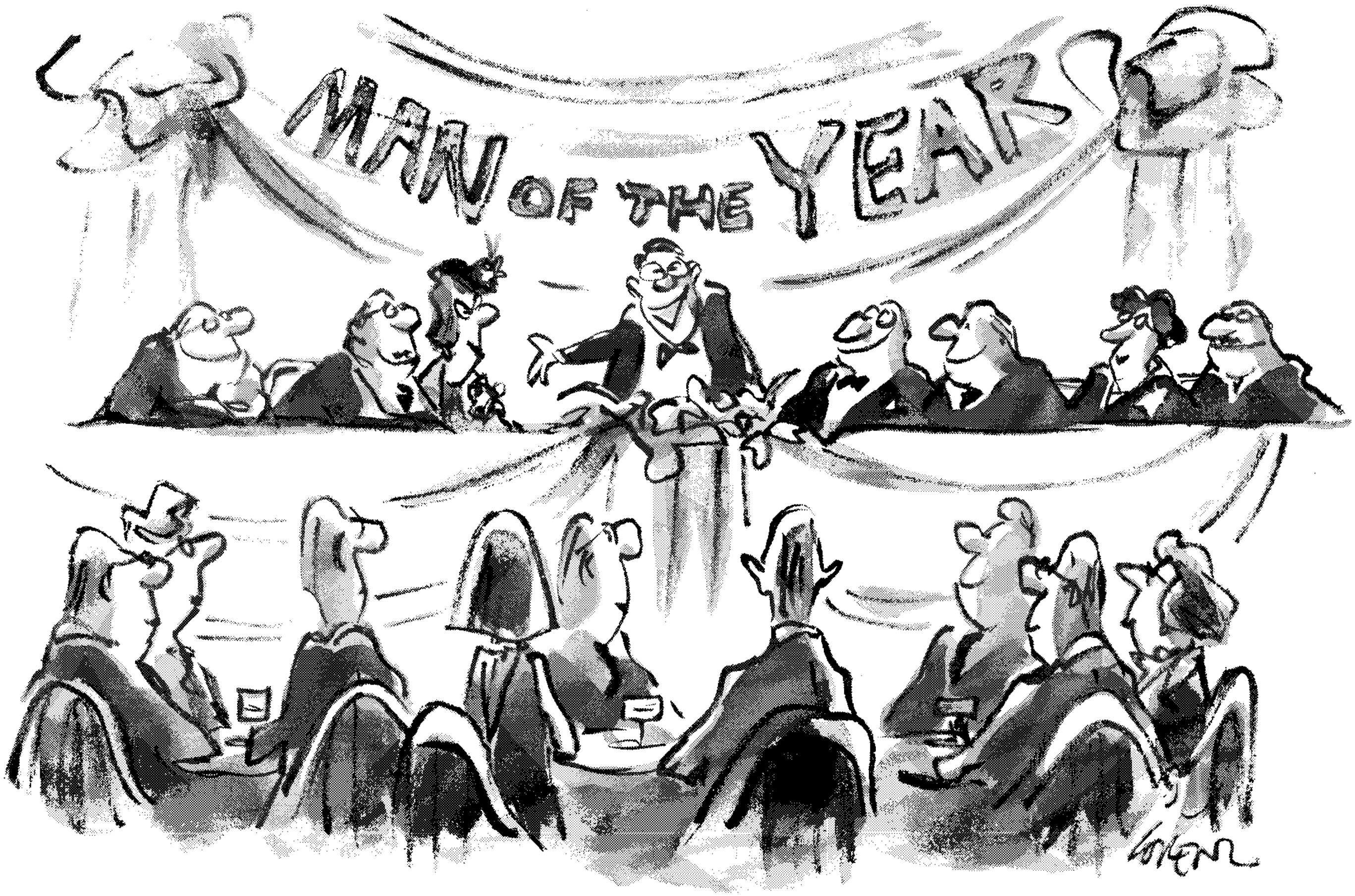
Washington Guide

AS far as we can tell, a recently published book called "Washington Itself" is the only guide to the capital that gives the complete social history of the headquarters of the National Paint and Coatings Association, the phone number of the United States Naval Observatory's atomic time signal, and the home address of the author, who is E. J. Applewhite, a retired C.I.A. man and a D.C. resident, the author of an earlier book called "Cosmic Fishing," and a sometime co-author with Buckminster Fuller. Along with the usual maps and notes on famous places, "Washington Itself" contains dry one-liners, graceful digressions, and irrepressible opinions about the things in the city that matter to Mr. Applewhite. Reading it is like strolling with an inquisitive, urbane, attentive companion, and that is what we did not long ago, having tracked down Mr. Applewhite in his own neighborhood, Georgetown.

Before taking us on a tour of his neighborhood and some of his favorite spots around the city, Mr. Applewhite explained why he had compiled his guidebook. With close-cropped white hair, and dressed in a white-and-blue striped button-down shirt, a red-and-blue knit tie, and a tweed jacket in a stimulating plaid, Mr. Applewhite reminded us of a prep-school master, and he spoke in a nervous but cultivated tenor that made him sound like one, too. He showed us a view of rooftops from the northern balcony of his apartment, a Victorian condo ("Bob Woodward—you know, of Watergate—lives in one of those splendid houses built after the Civil War"); let us glance through his memo-fat files ("Yes, I have one labelled 'V.I.P. Houses.' I love knowing where people live, but I don't like to be prurient about it"); and, on a second balcony, facing south into a bright morning sun, began, "I joined the C.I.A. because I couldn't bear the thought that there were secrets I didn't know. I did the Washington book for the same reason. I start off with the façade and then tell what goes on behind it. And I try to have some fun along the way. When people visit New York, they don't expect you to take them around. Washington's different—visitors expect to be taken on tours. During the thirty-odd years I've lived here, I've discovered what interests people. They like to know where Dean Acheson's tailor had his shop, and what goes on behind closed doors—like to be given a mixture of offbeat and serious stuff. I decided to look at each building just as if I were a rube off the bus before going to the P.R. people to let them know what I was up to. You see, all other guidebooks to this city are at least quasi-official. Everything in them has to be lovely. They can't write about the White House or the Capitol without giving approval to the incumbents. Also, they have great color pictures, and writers can't compete with those. I said to my publisher, 'No official endorsements, and no color pictures. Just the material I've collected since I first moved here in 1947, to tell in an informal way what's gone on and what still goes on.' "



We started our tour a block from Mr. Applewhite's house and a few miles from the White House. On a quiet lane that reminded us of the Mews near Washington Square, he pointed out a grand house and answered the question we hadn't yet had the chance to ask: "That's the roost of Katharine Graham, whose family owns the Washington *Post*. When she has the President over, all these streets are



"First of all, I'd like to thank my parents, who programmed me for success."

• •

blocked off—something the neighborhood could do without. She's got a lot of land, but you can't really see it from the street. The best way to see Washington is from a helicopter, because some of the plots of land are so long and deceptive."

We followed Mr. Applewhite into a cemetery, and he continued to talk without prompting. "Half of this city is accidental, though Pierre L'Enfant's plan for it is famous—and the accidental is often as successful as L'Enfant's plan. Take this cemetery, which is privately owned but open to the public. It guarantees a green sanctuary even when Montrose Park, nearby, is littered with paper and crowded with people. But let me show you why we're here." He guided us toward a carved-stone marker about eight feet tall and shaped like a thumb: "Louis Comfort Tiffany designed it. Pure Art Nouveau. And like a Celtic monument. Crude and lovely at the same time."

Mr. Applewhite led us back out of the cemetery and, sauntering in the middle of whatever street we happened to be on, commented on houses as if he were gossiping about neighbors. "Here's the first incursion of modern architecture into Georgetown. Stark, but it fits in surprisingly well. The pool in back holds a wonderful array of lilies." Down the street: "This is where Mrs. Dean Acheson lives. The black iron fence was converted from Mexican War rifle barrels. The walk in front has magnificent exotic violets in the spring." Farther on: "This house exemplifies something coming back in landscape architecture: wild grasses and herbs. I'll show you more soon."

In Foggy Bottom, a few blocks away, Mr. Applewhite guided us across the street to a small park. It was full of wild grasses and herbs, as he had promised: silver grass; saxifrage, which looked like romaine lettuce; and barrenwort, about as tall as bamboo, with soft tufts instead of shoots. "Right across from the State Department," he pointed out. "Right next to the Federal Reserve Board. Not far from all those Presidents' memorials. These natural sprouts are redeeming. They're low-maintenance and perpetually green, and they do as much for the city as anything made by man."

Completely Wired Up

THE other morning, as we were travelling up York Avenue from Sutton Place, we noticed a young man dressed in a silver spacesuit top and blue shorts jogging along the avenue with a pair of headphones on—in itself not an unusual sight at eight in the morning. But the man was running with an arm outstretched, and instead of looking out for traffic he was following something he had on his wrist. At first, we assumed he was wearing some sort of jogger's watch, but when we found ourself standing next to him, at the intersection of Sixty-third Street, we saw that he was wearing a wristwatch television set, tuned to "Good Morning America." As he bounced up and down in place on the curb, we tapped him on the arm to get his attention and asked him about his wristwatch TV.

"I generally wear it without headphones," said the young man, whose name is Daniel Markus, we learned, and who works as the East Coast director of an entertainment-management firm. "Just having the audio and video when you want it is provocative enough, but today there's a guest on that I want to see, so I'm completely wired up. You might say I'm a running recreation vehicle."

Mr. Markus was indeed fully packed for his morning jog. Here's a list of his ensemble:

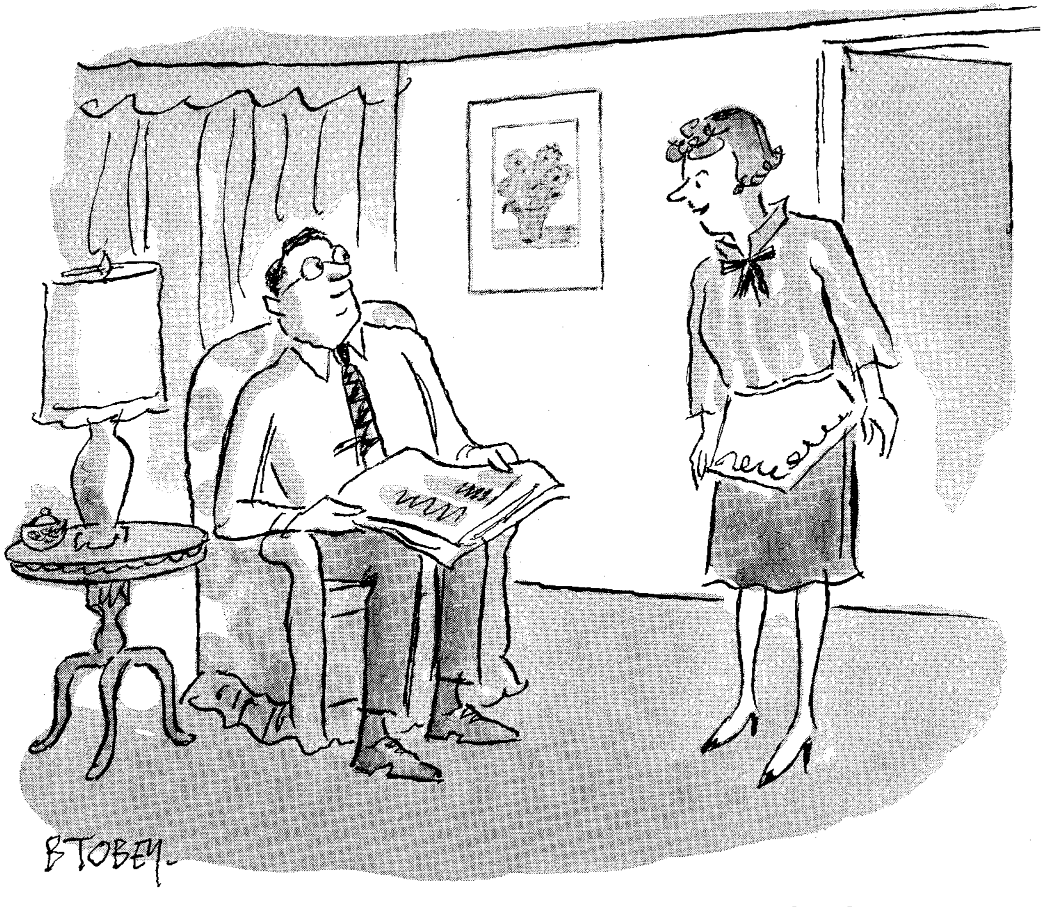
1 plastic top (for perspiration inducement)
1 pair shorts
1 long-sleeved T-shirt
2 pairs low-cut socks
1 ankle support
1 pair running shoes
1 shoe-top coin case
1 utility belt (worn under the plastic top)
1 runner's knife (Gerber's Guardian)
money
1 pair Heavyhands (hand weights for joggers)
1 wallet
1 dictating machine
1 running watch (Casio J-50)
1 towel
1 sweatband
1 pair Porsche Carrera prescription sunglasses
1 Seiko video watch (with FM radio)
1 back-up FM radio

"The wristwatch TV is something I've waited for since I saw it in 'Dick Tracy' as a kid," Mr. Markus told us as he kept a steady pace up the avenue and we jogged along. "I've always been a reader of *Popular Mechanics* and the *Gadget* newsletter, so I am up-to-date on this sort of technology. This particular model isn't available yet in this country. I got it through a friend who was visiting in Japan. At the time, I was the only person in the country who had one. I found this out because I went to Seiko to have the bracelet cut down. You should have seen them. The girl at their customer-service window started yelling as if I were the Elephant Man. When I showed it to one of their managers, he was impressed. The Japanese set I have has some limitations. The Japanese don't broadcast on the same bands we do, so I don't get Channels 2 and 4, and the FM band only goes as high as ninety-one. And if I'm in a high-rise I have to get close to a window to get any kind of reception. I told one of the managers at Seiko, 'This'll probably be an antique soon,' but, frankly, I didn't care—I wanted to own the state of the art. He said to me, 'Sir, in small electronics there are no antiques.' "

We asked Mr. Markus as we passed New York Hospital, at Sixty-eighth Street, whether all this gear could turn into a dangerous distraction when he was running through the city streets.

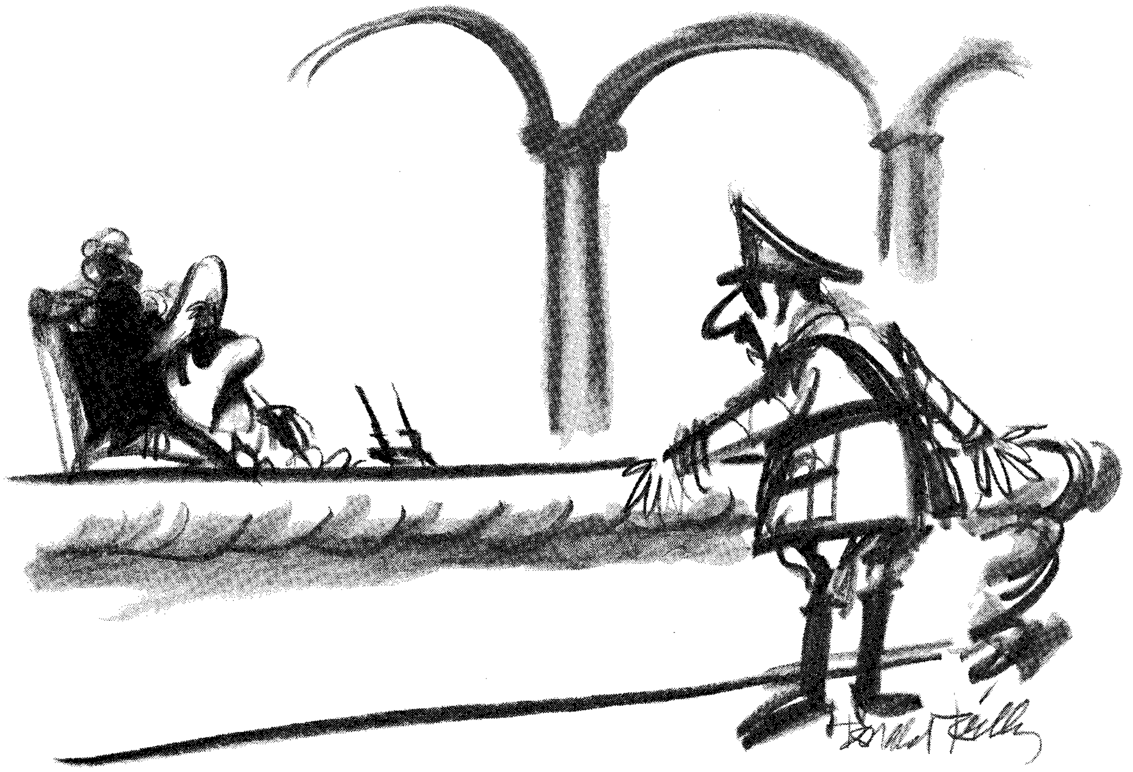
"Nah," he said, dismissing the idea with a wave of his wristwatch TV (and sending David Hartman hurtling toward the East River). "I've been doing this kind of media plug-in while I'm running for so long that it doesn't affect me. I had the Walkman, the Bone Fone—all different kinds of headphone attachments. You develop an ability to hear *under* it. I can feel a car coming at an intersection. Sometimes I'll glance at a blonde or a brunette on the sidewalk, but only once did I stop in the middle of the street to watch a Muddy Waters tribute, because I was interested. I generally don't wear the watch unless I'm running, and I run only in the mornings. My objective is to cut time and boredom. I run my errands, exercise, lift weights, and have my sauna underneath this plastic top, and I can go home to my wife and have a discussion about something we've both seen on 'Good Morning America.' I have very little time, so I try to maximize my efforts."

At Seventy-second Street, Mr. Markus paused at the corner when the actor Desmond Llewelyn, who plays Q, the gadgets expert in the James Bond movies, was introduced on the program. Mr. Markus slid the volume up, and we both watched as he listened in on his headphones. "You know, I love the character he plays," Mr. Markus said. After a brief interview with the host, Mr. Llewelyn was represented by a clip from the latest James Bond film, starring Roger Moore. The image of Bond that first filled the one-inch screen, though, did not come from that film clip but, rather, from a clip of film that was playing on Desmond Llewelyn's wrist TV set. The sight of the wristwatch TV *within his wristwatch TV* clearly flabbergasted Mr. Markus. He dropped his headphones like a fighter pilot who has just returned from an exhausting mission, uttered a subdued



"With your tea, do you want a croissant, a bagel, a brioche, or some cookies?"

"Wow," and fell helplessly silent.



"I'm afraid everything is in short supply, Excellency, except stooges."

• •

Howl

IT sure must have seemed like a good idea. The editors of *American Photographer*, planning to feature baby pictures in a special August issue, decided that a group shot of twenty or thirty unclothed infants would make a catchy cover. Undoubtedly, they were thinking *gurgle* and *goo goo*, imagining babies waving fat arms and legs, smiling at the photographer, doing cute baby-type tricks. But, as any philosopher—or any parent—could have told them, human nature has two sides, and right from the start.

The babies began arriving at Bruce Plotkin's Eighteenth Street studio shortly after two o'clock one recent afternoon, and soon they and their mothers and a few dads and two grandmas filled a small antechamber. Friendly eye-poking and the production of funny noises occupied the younger set while they waited; one memorable lad sat in his stroller and said "Bah, bah, bah" for twenty minutes solid in a BBC monotone. All the babies we checked with had been sent over by various tiny-talent agencies. "Kristen—she's eight and a half months—has had a few auditions already, but this is her first job," one mother told us. Eleven-month-old Colleen, by contrast, was a veteran. "She was in Downy fabric softener," her mother said. "She loves to have her picture taken." We gazed around the waiting room and reflected that never before had we seen so many people swaying on unsteady feet and dropping objects—and we've been in a barroom or two.

Around two-thirty, Mr. Plotkin silenced the mothers and told them to undress their infants and put them in the center of a twelve-foot-wide, brightly lit "seamless sheet." "This has never been attempted before," Mr. Plotkin said, in the voice of a man about to do a triple somersault from the trapeze without a net. "Once you put the babies down, just go wait on the sides. We'll treat them well," he added. Well, the adults did their part, depositing their infants and moving out of camera range to wait for the shoot to be over, so that they could collect their checks and their offspring and go home. But the babies refused to hold up their end of the bargain. These infants have agents and managers, but still they cried—cried nonstop, from the second their mothers left their grasp until Mr. Plotkin finally gave up, forty-five minutes of caterwauling unhappiness later. And there was not just crying. These kids crawled and toddled out of camera range constantly, in search of their kin. "I think they should have specified, like, *non-mobile* children," one mother remarked. The scene really needs Dante to do it justice. Attempting to soothe his models, Mr. Plotkin turned on his stereo very loud. (The first song to come on was Joe Cocker and Jennifer Warren's recent smash "Up Where We Belong.") He also danced around in front of the babies beating an orange tambourine and a pair of cymbals and hollering things like "Hey-hey! Hey-hey-hey!" These efforts met with predictable results, increasing the howling cacophony to interesting new levels. Meanwhile, his assistants worked at crowd control, scooping up each fleeing infant and plunking the fugitive back in the middle of the writhing-infant mass—a Sisyphean task that reminded us of those vaudeville plate-spinners who would just about get all their crockery revolving only to have to run back to the wobbling first plate and start again. While all this was going on, the parents stood around the sides of the mat encouraging their progeny with admonitions like "What are you doing crying? You're supposed to be having fun out there." Though Plotkin had hoped for thirty babies for the picture ("and a good mix of colors and all"), there were rarely more than thirteen at a time in front of the lens. At least, we think we counted thirteen—they wouldn't stop moving, and naked babies look somewhat alike to us.

For a good while, Plotkin maintained his composure. "Maybe it's just my imagination, but I think they're beginning to tire out," he said at one point. In the end, he got a few pictures—pictures of tear-streaked, indignant young people—and then he told the parents the fun was over.

We asked Plotkin if he had got a suitable shot.

"I think so," he said. "Unless they want smiling, adorable babies."

The last proud mother out the door pulled Plotkin aside and gave him some baby pictures. "These are for your files. Call us any time you need a model," she said.

PETTICOAT POWER

"I find it very helpful to attend business meetings under an alias."—*Estelle Crinoline, Vice-President in Charge of Assistants at a major conglomerate.*

Nowadays, the fair sex functions in a managerial capacity in U.S. businesses at every level, from the lowly assistant vice-president to the topflight vice-presidential assistant. The "gal Friday" has long since become a full-fledged deckhand, and the "steno" has made it into the ranks of flunkies to the powers that be. It is even estimated that women constitute a percentage of all egress-level managers. If you are one of them, the Sword of Damocles is beginning to swing your way, and you will soon see the time when women are promoted over better-qualified minorities and minors.

As a result, the ambitious female of the species need no longer turn furtively to the so-called execu-cosmetology schools, which dispense little more than a bow tie and a fountain pen. The following guide, based on information, should amply fill the needs of women and would-be women in business.

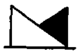
WHAT IS BUSINESS?

The field of business is so manifold that no single article can hope to do more than this one. In the main, however, all businesses are basically alike in their approach, and women would do well to remember the generally uniform surface of the masculine brain even as it offers openings for women.

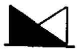
WHAT MAKES AN EXECUTIVE?

A good executive must first be equipped with the tools of the trade. Top male execs know well the necessity for carrying in their possession at all times some form of credentials (the service revolver, tire iron, or Sword of Damocles). Women must not shrink faintheartedly from doing likewise. Moreover, credentials exist to be used. Show the credentials at once when approaching a colleague. This display lends an air of importance to the encounter; the colleague more readily believes that the meeting is a serious matter, not just casual chitchat.

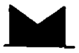
The executive is also versed in the "hidden language" of the biz-ocracy—the fundamentals that touch every swivel chair in every corridor of power. The General Business Code, prescribed for all commercial transactions in the U.S., is transmitted by breast-pocket-handkerchief semaphore (and may in future be modernized to adopt feminine visual apparatus—e.g., the hairnet). The seven basic signals are:



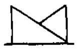
beneficiary of nepotism



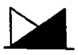
anti-union



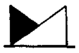
know Tony "Ducks" Corallo
on a personal basis



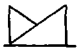
will say yes if nobody knows about it



on a fishing expedition

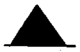


easy target

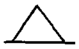


about to charge if no instructions
to the contrary

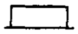
With the influx of Milady into the executive "sweet," new terms are gradually being added:



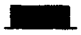
afraid of small handbags



could help you but won't



cream and two sugars



depressed

THE MENTOR

Having mastered these skills, the she-male in business will be served just as well—indeed, better—by attaching herself to a mentor. Every single business, no matter how similar to another, is completely different, and only through a mentor can you learn how mentorship itself works in your chosen field.

A mentor is a man who has reached a ranking position of awesome responsibility at the office; is richly dedicated to home, wife, and children; is actively involved in demanding community and leisure duties; and thus is ideally suited to spend long hours guiding a female co-worker through the intricacies of business.

The mentor is not to be confused with other paternal figures in the company, such as the doctor, proctor, loner, factor, drummer, exterminator, or mortgage shark.

The principal technique involved in finding a mentor is the stakeout. Mentors tend to gravitate toward specific loci of power, such as the shredder room. Keep a diary of their movements. (Entries should be made concurrently or afterward, never before.) Not untypical is the woman who staked out a deserted band shell, tailed the first man who appeared, and eventually followed him to his corporate headquarters, where he taught her how to build a car with her bare hands.

There are four types of mentors. As shown in the following transcriptions of videotaped experiences by distaff mentorees A, B, C, and D, each type of mentor has his characteristic way of showing you the rope:

TYPE 1—INFERENTIAL

A: Good morning, Bob.

Mentor: What in the *hell* are you wearing?

A: Just a . . . a simple jumpsuit with laminated pongee undercuffs, layered with a . . . a Bavarian vest and a Ralph Lauren cow blanket.

(*Mentor laughs contemptuously.*)

A (*confidence seeping into her voice*): I'm grateful for the advice, Bob.

TYPE 2—INSINUATIONAL

B: Have a nice weekend, Jack?

(*Mentor stares in a repelled manner at her coiffure.*)

B: Is something wrong with my hair?

Mentor: If you choose to think so.

B: I'll get on it right away. And . . . Jack? (*In a newly assertive tone*) Well . . . thanks.

Type 3—Manifestational

C: I have those dioxin reports, Dick.

(*Mentor leans across desk, rips the tacky costume jewelry from her throat and wrists, and tosses it disgustedly into wastebasket.*)

C (*effectively*): Deemed it inappropriate, huh? Say no more.

Type 4—Verbal

D: Morning, Ted.

Mentor: You make a better door than a window.

D: Sorry. Did you see the *Times*?

Mentor: Is the Pope Catholic?

D: Well . . . since it says the bond market has rallied—

Mentor: Get off my ear.

D:—if we take into account the spillover effect from Wednesday's—

Mentor: Can the tripe.

D:—and the new Treasury bonds' gain of—

Mentor: Save your wind—you might want to go sailing sometime.

D:—then the prime rate—

Mentor: That *rates* a hee-haw!

D:—but the Federal Reserve—

Mentor: Hang crape on your nose—your brains are dead.

D:—may indicate that the tax-exempt sector is—

Mentor: Go hire a hall.

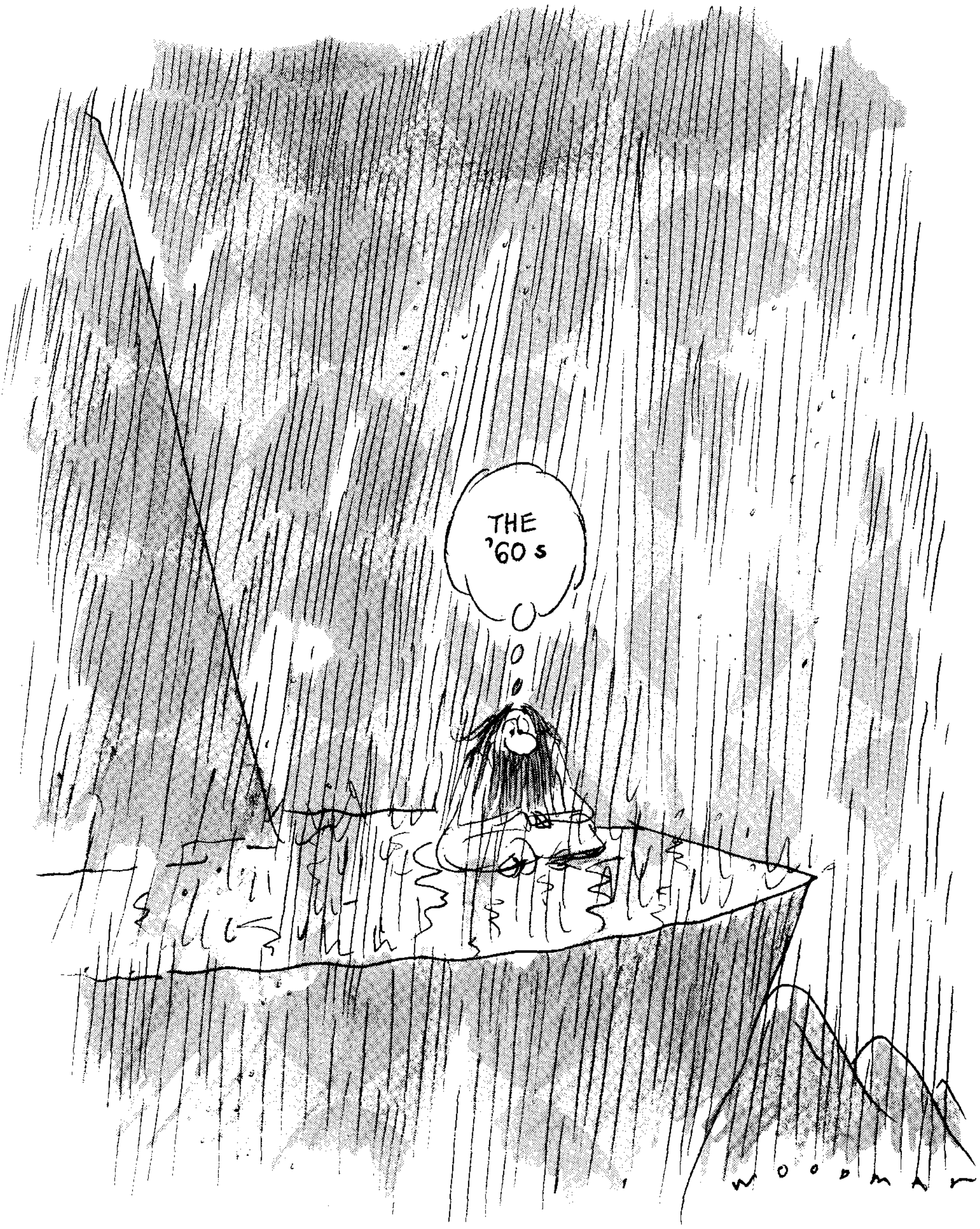
D:—I mean, now that the pace of new issues—

Mentor: What are you—foggy in the upper story?

D: Are you—you know—annoyed about something?

Mentor: Pull in your head—here comes a termite.

D (*breaking out in "executive pattern" rash statistically linked to lateral thinking*): Gee, I guess I do need a manicure. 'Preciate the grooming tip!



With the confidence you will gain through this type of interaction with a mentor, you will soon be able to take risks without fear of mistakes. Let's suppose you wish to offer a suggestion about some minor aspect of business practice:

Sample dialogue:

You: I was thinking, why don't we—

Mentor: No.

You: But—

Mentor: No. Go on, you were doing marvellously.

You: Oh, O.K. Wouldn't it make sense if we had a weekly—

Mentor: No, absolutely not. Good girl, keep it up.

You: I mean, once a week, if each department—

Mentor: Jee-*zus!* I told you, it's completely out of the question. Here, let's trade places and I'll show you how to do this.

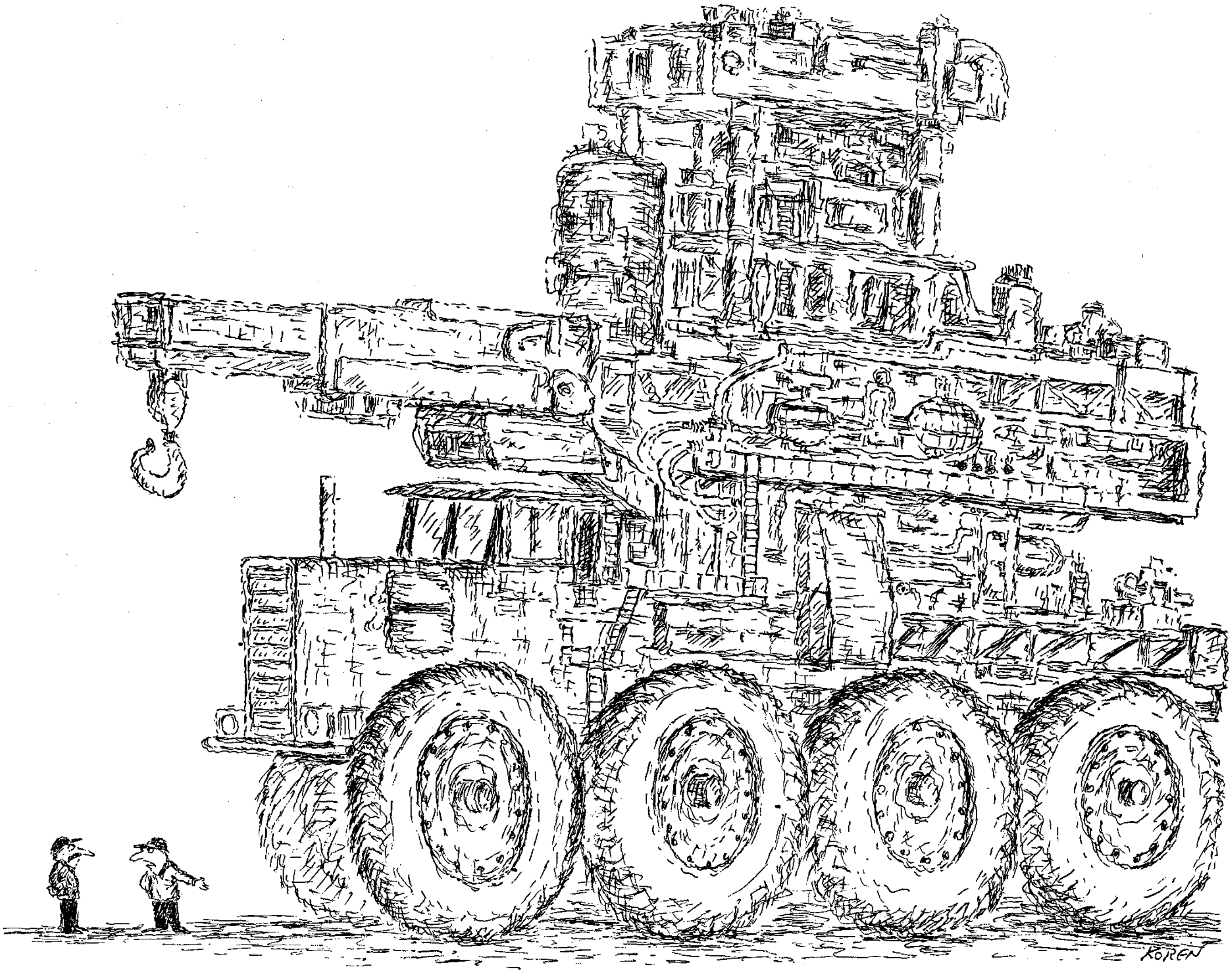
You: I think I already know how to do it.

Mentor: Of course you do. And you were doing beautifully, which is why you need someone to show you an alternative way of doing it.

You: Did I make a mistake?

Mentor: Don't think about your mistakes. Don't ever think about your mistakes. Don't dwell on your mistakes. You'll make plenty of mistakes, but by no means dwell on them.

You: Right. Then let me put it this way. I want to restructure this company from the ground up. Just take a moment of your time, if you will, and imagine. In the mail room, raw lean-bodied youngsters, a future chairman of the board perhaps among them, learn the business from the bottom by democratically sodomizing each other in an atmosphere of interracial harmony and union solidarity. Thus prepared for the elevator ascent, to the strains of sense-quickening Muzak they steer from floor to floor their rattling mail carts of communiqués and memos proposing urgent trysts, many with nymphs from a typing pool awakened en masse by affairs with a vice-president whose blazing rise from the Harvard Business School to a position of line command has been short-circuited by a reputation for insatiable erotic appetites. The day begins for the accounting department, too, as hot numbers are speculated upon with mathematical frankness. Everywhere shirtsleeves are rolled up to expose wrists and forearms of unbearably



"She's on the blink."

• •

breathtaking virility; panty hose are stripped off so that bare toes may frolic in the nap of the industrial carpeting. Smart pigskin briefcases and brown paper bags alike pop open to reveal black nylon corselets and jockstraps, and aesthetically pleasing and carefree new birth-control devices, each a product of the newly stirring giant of American technology. By midmorning, as the refreshment wagon tinkles its merry news, quenching fruit juices are sought, caffeine and sugar renounced as redundant stimulants to surging metabolisms. Hands clutch atop reports and blueprints, limbs mingle upon varnished teak conference tables. By noon, sustenance is welcome; home-cooked box-lunch fare is contributed potluck style to the menu of the penthouse executive dining room, where one and all are served by Irish waiters and waitresses, whose rosy-cheeked charms are dispensed as a last course along with the claret. Restored, the equal-opportunity employees return to a worthwhile afternoon of disassembling the structures of power, tearing off collar stays and execu-length socks, T-shirts and work boots, with abandoned egalitarianism. The switchboard is as abuzz with interoffice calls for transvestites as a Weimar night club, while the computers, engineered for sexy problem-solving by a vanguard élite, are programmed to insert pornographic passages into the briefs of the lawyers, who, thus cast adrift on the uncertain seas of obscenity rulings, fall into confusion and disarray, incapacitated in their campaign to stifle creative urges with their lackey caution. Nepotistic marriages, too, are crumbling under the stress; bourgeois property-owning middle managers and hypocrite artists are selling their exurban retreats and gentrified lofts, and reserving motel rooms convenient to the office. As desk lamps are turned this way and that to warm bare flesh, heat melts the grease that has eased the way of sycophants and bootlickers, who, losing their purchase on the success ladder, plunge into the communal endeavor on an equal footing. By late afternoon, all are gathered at the interdepartmental meeting, where brainstorming fully liberates the libido in service of the intellect, culminating in a heady explosion of honest labor. Well exhausted, the satisfied work force contemplates the wreckage of a numbing and exploitative system. Rivalries have been diverted into life-giving channels, oppressive authority has been levelled by the sway of desire, and the stultifying lockmarch of corporate sameness has been diversified into a thousand different positions.

MENTOR: You're fired.

—VERONICA GENG

THE DIVORCE

MANY divorce cases were handled in my father's court. The court was nothing more than our living room, where my father kept his religious books and the ark for the Torah scrolls. As the rabbi's son, I never missed an opportunity to listen in on the petitioners who came for a divorce. Why should a man and a wife, often parents of children, suddenly decide to become strangers? I seldom got a satisfactory answer.

My father never began a divorce proceeding until he had attempted with all his power to make peace between the couple. He always asked the assistance of my mother, his rebbetzin. The couple often spoke to her first and then to my father. In almost every case, my father quoted the saying of the Talmud that when a man divorces his first wife even the altar of the Temple sheds tears. When I was a boy, the Holy Temple and the altar had been destroyed for about two thousand years. Just the same, in our apartment, at No. 10 Krochmalna Street, the Holy Temple, the altar, the priests, and sacrifices were more actual than the news in the daily Yiddish newspaper. Once when my father spoke about the altar shedding tears, the woman who came to get a divorce cried out, "My dear Rabbi, if the altar knew how much I suffered from this tyrant it would cry day and night."

This time, the couple who came to us were not from our street but from Twarda Street. They had a store in a bazaar called Ulrich's Yard. Neither of them appeared to be over thirty. The husband wore a long gaberdine, a small cap, and an open-collared shirt with no tie. From behind his vest his fringed garment hung out. He was quite tall, with a long nose, a yellowish little beard, and barely any sidelocks. His eyes, too, appeared to me yellow. I could see that he was a decent man but not exactly a Chassid or a scholar. He said that he owned a store that sold drygoods remnants—a bargain store. His wife seemed to be somewhat enlightened—she wore no wig, but she covered her head with a kerchief, so as not to offend the rabbi. Her shoes had high heels, and her skirt reached only to the middle of her calves and was held up at the waist by a black patent-leather belt with a brass buckle. She had large gray eyes, an angular nose, and a wide mouth. She seemed to me girlish, proud, and resentful at having to come to a rabbi's court with her private troubles.

When my father asked why they came to him, the young man said to his wife, "Since you summoned me to the rabbi, not I you, you answer first."

"Rabbi, we came to be divorced," the woman said in a clear and sure voice.

As a rule, my father avoided looking at a female, especially if she was married, to keep from falling into sinful thoughts. But now he glanced for an instant her way. With his left hand he grasped his red beard, and with his right hand he touched a large handkerchief that lay on the table. The touching of this handkerchief by the petitioners would symbolize a silent consent to my father's decree.

"Divorce?" he asked. "How long have you been married?"

"Over five years," the husband answered. "A week after Chanukkah it will be exactly six years."

"Divorce is not a small matter," my father said. "It is not to be taken lightly. The Talmud says that when a man divorces his first wife even the altar sheds tears for them."

"Rabbi, I know all this, but we can't live together," the woman said in a decisive tone.

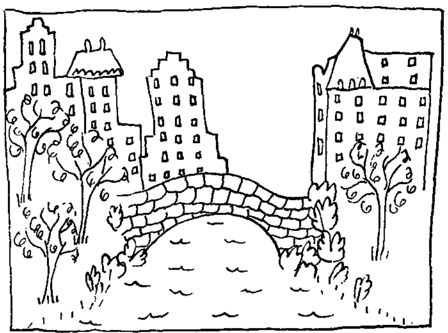
"Do you have children?" my father asked.

"Three beautiful little girls," the husband cried out. "The oldest one is not yet four years old."

"For what reason do you want a divorce?" my father asked.

For a long while husband and wife kept silent. Then the woman cleared her throat, as if she were about to swallow the words she was going to utter: "Rabbi, he's a fool."

My father raised the brows over his blue eyes. He did not seem less astonished by this answer than I was. After a while he said, "King Solomon, the wisest of all men, deals in his Proverbs with wisdom and foolishness. According to him, only a sinner is a fool. Nothing can be more foolish than to spite God and his commandments. In the first chapter there is the saying 'The fear of the Lord is the beginning of knowledge: but fools despise wisdom.' As you see, the wicked are the fools. But your husband does not look wicked to me, God forbid."



Darryl Shedden

The young man's yellowish eyes became full of laughter. "Rabbi, *she* is wicked."

"Don't say this," my father reproached him. "Anger, too, is silliness. The same King Solomon says in Ecclesiastes, 'For anger resteth in the bosom of fools.' "

"Rabbi, there are also good-natured fools," the woman said.

"No, goodness is the very essence of wisdom," my father answered.

My father quoted a few other passages from the Bible as well as from the Talmud. The young man must have been encouraged by all this indirect praise, because he said, "Rabbi, she only waits for an opportunity to call me names. The moment I open my mouth to say something she is already scolding me. She shames me before the customers. If I say it's day, she immediately says it's night. How can one dwell with a sharp-tongued person like her? She makes my life miserable. She has tortured me for so long that our being together is nothing but Gehenna."

"Did you say that you have three children?" my father asked.

"Yes, Rabbi," the husband answered. "One more beautiful than the other and all of them as sweet as sugar. Just from looking at them one's spirit is uplifted. But when a woman calls her husband ugly names and insults him in front of the children they, too, begin to lose respect. What does a child know? If their beloved mother says that Daddy is a schmegegge, they repeat it."

"This is wrong," my father said. "The Gemara says that a righteous wife cherishes her husband. In the 'Woman of Valor,' which all Jews recite on the eve of Sabbath, it is said, 'She doeth him good and not evil all the days of her life. . . . She openeth her mouth with wisdom and on her tongue is the law of kindness.' "

"Rabbi, you listen only to what he has to say," the woman complained. "Why don't you listen to me?"

"I will listen to you, too," my father assured her. "It is my duty to hear both sides. Please, let me hear yours."

ROME: THE NIGHT BEFORE

1
On the terrace of the Villa Aurelia,
Overlooking Rome (obscured by trees),
A form of life sprang into being
Too ideal to outlast the moment:
You sunbathing, reading in the sun,
And I flicking dead leaves and dried blooms
From geraniums in terra-cotta pots,
Each looking like a shrunk Napoleon.

We lived high up in Roman air,
  looked down
On a summer resort of corrugated stone,
Echo and rotunda, footfall, dome—
History turning corners everywhere,
As if the faces of the night before,
Random visions of the street, were now
Individually fixed in marble brawn
Or in the cool shade, room on room,
In the Villa Farnesina
  or the Vatican Museum.

But museums in Rome are tautologies;
The same faces one sees hurrying past
On the streets are up on the walls and there-
Fore doubly visible: the seer and the seen,
With the same elegance at work—its fine
Italian hand springing from a fountain,
Or serving food and wine, its eyes and ears
Listening for birds down by the Tiber
Or watching, along with us, the ocular
Skylight dome of the Pantheon
Catching its round of sun or rain.

2
In the dowdy, magisterial squares
Of sculpture in Trastevere,
What generosities of light and water!
And everywhere the dirt lies underfoot
To prove the human imprint's never lost,
No, not even in the midst of grandeur.

3
How shall the cypress imagine the fuller
Shade of the beech, or the brain design
The once living architecture of the skull?
No watcher of water can bring that moment
In time alive when the first impression
Appears, a dent in marble, the erosion
Of stone by falling water, or the pressure
Of human weight, one plane worn down
A touch each century; a chemical
Film of cancer, working its way in,
Tears at the meat of statues and muddies
The finest Roman torso, Roman profile,
The dribbling-down distortions of the air
Turning a colossus into candle wax.

4
Everything permanent is due for a surprise,
The stopped stunned by the ever-changing.
What everybody always took for granted
Astonishes a second before it disappears,
Like the dinosaur who left a plate of bones
And was gone for good. In Rome one feels
Duration threatened day by day,
Not knowing which of its great works will last,
Flesh and marble the same mix of mortar.

—HOWARD MOSS

• •

"Rabbi, he's a simpleton and a ne'er-do-well. He has as much sense in his head as I have in my left shoe. When you have a store you must be able to recognize who comes to buy and who comes just to browse and examine things and make a mess. There are many such customers. They go from store to store because they have nothing else to do. When I look at one of them I know immediately that she has no intention to buy and I get rid of her quickly, but this pinhead will strike up a long conversation. When a real customer comes and has to wait and listen to their silly chatter, she loses patience and leaves. We worked out a code. I would rearrange the comb in my hair when this annoying kind of person entered, and this would serve as a sign for him not to bother with her. But somehow he never notices anything. There is a saying that women have nine measures of talk, but he has eighteen measures. A woman tells him what sort of matzo balls she cooked on Passover three years ago, and he talks to her for a whole hour about his Aunt Yachna's noodle pudding. When it comes the first of the month and I have to pay the rent, I have to borrow money from a usurer at high interest. Is this true or not?"

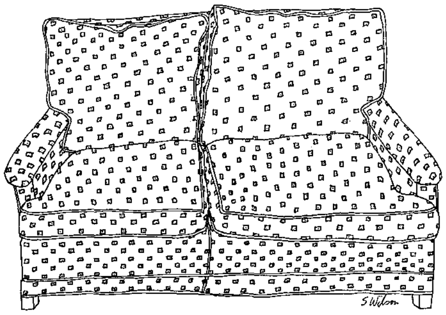
While the woman spoke her husband gazed at her lovingly. He even smiled at me, the rabbi's boy. I could see that he was amused by her ridicule. Even her insults seemed to please him. She is right—he is a big fool, I thought.

"Young man, I forgot to ask your name," my father asked.

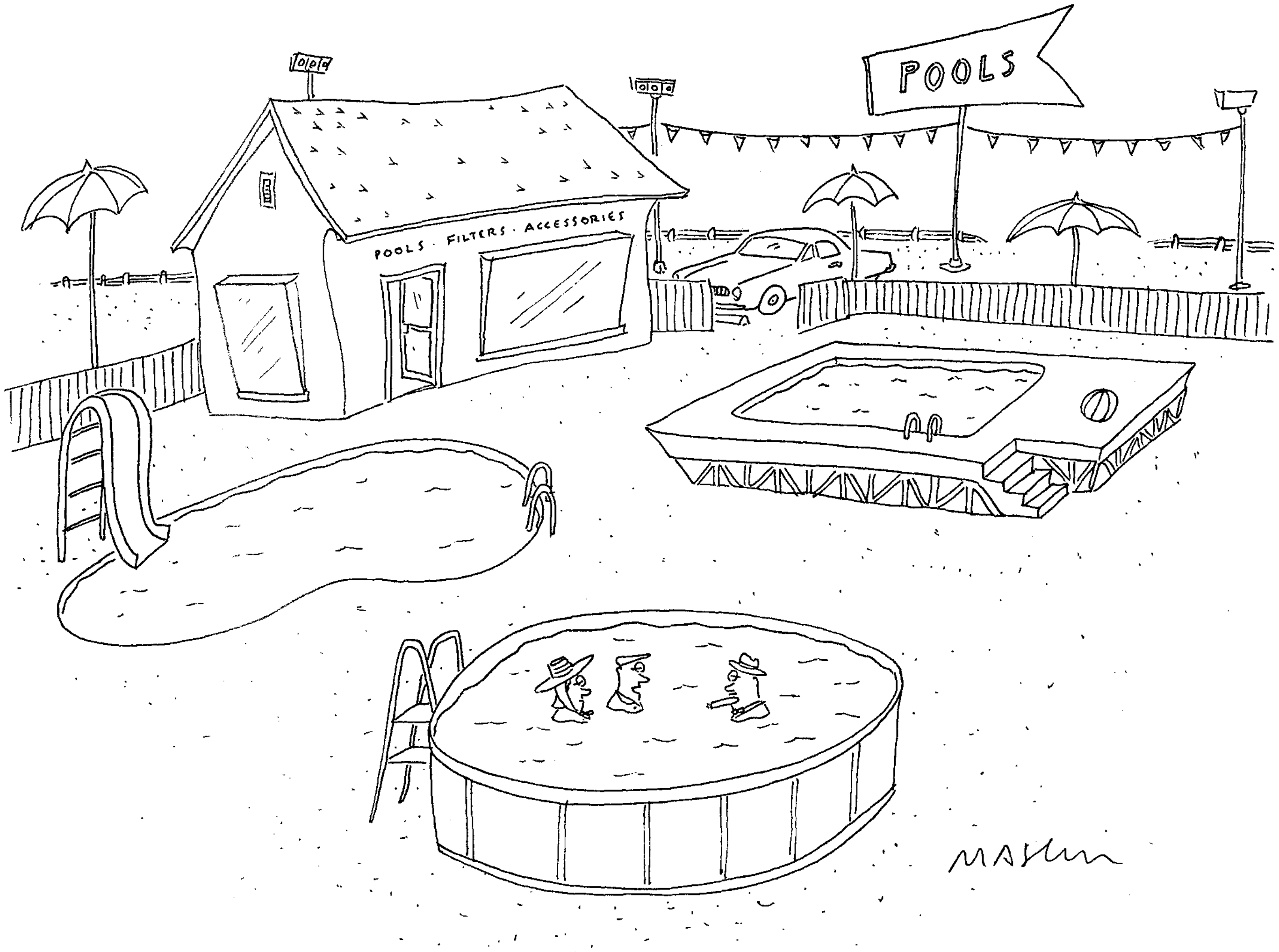
"My name is Shmuel Mayer, but everybody calls me Shmelke," the man said. "Actually, I have three names—Shmuel, Mayer, and Alter. The third name I was given when I was two years old and sick with scarlet fever and—"

I had never seen my father interrupt anybody in the middle of a sentence, but this time he didn't let him finish. "Reb Shmelke, what do you have to say to your wife's complaints?"

"What is there to say? She has a polished tongue. Rabbi, she can always convince anybody that she is right. I am a simple man, not a mind reader. How can I know whether the woman comes to buy or just to browse? It is not written on anybody's forehead. At home I was taught that when a person speaks you listen. And when I am busy with someone I can't see what my wife is doing with her comb. Once, her code was that she would begin to cough. But how do you know whether she's coughing as a signal or whether she's really coughing? When the winter comes, with its snow and frost, everybody is coughing. Immediately after the Sukkoth holiday we get throat lozenges for our children, but they cough anyhow. The truth is that my wife—Salka is her name—was born with a bad temper. Her mother, may she rest in peace, told me that as a baby she was always crying. Some unexplained wrath burns in her. She must take it out on someone. We have three wonderful little daughters but she screams at them all the time, and when they do something that displeases her she beats them and pinches them. To beat a little child you must have the heart of a highway robber."



The door opened and my mother put in her pale face. "Young lady, be



"We'll take it."

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so good as to come to me in the kitchen," she said.

"The rebbetzin wants me?" Salka asked.

"Yes, you. I hope you don't mind."

"Yes, Rebbetzin. Just wait one moment. I know quite well, Rabbi, that when I leave he will say terrible things about me. But I really don't care anymore. I have to free myself from him somehow. I would rather rot in my grave than live with this blockhead." And the woman left for the kitchen.

I HAD a great desire to go and listen to the conversation in the kitchen, but I was afraid my mother would yell at me. Both my father and my mother had warned me not to listen in when petitioners came to our house. My father may have forgotten his warning, but my mother had a good memory.

I remained in my father's courtroom, and Shmelke said, "Rabbi, she is clever, beautiful, and charming. But she is a bitter piece. She is always frustrated, because of our struggle to make a living. A few steps from us there is another store like ours, and it teems with customers. The owners are drowning in money. The truth is that Salka's anger drives away the customers. In our business those who come to buy do a lot of haggling. No matter how cheap a price we ask, the customer always tries to bargain us down to a half. Who comes to buy remnants and secondhand material? Only those who like to get something for nothing. My competitor has a shrewd wife. She always wears a sweet smile and knows her business inside out. If I tell my wife to act friendlier to the customers she attacks me violently. Her eyes are as sharp as knives. Sometimes I think that the Angel made a mistake. She should have been born a man. One way or another, things go badly."

"Peace brings success," my father said. "If you two could live more peacefully, then . . ."

I wasn't eager to hear what could happen if the couple lived in peace, and made my way into the kitchen. I stood in a corner, hoping my mother would not notice me in the dim light of the little kerosene lamp. I had left a storybook there on a stool, and pretended to be reading as I cocked my ears. I was interested in people's talk—their expressions, their excuses for wrong deeds, and how they twisted things to suit themselves. I heard the woman say, "Rebbetzin, he is a fool, and there is no remedy for that from the apothecary. It is written somewhere that when the Messiah comes all the sick will be cured but the fools will remain fools. Why is this so, my good lady?"

"It is very simple," my mother replied. "The sick know that they are sick and they pray to God to be healed. But since a fool thinks that he is clever he never prays for help, and therefore he is doomed to remain what he is."

"Golden words. It is really as my

grandmother used to say: 'Where there is Torah there is knowledge.' The moment he opens his eyes in the morning, even before he recites 'I Thank Thee,' he begins to pour out nonsense. I say to him, 'What is your rush? The day is only beginning. You will have plenty of time to make an ass of yourself.' He loves to tell me his dreams. I dream, too, but when I open my eyes it all evaporates. He remembers his dreams from beginning to end. His dreams are as silly as he is. He wakes up and says, 'I dreamt that I swallowed a saltshaker.' Only an idiot can have a dream like this. I hope I won't be punished for my words, but even his boots seem silly to me."

"His boots?" my mother asked.

"Yes, his boots. Isn't that strange? Once I looked at his feet and I thought, A foolish pair of boots. Forgive me, Rebbetzin, I now talk like a fool myself. But when you live six years with a fool it rubs off on you. On a clever man everything looks clever, even his clothing. Even when a smart man tries to be silly, somehow it all comes out smart. With a fool the very opposite is true."

"Salkele, forgive me," my mother said, "but such hatred for a man is not good, either for the soul or for the body. God forbid, you may get sick from that. It can affect your livelihood."

"You are right, Rebbetzin, a thousand times right. I don't hate him. He didn't do me any evil. I know it's not his fault, but when he starts to talk and to praise me I feel nauseated. I am ashamed to visit people with him. You know very well that a woman likes to look up to her husband, and if she looks down on him she cannot submit to him."

I decided to return to the men, eager to see Shmelke's foolish boots. He was now sitting at the table, which obscured his feet. I heard him say, "Rabbi, I am giving her everything—the apartment, the store, the merchandise. How will she be able to manage a store with three little children? But this is what she wanted. I will earn my piece of bread. I will contribute for the children as much as I am able. She wants me to come to see the children only on the Sabbath. I know beforehand that I will miss them terribly."

"Reb Shmelke, I don't know if the law is clear to you, but once you are divorced you are not allowed to stay together under one roof."

"Why not?"

"This is the law. Man and wife are accustomed to one another and the temptation is great. They may fall into sin. If she remarries, the sin would be even greater."

"Rabbi, how can I ever see the children? Every house has a roof. And in the winter one cannot take the children outside."

"Someone must be present when you come to see them. It is human nature that a man is more ashamed before other people than before God."

I put my hand into the pocket of my gaberdine and began to play with the groschen I had received as pocket money in the morning before going to cheder. I took it out, and accidentally it fell from my hand and rolled under the table. I crawled under the table and saw Shmelke's boots. In the bright light of our hanging lamp I saw that they were muddy, unusually large and clumsy, made of coarse leather, with low, broad uppers and worn-out heels. I imagined that they smelled of horse dung. Yes, *these are really foolish* boots, I thought.

My father bent down and asked, "Did you lose something?"

"It is my groschen. I found it already." I could barely restrain myself from laughing.

When I got up, Shmelke asked, "Where did you get the groschen? Did you find it in the street?"

"My mother gave it to me."

"What can you get for a groschen nowadays? Wait, I will give you a kopeck."

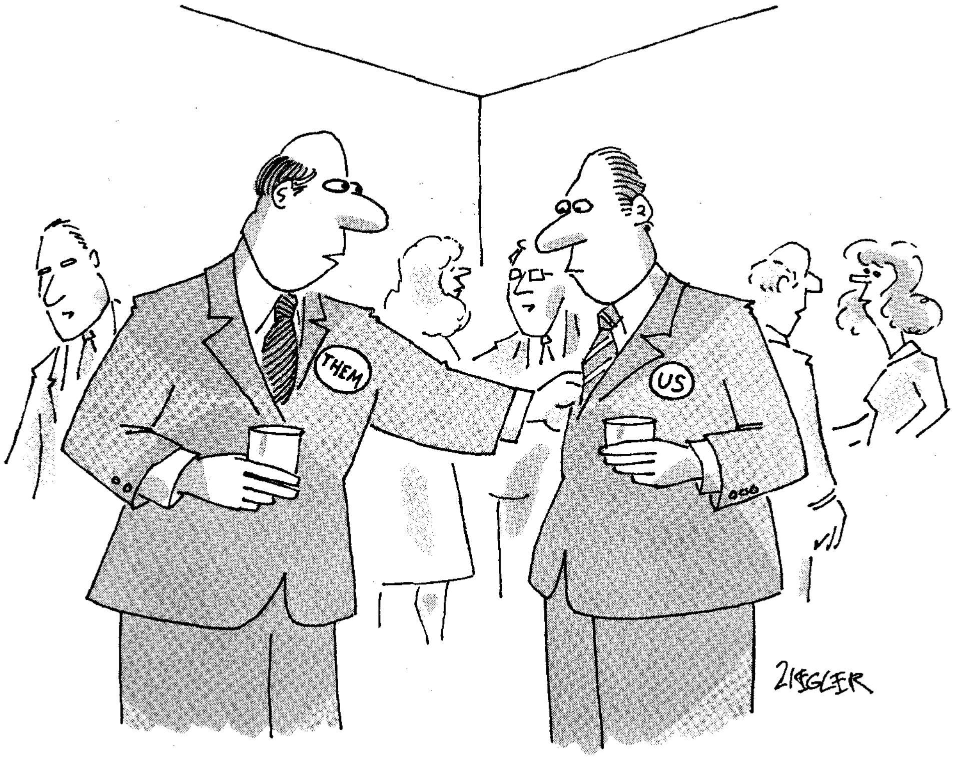
"Reb Shmelke, don't give him any money," my father said. "It is a big-city custom to give children money every day. We in Tomaszów never heard of it. When Jethro counselled his son-in-law Moses in the desert, he told him to provide from among the people men of truth, such that fear God and hate covetousness. Those who love money can be bribed easily. Many transgressions stem from the greed for money."

"Rabbi, you should have told this to my Salka. Sometimes I think that she would kill herself for a groschen. As I told you, we have a competitor and he is successful. Since it is a matter of luck, what is the sense of being envious? But she eats her heart out when she sees how well he is doing. She curses him and his wife with deadly curses. She comes home every evening sick. Rabbi, permit me to give a kopeck to the boy. This one coin will not make him covetous."

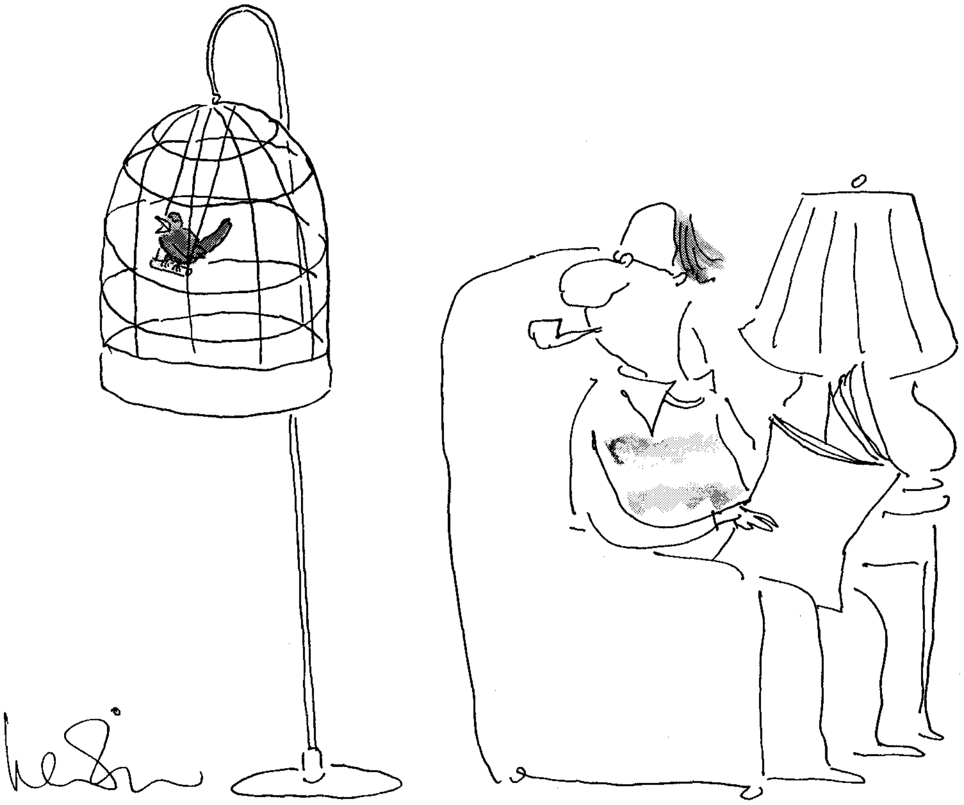
"Really, he doesn't need it."

Shmelke got up and searched long in his pockets, but he couldn't find a kopeck. Instead he took out a button, a piece of string, and a huge key—probably to the door of his store. "My Salka takes everything away from me," he said. "She cleans out my pockets. Forgive me, boy. There will be another chance."

"It doesn't matter. Thank you," I said, and I ran back to the kitchen.



"I'm surprised, Marty. I thought you were one of us."



"Dingdong, dingdong."

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I heard my mother say, "You cannot rely on maids and nannies. They are strangers. Whatever they do is for money. They don't have a mother's devotion. Every moment something can happen to a child, God forbid. It can fall, bang its head on a chair, climb up on a windowsill, get burned on the stove. There is not a day when I don't read of terrible things that happen to children when they are left to themselves."

"Rebbetzin, and what do grownups do to themselves? When I told my mother—she should intercede for us—that I was going to marry Shmelke, she said to me, 'My daughter, you are chopping off your own head.' "

THE divorce took place in our home exactly four weeks later. I was there when the scribe wrote out the divorce paper with his quill and two witnesses signed their names. My father read to Shmelke out of a large volume, saying, "Listen, thou, Shmuel Mayer Alter, the son of Eliezer Moshe. Did someone force thee to give this divorce to thy wife, Sarah Salka? Say no."

"No."

"Art thou willing to give this divorce to her in thy name, in her name, and according to the divorce laws? Say yes."

"Yes."

When it came time for Shmelke to put the divorce paper into Salka's cupped hands he broke down, crying in a hoarse voice. My father said to Salka, "You are not allowed to remarry before ninety days."

And Salka said, "Of course I am about to run to the wedding canopy immediately. Who would take me except the Angel of Death?" And she, too, burst out crying. She ran to the door with her head in her hands and my mother ran after her. Salka had left her pocketbook and the divorce paper on the table. I got a lump in my throat, and for the first time I understood why the altar sheds tears when a man divorces his first wife.

I never saw either Shmelke or Salka after the divorce. But a woman neighbor of ours who knew the couple told my mother the events that followed. Shmelke had given his store to Salka, but weeks passed without anyone's buying anything. Salka was forced to sell out her stock for less than nothing and close shop. Shmelke remarried. His new wife was an old maid, and they opened another store. Just as everything Salka did failed, everything the newlyweds did succeed. His store was always so packed with people one couldn't put a pin between them. His new wife did not consider Shmelke a fool. In comparison to her, he was a sage, our neighbor said. She was far from a beauty—small as a midget and broad as a cholent pot—but she was as good as a bright sunny day. She savored Shmelke's every word and kissed the ground he walked on. "I wish a life like hers to every decent Jewish daughter," our neighbor said.

"What about the children?" my mother asked. "Does he go to see them?"

"He sees them three times a week, perhaps even every other day."

"This is not the right conduct," my mother said after some hesitation.

"Rebbetzin, he loves them more than his own life. He would kill himself for their sake."

"Why doesn't Salka remarry?" my mother asked.

"She's looking for a clever one, but why should a clever man take a shrew like her and with three children to boot?" the neighbor said. "But don't worry. Shmelke provides for them and for her nicely. He keeps bringing her gifts. I never see him in the street without packages and bundles. How does the saying go? 'A good cow lets herself be milked.' "

"Does Salka have a maid?" my mother asked. "Is there anyone present when he visits?"

"As far as I know, she has no maid. Since she has no store to attend to, she stays home and takes care of the little ones."

"It's not the right conduct," my mother repeated. "Human beings are not strong in their faith nowadays, and the Evil One is only too eager to put them to temptations."

The neighbor bit her lips and shrugged. "True, but maids are expensive, and one cannot trust them. How does the saying go? 'Everyone kindles his own fire in Gehenna.' "

The woman winked, sighed, nodded, and left our kitchen. She kissed the mezuzah twice.

—ISAAC BASHEVIS SINGER

(*Translated, from the Yiddish, by the author.*)

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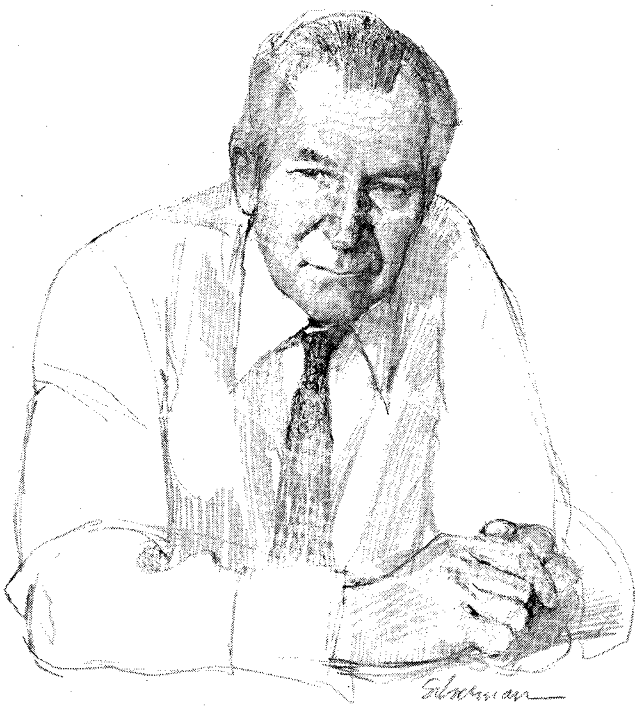
When Lee Weyer, a veteran National umpire, called an Expo safe on a close play at first, the reporters heard Steinbrenner refer to Weyer with an epitaph, and say: "The National League will always give the close play to the National League team."—*The Times.*

Requiescat in pace.

PROFILES

A CERTAIN POETRY—II



Jean Riboud

FOR a hundred and thirty years, the Riboud family has owned a thirteen-hundred-acre estate, La Carelle, which is fifty-five miles north of Lyons, in the Beaujolais region of France. The fields and woodlands and rolling hills of this estate form a checkerboard of orange and yellow leaves, green pastures, and brown earth. The farmland is rimmed by dirt paths that meander into groves of linden, birch, fir, pine, American red oak, wild cherry, and mountain ash. The estate includes eight farms, each with a simple farmhouse of earth-colored brick, built in the Romanesque style that was popular six centuries ago. La Carelle is the country home of Jean Riboud, who for the past eighteen years has been the chief executive of Schlumberger, one of the world's most successful multinational corporations.

The main house is a twenty-six-room stone structure, also Romanesque in style, shaded by giant redwood trees. In the center of the house is an atrium with a green-blue-and-black mosaic floor, from which six white marble columns rise, supporting a balcony. A tinted-glass skylight serves as a canopy for this imposing space. The furniture is all of the period of Louis XIV; on the walls are eighteenth-century French paintings by Vernet and Rigaud. On the main floor are eight wood-panelled rooms, including a billiard room; a dining room with an immense hand-carved table and nineteenth-century French paintings; and three libraries containing leather-bound books, a number of sculptures and oil paintings, and five generations of family photographs. In a stone cellar below are a medieval spit and a baking oven; a space where laundry used to be boiled; a small chapel, where Hélène Riboud, Jean's mother, had a Mass said for Jean and his bride, Krishna, when they got married, in 1949; and a wine cellar with perhaps a thousand bottles of Chiroubles Beaujolais—the local wine—and rows of Bordeaux and champagnes acquired by Riboud's grandparents. There is also a modern touch: a screening room, with portable canvas chairs and a felt blanket covering the stone floor.

At the top of a stone staircase that leads from the main floor to the balcony and the bedrooms are several pieces of contemporary African sculpture. The master bedroom is more modern in style than the downstairs rooms, with brilliant-orange draperies and a bright-green bedspread. Krishna Riboud, who was born in India, has redecorated this room, and is redecorating the guest rooms on the second floor and her workrooms in the attic. On the door of one workroom is a plaque that reads "Inner Sanctum." A door leading to the smaller workroom bears a sign reading, "Enter with Awe." These two rooms contain Indian, African, and Japanese artifacts and rugs, and file cabinets filled with photographs and textile samples that Krishna, who is an expert in ancient Chinese silks, uses in her work.

Although La Carelle is not home to Krishna Riboud the way the Ribouds' six-room garden apartment, on the Avenue de Breteuil, in Paris, is, she has put her personal stamp on it. "I have never met a woman like her—she could be living in a dreary hotel room and after two days she would bring it to life," Riboud says of her. Krishna Riboud has made a five-acre meadow beside the main house into a sanctuary for a variety of animals, among them fifteen gray antelopes; four gray sarus cranes, from India, with brilliant red heads; two small gray-and-black Paradise cranes, with plumes that brush the earth; six smaller demoiselle cranes, from the Sudan, their heads tufted with white; four crowned cranes, from Africa; bar-headed geese, from India; twenty species of ducks from different parts of the world; six magnificent white peacocks, from Asia, which stroll in spacious cages; and fourteen blue peacocks, which glide about at will and are often joined by local gray herons.

Krishna Riboud has also helped transform a farmhouse just a few feet from the main house into a home for the Ribouds' son, Christophe, an economist, who runs a successful French market-research firm, his wife, Sophie, and their three children. In the colder months, Riboud closes the main house, and when he can get away from Paris for a weekend he stays with Christophe's family. Krishna usually remains in Paris to work on these weekends.

Although Riboud considers himself a citizen of the world—equally at ease in his native France, in the United States, and in India, which he visits annually—La Carelle is the place he calls home. He has two brothers and three sisters, and when their father, Camille, died—in 1939, at the age of fifty-three—each of the children inherited a sixth of the estate. After their mother died, in 1957, Riboud bought his brothers' and sisters' land. Of the six children, only Jean and his sister Françoise, who is now sixty-one and lives in a farmhouse a few hundred yards from the main house, enjoyed the solitude of La Carelle. When Riboud bought the property, an arrangement was made whereby the brothers and sisters deeded this farmhouse to Françoise, and there she runs a school and home for disturbed children.

At La Carelle, Riboud supervises a staff of ten, including a gardener whose family has lived in a nearby stone carriage house for a hundred years. Père Jean-Marie Ruet, as the Ribouds called the original gardener, lived on the property for eighty-two years, until he died, in 1978, at the age of ninety-two. Ruet's son, Jean, who is now sixty-two, has known only one job: looking after the grounds and the elaborate orchard and garden, with plum, pear, peach, and apple trees, raspberry bushes, and vegetables and herbs. Jean Ruet's son Bernard is being trained to replace his father, and Jean Ruet's wife, Jeannette, cooks for the Ribouds and takes care of the house. The Ruets have an easy, informal relationship with the Ribouds. When Riboud is at La Carelle, the Ruets invite him over for a glass of Beaujolais, *biscuits*, and goat cheese made by a neighbor; they chat about the village and the property.

La Carelle is where Riboud relaxes. He went there in the summer of 1981 to recuperate from a collapsed lung and to think about reshaping Schlumberger's board of directors, and he has many times been host there to his close friend President François Mitterrand. Often, he will put on a tan parka, tuck his pants into tall rubber boots, and set out, with his brown collie, for the woods, pausing on the way to inspect dams and ponds and freshly planted trees.

One day recently, a visitor accompanying Riboud on such a walk asked him, "What does La Carelle mean to you?"

"To ask that is like asking somebody what it means to be in love," he replied. "If you've never experienced it yourself, an explanation can never make it clear to you."

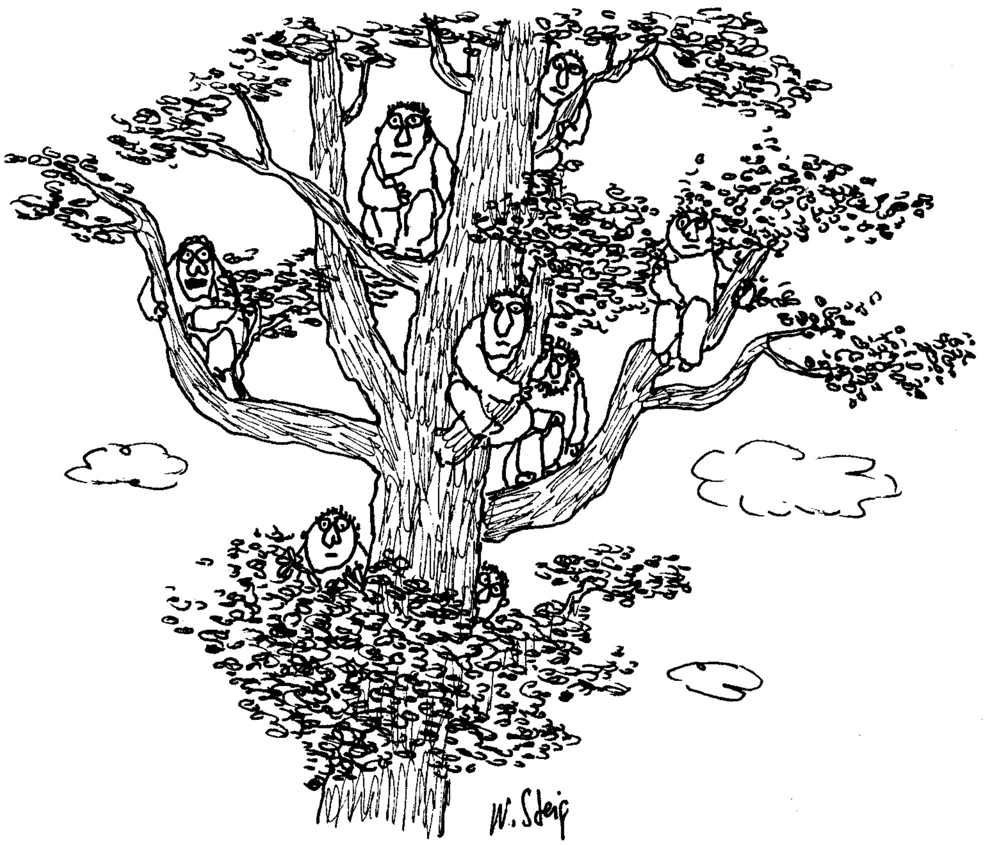
A short time later, Riboud drove with his visitor into the nearby village of Ouroux, whose population is about four hundred. One of Riboud's good friends in the village is Jean-Marie Berthet, who was the mayor when Riboud returned from the war, and who was known to the conservative opposition as "the Communist." In the postwar years, Berthet and Riboud became allies when they served together on the village council, and Riboud still feels a special kinship with Berthet. He now decided to pay him a visit.

Berthet, a burly, red-cheeked man, opened his door onto a narrow, cobblestoned village street, and greeted Riboud with an enormous hug. Then, taking Riboud by the arm, he led him inside to say hello to his family, who were sitting around a table in the kitchen, finishing their Sunday dinner. In the dining room, Berthet uncorked a bottle of wine, and the two men seated themselves at the table. In no time, they were deep in a discussion of politics—specifically, the politics of the village council. Riboud said that he was upset about the recent local elections, in which conservative candidates won a majority of the eleven seats on the council. That election may have brought to mind the election of 1977, when Riboud's sister Françoise, who had always sided with him and the political left, and who had been closer to him than any of the other Riboud children, joined with Church leaders and other conservative forces in an attempt to oust the incumbent mayor, because of what they saw as his insufficient devotion to Catholic schools. Antoine Riboud, Jean's older brother, has a different recollection: "My sister was more left than my brother." Françoise won a seat on the village council, with a hundred and eighteen votes, and Jean, who had been on the council since 1945, lost his, with a hundred and seventeen. They have spoken little since. Jean remains angry with his sister; Krishna Riboud, who had felt particularly close to Françoise (Françoise had been matron of honor at her wedding), is saddened by the episode.

Riboud pressed Berthet to explain how a conservative candidate had won the recent mayoral contest. Berthet said that he himself had favored a schoolteacher who was by village standards a liberal, but that the villagers had apparently been "scared" of this candidate. In some rural French villages, candidates divide along religious lines: those who are "good Catholics" and obey the wishes of the clergy are deemed "conservatives," and those who are more independent of the Church and of local custom are deemed "liberals." Issues of moment in the outside world, both national and international, tend to be eclipsed by local concerns, but during his seven years as mayor of Ouroux, Berthet had consistently raised world issues, and he openly identified himself as "a man of the left"—as a Communist.

Why had the villagers not been afraid to elect him?

"I labelled myself a Communist because I thought the Communist Party was the only leftist party," he



Treed

said, and he went on to explain that during the nineteen-forties many idealists had not identified with the Socialist Party in France, because it had not been as vigorous as it could have been in opposing Vichy and postwar colonialism. Berthet had thought that the Socialists, like the conservatives, were opposed to any fundamental changes, so he saw no outlet for his political beliefs except Communism.

The young Riboud felt that his political choices were similarly restricted. He emerged from the war with fervent convictions about the dangers of nationalism, about the importance of a united Europe and a world government, and about one's obligation to oppose privilege—whether of a so-called master race or of the French ruling class. He was a prisoner at Buchenwald for twenty months during the war, and he had seen his Nazi guards as products of a contagious xenophobia and racism, while from both the Communists and the Christians in the camp he had learned the value of faith in something beyond oneself or one's country. For Riboud, the Communists he met at Buchenwald had been "like a fountain of hope."

However one might define Riboud's politics, he has always thought of himself as "a man of the left," although not necessarily as a Marxist. He has long nourished a dislike for what he thinks of as the French establishment. Not surprisingly, in 1968, when student protests against the conservatism of French society and the government of President Charles de Gaulle spilled onto the streets of several cities, Riboud sided with the students. He was in New York and Krishna Riboud was visiting India when Claude Baks, a family friend, who was then a close aide at Schlumberger, phoned him to report that Christophe, who was eighteen, had joined the Paris demonstrations. "People said it was a revolution," Riboud recalled not long ago. "My feeling about French society was that it was so set that you had to push hard just to move a few inches." Son and father both pushed. Jean Riboud's protest involved his friend Henri Langlois, the founder of the Cinémathèque Française—an international film library that by 1968 contained some fifty thousand films. Riboud had known Langlois since the summer of 1958, when Krishna, who had met Langlois at Cannes, introduced them. That summer, Langlois was editing a film on the life of Chagall, and a friend brought him and his longtime companion, Mary Meerson, to lunch at La Carelle. The couple stayed on for a month. Riboud was fascinated by Langlois, a corpulent man who devoured great quantities of food and wine and had a huge enthusiasm for movies, and he became an ardent backer of Langlois's library.

DEAD NECK, EASTERN POINT, BASS ROCKS

I

At Dead Neck, the empty real, gull- and sun-inhabited,
scrubs the salt-whitened swimmer's century and nation
from him—a gull-winged flare of magnesium caws
whitely. As soon as I was bearded, above, below,
baroque with hair, I drenched myself in emptiness,
vacancy, as joy. Here, and at the stone arcade
of that rich man's house, I emptily watch
antics of white pediments, foam-footed, as they heel,
difficult toys, in silvered fleets, between shoal and shore—
models of my advice:
come pour your smallness in this space.

This immense sand box of the inutile,
wan landscape, scoured, spindling in a various multitude
of views—behind me, a modest tumble of rock-
scumble palely meanders north; beige petit-point
points spittily toward the capstoned folds
of seaside Gloucester, hilled and steepled:
at the sea, God is a point of wintery
exclamation, a sharp surprise.
I cannot think; I breathe too much.
This difficult air splashes woodenly
at my lips.

II

The gold air rings with clamor.
A block of roofs at one corner
of the gold air stonily stands. Wind moves
on green baize, transparent croupier.
The light boats sail wind-stiffened,
white sculptures by the water-enchanted race.

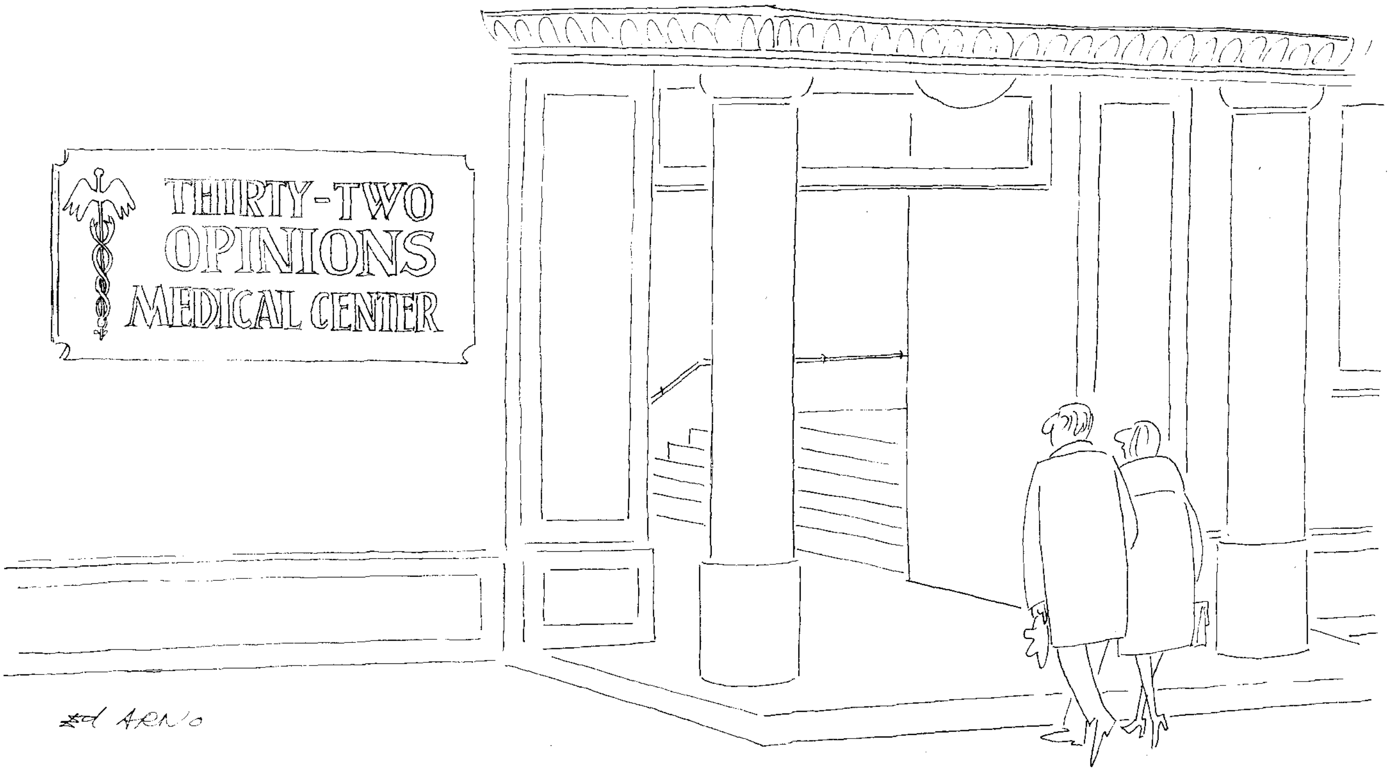
III

I sheathe my chest in Boyar outfits, in a savage's
view of love across Cape Ann. I speak as if I were not here
where the widowed rocks
bear white flounces of storming apple branches
bursting at them, ornamenting their black dresses.
The wet booms which are lament and requiem, the white
masts which are a lover's sperm of Egyptian obelisks,
combed and splintering, lotus columns forked and shattered
in floods: I believe the spray is winnowed
of its salt by the flailing air shrieking with gulls,
in the labor of the fellahin. The air takes on the weight
of rock from the ocean's unvolcanic
chill; lumped wind tumbles on you—these brute winds
breed no farmland, only emptiness,
a public joy, an anarchy of motions.

—Harold Brodkey

• •

Unlike Riboud, Langlois was somewhat disorganized. Riboud tried to help him devise systems for cataloguing films and for establishing financial records and a salary schedule for employees, but these efforts were less than successful. Films were lost; the bookkeeping procedures became a tangled mess. André Malraux, President de Gaulle's Minister of Culture, became so alarmed by Langlois's slovenly habits that in February of 1968 he dismissed him as director. Langlois had mismanaged the film library and



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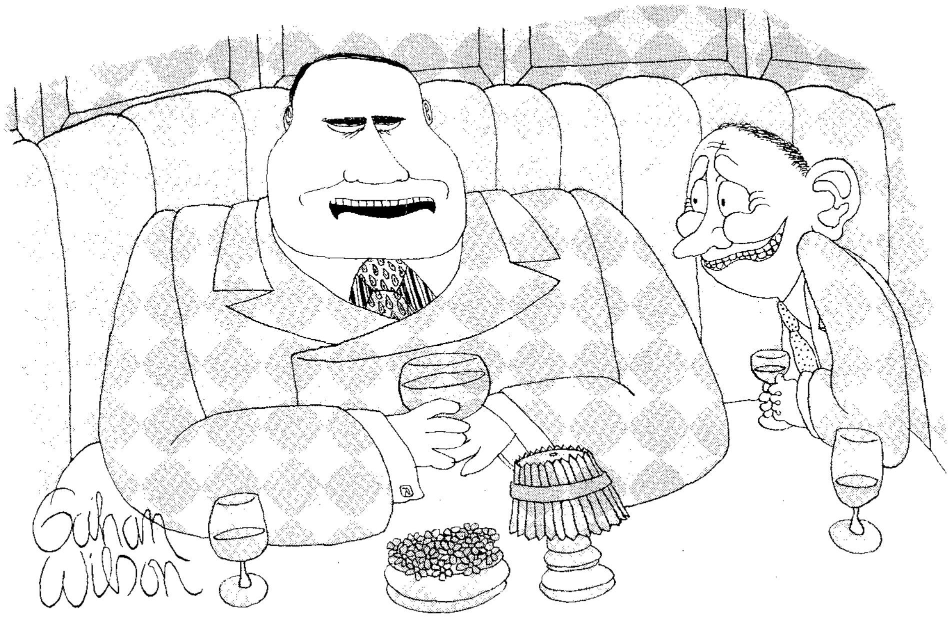
its finances, Malraux claimed, and he observed that, whatever Langlois's skills, basic arithmetic was not among them. Riboud and others saw the dismissal as an attempt by the conservative government to rule the cultural life of France. The directors Jean-Luc Godard, François Truffaut, and Alain Resnais defended Langlois, whom they greatly admired. Thousands of actors, directors, producers, and other sympathizers took to the streets of Paris to protest the dismissal of Langlois. On February 14th, a thousand riot policemen were mobilized to contain a mass protest on the Boulevard Haussmann. Riboud began quietly negotiating with the French government as Langlois's representative, even cancelling business trips and staying away from his office, sometimes for days. Riboud was obsessed by the battle. Strategy sessions were held at the Ribouds' apartment. Riboud was the low-key general of Langlois's army of supporters, encouraging the troops to "push and push" while, in his words, "at the same time I was saying to Malraux, 'Well, we're perfectly willing to negotiate.' "

Finally, in April, Malraux agreed to restore Langlois to his former post. Only a small group knew of Riboud's role in this. One who did is Mary Meerson. "Riboud paid for everything," she said not long ago, in an interview in Paris. "He was the private foundation, arranging everything. It is thanks to him that the Cinémathèque exists. He mobilized all the banks and industries to provide finances. This museum is unique in the world. Riboud is a great man, and he never sought any publicity for himself. When Langlois died, it was Jean Riboud who paid off his debts."

RIBOUD first met François Mitterrand in the mid-fifties. In those days, leading figures on the left—Albert Camus, Jean-Paul Sartre, Pierre Mendès-France, Mitterrand, Gaston Defferre—gathered now and then to discuss their opposition to French colonialism in Algeria, to de Gaulle, to the French Communist Party, and to privilege and the French establishment. They got together at the Paris office of the magazine *L'Express*, whose editors were Jean-Jacques Servan-Schreiber and Françoise Giroud. Riboud admired Servan-Schreiber and invested in *L'Express*. Although in 1954 and 1955 Mitterrand had served as Interior Minister in the government of Pierre Mendès-France, whom Riboud revered, he and Riboud knew each other only casually. The man who eventually brought them together as friends and political allies was Georges Dayan, a French Jew who had befriended Mitterrand in college and had served with him in the Resistance, and who until his death, in May of 1980, was Mitterrand's campaign manager and closest friend. In 1971, when the Nixon Administration, under pressure at home and from abroad, decided to abandon the gold standard and float the dollar by linking its value to the value of other currencies, Mitterrand, who was then first secretary of the Socialist Party and was planning the second of three attempts to become President of France, knew that he had to take a position on the issue. However, he was not sure of its implications, and Dayan suggested that Riboud might offer solid advice.

In August of that year, Mitterrand went to La Carelle and met with Riboud. At lunch, they discussed the currency issue, and then they took a walk in the woods and discovered that they shared a number of interests. Both loved to walk, to watch birds, to talk about art and history. Both were fond of nature and prized simplicity. Both had served in the Resistance and had been captured by the Germans. Both believed that technology could bring a brighter future. Both called themselves socialists. A lasting bond was created. "From then on," Irène Dayan, the widow of Georges Dayan, recalled, "Mitterrand would always ask Georges, 'What does Riboud think?' Since my husband died, Mitterrand has needed Riboud's friendship, Riboud's intelligence, Riboud's impartiality more than ever. Riboud is not part of the government, so he can talk freely. Mitterrand trusts his judgment. Wherever they meet, they walk together. If Riboud goes to Mitter-



"I'm glad you asked me that question."

rand's house, in the southwest of France, they walk for hours in the woods. The Mitterrands often have a private dinner that includes the family, the Ribouds, and me."

Until recently, Riboud's intimacy with Mitterrand was not widely known. Riboud will speak off the record to a handful of French journalists whom he knows, but he says that he has never returned a telephone call from any French reporter to discuss politics. He attends meetings with government ministers at Mitterrand's request, and he regularly writes memos to the President outlining proposals related to the French or the international economy, but he does not advertise either of these activities. "I believe that since my husband died Riboud has probably replaced him, more or less," Mme. Dayan says. There are those in the government and those at Schlumberger who believe that Riboud will one day join Mitterrand's government, perhaps as Prime Minister—especially if Mitterrand's new austerity program, which Riboud has grave reservations about, fails to bolster the franc.

Riboud's activities on behalf of Mitterrand—or, for that matter, those on behalf of Henri Langlois—help illuminate the mixture of principle, practicality, and sentiment which makes up his political philosophy. One principle behind Riboud's socialism is a desire to remake French society so that people who are born to wealth will not have lives of unearned ease. "Profit should not be the only element in judging human life," Riboud says. "It should be one element, but not the only element." Riboud says that he wants to democratize French culture—one reason that he supported Langlois and is devoted to modern art's crusade to redefine the way people see the world. He also wants to spread democracy in the world, and to that end he advocates a united Europe, decries the domination of the two superpowers, and champions the Third World.

Another aspect of Riboud's socialism is practical. In February of 1982, the Mitterrand government began to nationalize companies in five basic industries, including two leading investment banks, eighteen commercial banks, and two major electrical manufacturers—an action that would put the central government in control of twenty-nine per cent of French industrial production and twenty-three per cent of the French industrial work force. Nationalization, Mitterrand said, would liberate France from the world recession. Although Riboud was uncomfortable with the nationalization, he did not protest it. "I'm willing to pay even the price of nationalization to achieve what Mitterrand wants to do," he said recently. "And that is to establish an alternative to French society—to modify French society and advance a few of the things I really believe in." Nationalization, he believes, is the practical political price that must be paid to appease the left wing of Mitterrand's party, to keep the Communists weak and without ammunition, and to maintain what he calls "the political mythology."

Riboud once said that "as long as the French Communist Party was strong, conservative forces would be in power for over a hundred years." His enthusiasm for Mitterrand stems partly from his conviction that Mitterrand has humbled the French Communist Party, and that his anti-Soviet views have persuaded French voters that the Socialists are not agents of Moscow. Riboud says that Mitterrand has set adrift the "iceberg" of the French Communist Party, which once prevented electoral success for the Socialists. The Communists' total vote fell from twenty-one per cent in 1969 to just fifteen and four-tenths per cent in the last Presidential election, and they were given only four of forty-four Cabinet posts in Mitterrand's government. (They now hold just two Cabinet posts.) "It's becoming absurd to be a Communist in the French society of the eighties," Riboud said recently. "So at one point the break will occur—the whole thing will go out to sea. In fact, it's going out to sea now."

Some of Riboud's detractors claim that his support for nationalization is a luxury denied to many businessmen in France. Some French businessmen, says his close associate Jacques de Fouchier, who is the former chairman of the Compagnie Financière de Paris et des Pays-Bas (Paribas) and is a supporter of the conservatives, "maintain that it's very easy for him to be friends of the Socialists, because *his* company is not threatened by nationalization and he has made a lot of money from a multinational corporation." It is true that nationalization poses little threat to Schlumberger, for only about six per cent of the company's operating income and seventeen per cent of its assets are tied up in France.

As for the sentimental side to Riboud's socialism, it springs from boyhood yearnings for solidarity, for reducing issues to choices between the forces of change and the forces of reaction, between good and evil. Like many people on the French left, Riboud sees himself as having a kind of moral mission, and thus has a propensity for symbolic battles. While conservatives tend to side with mili-

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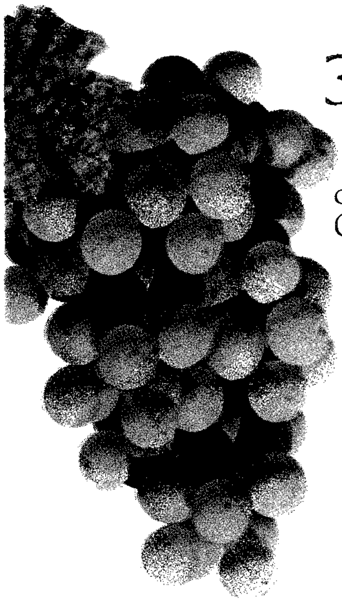

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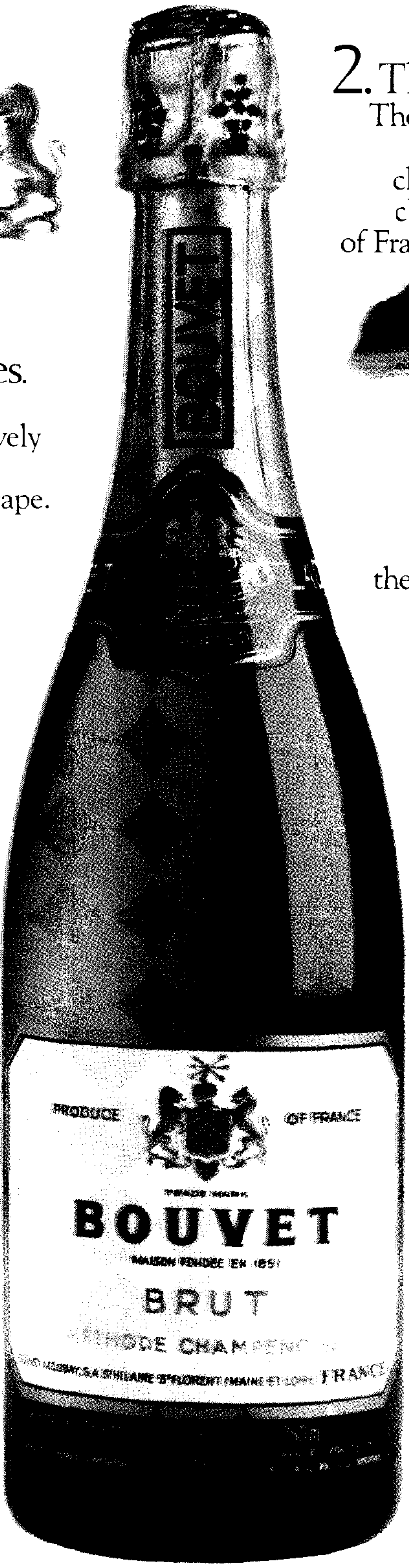
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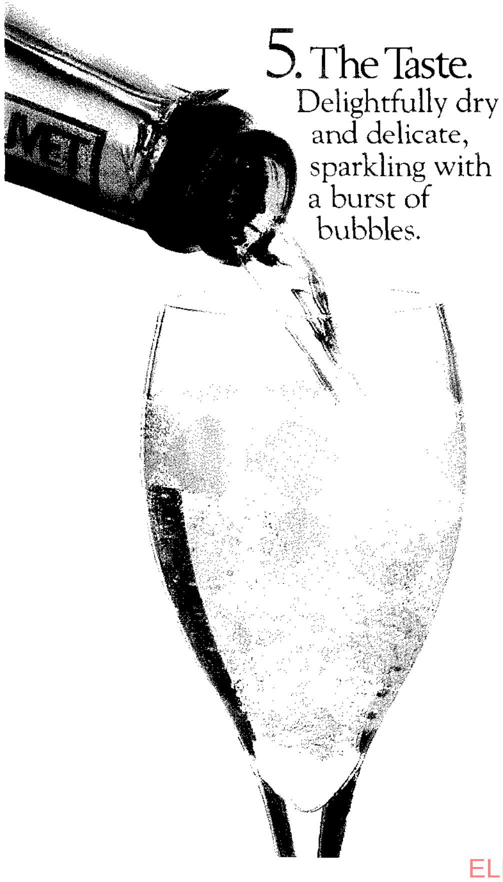

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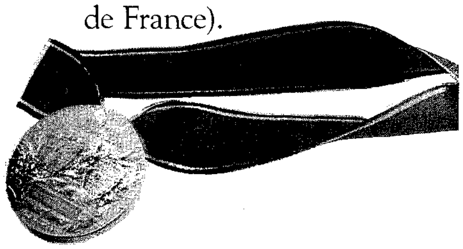

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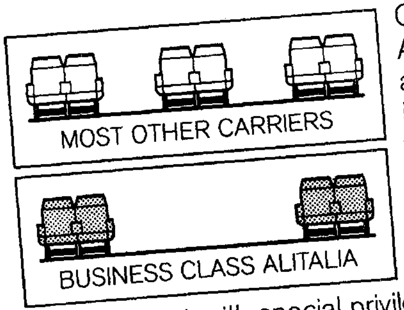

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ARMANDO TESTA SPA

tary regimes, Mitterrand and Riboud side with governments that proclaim their devotion to "the masses." In his memoir, "The Wheat and the Chaff," Mitterrand extols Salvador Allende Gossens, the late Socialist President of Chile, as "the first person to join Fidel Castro and Che Guevara in the great struggle that . . . foreshadows a new day in Latin America." Allende, who believed in democracy, is paired with Castro, who does not.

SUMMER REPLACEMENTS
Coughy
KAFF
KAFF
Cranky
Mac
R. Chast

Riboud's associates have commented on this sentimental trait. "It's a dream of any schoolboy to be a rich capitalist and also to be accepted by socialism," says D. Euan Baird, a Schlumberger executive vice-president in New York. "I frankly think it's a little naïve." And Jacques de Fouchier says of Riboud's politics, "It's important in his life, because it's a mood. You know, sometimes you say such-and-such a thing just when you're in a certain mood. When you have said it enough, you begin to believe it." The writer Françoise Giroud, a friend of Riboud's, believes that he chooses to overlook the fact that he is a member of the establishment he ostensibly opposes. "He is an intelligent man, but I think his political involvement is purely emotional—irrational," she says. Claude Baks, like Euan Baird, thinks that Riboud is politically naïve. "He believes he's a socialist," Baks has said. "He's not. He believes in equality. Let's say he's a left democrat." And Servan-Schreiber speaks of Riboud this way: "He doesn't know what he means. He is a man who is very unhappy with the state of society. He wants to change it, in a vague way. He does not know how, but he calls it socialism. He would have been part of the New Deal. He really is outraged about the poor. He's not profoundly political. It's more a moral attitude."

Riboud himself reluctantly concedes at times that "socialist" is not a word that adequately characterizes his politics. "To be a socialist in France today is fundamentally to be a liberal democrat opposing the conservative forces," he has said. "To be a socialist in France is to try to have some concept of the future." Riboud also concedes that Mitterrand's domestic policies are "a gamble," in that they expose France to the risk of the kind of stifling bureaucracy and steep taxes that have afflicted Britain's welfare state. But if the gamble pays off, he says, and the Mitterrand government is able to shift funds for long-term research to nationalized industries, it will be able to move France into the forefront of technology. Over the next five years, the government plans to invest twenty billion dollars in research and development in electronics alone. Riboud believes that Franklin D. Roosevelt saved capitalism from itself, and he believes that Mitterrand can do so in France. He embraces Mitterrand's push to make the tax system more equitable. "For the last twenty years, France has been the only industrial nation with negligible capital-gains and estate taxes," Riboud says. "And I don't think you can run any tax system without some meaningful form of either a capital-gains tax or an estate tax." Although he worries that the left will one day take these taxes too far, his greater fear is that nothing will be done about French taxation. "The conservative forces have never even tried to do anything about it," he says.

Riboud's concern is tempered by a sense of history. The French are traditionally more relaxed about big government than Americans are. As an example of the American attitude, Riboud cites Ronald Reagan, who declared in his Inaugural Address that "government is the problem." Riboud says that the American view that all nationalized companies are badly run and all private industries are well run is a great oversimplification. He notes that the Renault automobile company was nationalized years ago, and it remains one of the better-run companies, and that the same can be said of Air France and Électricité de France, both of which are nationalized. On the other hand, the nationalized British Leyland has been a failure. And nationalizing an innovative company like Hewlett-Packard or I.B.M. "would be a disaster and absurd," Riboud says, adding, "If you were to nationalize a utility like Consolidated Edison, I don't think it would be any better, but I'm not sure it would be any worse." It did not pass unnoticed by Riboud that when the government of Mexico nationalized its banks, in the summer of 1982, American bankers cheered loudest, applauding this action as a commitment by the government to meet its debt obligations to the banks.

To many people, whether in France or in the United States, it seems odd to see a successful capitalist like Riboud espousing socialism. Riboud, however, views himself as a man seeking fresh approaches that blend a conservative's fiscal caution and belief in strong management with a liberal's compassion and commitment to change. In his lengthy memorandums to Mitterrand, Riboud has urged a "third way"—between a completely state-dominated economy and the austerity put forward by such leaders as Ronald Reagan and Margaret Thatcher. In March, when Finance Minister Jacques Delors argued successfully that the Mitterrand government should try to bolster the sagging franc and close the nation's trade deficit through new austerity measures, Riboud was one of those leading the internal opposition. While he supported the program, he did not think it was comprehensive enough, and he urged the adoption of temporary protectionist policies to keep foreign goods out, and an incomes policy to guarantee employment and government-backed credit to businesses; in exchange, he proposed wage concessions from labor and price ceilings from business. Riboud advocates a government-planned and government-financed industrial policy, in which government would approve plans and provide loans while businesses would commit themselves to moderating prices and to innovation. Such a policy—which parallels, in many ways, his friend Felix Rohatyn's suggestion of a new Reconstruction Finance Corporation to help rebuild American industry—invites questions. Would government decisions about particular industries be made by elected officials or by so-called nonpolitical officials? Why would their decisions necessarily be wiser than those dictated by a free market? Where would the capital come from? If government resources were limited, would subsidized industries receive preferential credit treatment over nonsubsidized industries? If a conflict arose between politics and profits—over whether to move a plant to a new location to take advantage of lower labor costs, say—would the business executives be free to make the decision? And if they weren't would this arrangement not merely be socialism by another name?

Though Riboud is somewhat vague about how the system he envisions might actually work, he is clear about some of the elements it might contain. He believes, for example, that government must serve as a referee between various interests and the public. He also believes that the waste and bureaucracy of the French welfare state should be reduced. While he favors protectionist measures to safeguard French industries, particularly against Japanese imports, he also favors renewed efforts to create a common European monetary system and to improve international coöperation worldwide. (How to square these seemingly contradictory notions remains a mystery.) Above all, Riboud retains the optimism of his youth, and Schlumberger has strengthened his belief that conviction and vision are rewarded. The underlying theme of his advice to Mitterrand is that although the problems of France and the world are complex, all that is needed is will and a political constituency. "To succeed, one must be bold yet firm," he concluded one memorandum to Mitterrand.

RIBOUD sees his work at Schlumberger as an extension of his political views. "Running a company is like politics," he says. "You are always balancing interests and personalities and trying to keep people motivated." On being asked how he would like to be characterized as an executive, he replied, "I would like it to be said that I'm bringing about in my professional life what I'm trying to bring about with myself—it's one and the same thing." Like Marcel and Conrad Schlumberger, the two brothers who founded the company in 1926, Riboud thinks of the company as an extension of personal values—humility, loyalty, preserving faith in an idea, serving people, being trusting, being open-minded to different cultures, being ambitious and competitive and yet mindful of tradition. ("Jean Riboud impersonates a businessman who is trying to hide a certain poetry," the artist Saul Steinberg has said.) The key in a corporation or in government, Riboud says, is "motivating people" and forging a consensus. "We are no longer in a society where the head of a corporation can just give orders," he says. People need to believe in something larger than themselves. To be successful, he thinks, a corporation must learn from the Japanese that "we have the responsibility that religion used to have." A good company must not be just a slave to profits; it must strive to perform a service and to beat its competitors. But more, he feels, it must measure itself against a higher standard, seeking perfection.

There is another way in which Schlumberger is an extension of Riboud's political philosophy—in its international character. Riboud says that with the possible exception of the oil company Royal

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"It's one thing for the National Commission to comment on the quality of teaching in our schools. It's another thing entirely for you to stand up and call Mr. Costello a yo-yo."

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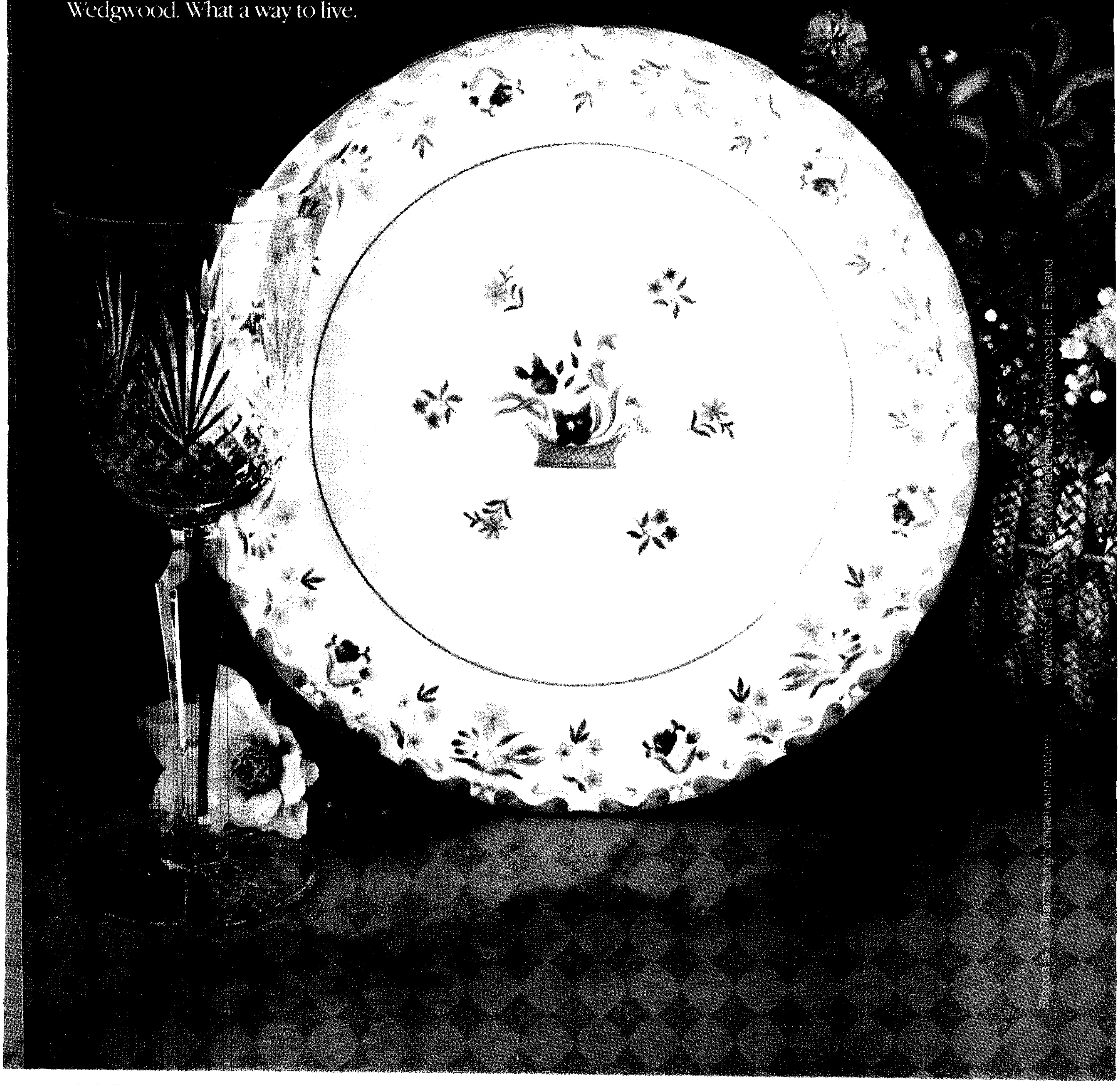

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Wedgwood Bianca. The original early 19th century design is in full bloom in this lush adaptation from our inspired Williamsburg Collection. The 3-piece place setting, $122. Wedgwood crystal: Majesty, $26 a stem. (Suggested retail prices.) Wedgwood, 41 Madison Avenue, New York 10010.

How Mercedes-Benz harnesses the wind.

This 300SD measures almost 17 ft. long, weighs 3,780 lbs., affords 108.8 cu. ft. of interior volume. But the wedge-shaped body 1 is so skillfully contoured, that its 0.36 Cd is bettered by no other 4-door sedan sold in the U.S. today.

Brake-generated heat buildup is dissipated into airstream 2 via heavily slotted alloy wheels.

Inlet at windshield base 3 diverts measured airflow to help cool sensitive electronic components under the hood.

Channels integrated with windshield posts 4 intercept rainwater dispersed by wipers, conduct it upward onto roof area 5 and away from side windows.

Outside mirror shell 6 shaped to deflect swirling water, slush from mirror surface.

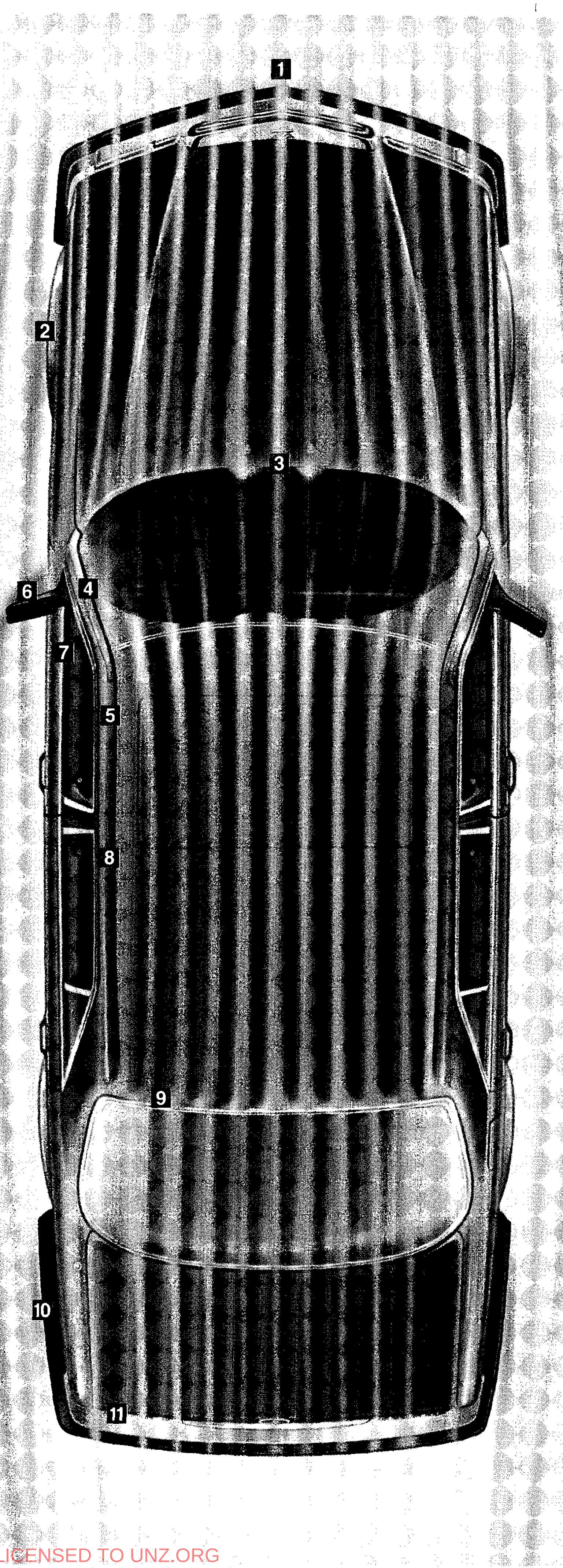
Fine aerodynamic detailing of cabin exterior 7 keeps wind turbulence and noise at minimum.

Channels set into roof 8 help guide rainwater rearward and away from side window area.

Grooves trap streaming rain and duct it around rear window frame 9 to exit at rear of car.

Ventilation gills 10, placed in a controlled low-pressure area at rear quarter panel, efficiently draw stale air from cabin. Air in cabin is completely exchanged every 20 seconds.

"Washboard" ribbing of taillights 11 helps keep their lenses clean, even in foul-weather driving.



The difference between aerodynamics and Mercedes-Benz aerodynamics.

The Mercedes-Benz sedan sweeps through the stormy night along a rainswept highway. Inside the car, stereo music muffles the rhythmic slap-slap-slap of the wipers and everything is normal.

But outside the car, everything is not normal.

The rain is heavy, but the side windows remain oddly unstreaked.

The surface of the driver's outside mirror is almost free of swirling water.

Sheets of rain should be streaming down and over the rear window glass, but they aren't.

Enough grime is kicked up as the car whisks along to cake the taillights. But the taillights still glow ruby red.

Something strange and wonderful—and aerodynamic—is happening to this Mercedes-Benz.

0.36 not enough

It is happening by design.

There is, of course, no more aerodynamically pure four-door sedan sold in America than the Mercedes-Benz 300SD Sedan. Its 0.36 drag coefficient eclipses many exotic sports cars and coupes in sheer wind-cheating efficiency—a crucial feat, when every gain of 10 percent in aerodynamic efficiency can yield a gain of three to four percent in fuel economy.

But for Mercedes-Benz engineers, it is only step one in the exploitation of aerodynamics. They look beyond the numbers game of low drag coefficients, to the way a moving car and the moving air around it interact. They use the flow of onrushing air, as it passes over and around the car, to perform vital extra functions.

In brief, they put aerodynamics to work. Extending the science of cheating the wind to include the idea of *harnessing* the wind.

Study the diagram at left. As that Mercedes-Benz sedan forges ahead through the storm, aerodynamic science is being used to sluice rainwater away from its side and rear window glass.

The shell of its outside mirror has been aerodynamically shaped to help conduct swirling rain and slush away from the mirror surface itself.

The taillight lenses are deeply ribbed to resemble washboards: not a styling trick but an aerodynamic trick, meant to keep the recessed grooves clean by sheltering them from the vortices of airborne water (and mud and slush) in the car's slipstream.

Aerodynamically stable

Wet weather or dry, aerodynamics helps to exert a constant *downforce* on the front axle of a Mercedes-Benz as it moves along—countering a natural tendency of the front end to "lift" as speeds rise and more firmly bonding the tires to the road.

The car's body side configuration is aerodynamically critical. Correct shaping can help resist the sudden force of violent sidewinds, invisible blows that could jar a car off its true path.

A Mercedes-Benz utilizes aerodynamics to continuously cool specific heat-sensitive electronic components under its hood. To feed fresh air into the cabin while silently extracting stale air. To prevent irritating drafts and pressure imbalances in the occupants' ears, by maintaining a constant level of cabin air pressure at all speeds. To draw exhaust gases away into the airstream behind the car.

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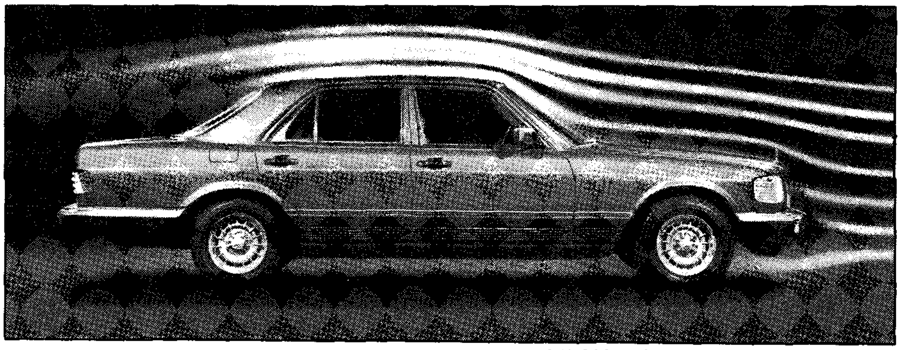

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Dutch/Shell, Schlumberger is "the only truly multinational company that I know of." Schlumberger has long since ceased to have a single national identity. "If I have one purpose today," Riboud says, "it is to expand the concept of merging together into one enterprise Europeans, Americans, and citizens of the Third World; to bring in Asians, Africans, and Latin Americans so they feel at home with their own culture, their own religion, and yet feel that Schlumberger is their family."

Like other multinational corporations, Schlumberger sometimes gets embroiled in conflicts with nations when they uphold their own interests against what Schlumberger says are the world's interests. For example, Schlumberger has challenged the right of the Internal Revenue Service to tax revenues from wireline services performed for companies on the outer continental shelf in the Gulf of Mexico. "We don't consider the continental shelf part of the United States," says Allen D. Klein, Schlumberger's vice-president and director of taxes. In 1980, Schlumberger agreed to an out-of-court settlement on tax claims dating to 1967 and 1969, but in that case the company settled the I.R.S. claim for something less than the thirty million dollars the government wanted, Klein says. Today, Schlumberger is contesting all United States tax levies for work performed on the continental shelf since 1969.

Although in 1982 Schlumberger paid a total of four hundred and fifty-one million dollars in taxes to the countries in which it operated (an effective rate of twenty-five per cent) Klein concedes that Schlumberger receives tax advantages from its place of incorporation—the Netherlands Antilles. One advantage involves dividend payments. Any company conducting business in the United States pays a corporate tax of up to forty-six per cent on its American earnings, whether it is incorporated abroad or in this country; companies incorporated in the United States are required to pay an additional withholding tax of thirty per cent on dividends paid to foreigners. However, when companies are registered in the Antilles, foreign stockholders—of which Schlumberger has many—are not taxed by the United States on their dividends. Klein also says that many American companies have lower effective tax rates than Schlumberger, because they may take advantage of tax breaks not available to foreign companies. But a staff member of the Congressional Joint Committee on Taxation asserts that the tax advantages available to companies that are incorporated in the Antilles can be matched or surpassed by only a small fraction of American companies. In fact, the Treasury Department is now threatening to change a tax treaty between the United States and the Antilles, principally for this reason.

Riboud views his preoccupation with personnel matters at Schlumberger as yet another extension of his socialist principles. He thinks of Schlumberger as a happy family sharing the fruits of success, and sees the corporation as an instrument of altruism. This view is quite different from that propounded by George Gilder in his book "Wealth and Poverty," or by Michael Novak in "The Spirit of Democratic Capitalism." Those two writers argue that capitalism is by definition altruistic and moral because it creates wealth and employs people, and because it makes possible the pluralistic values that keep democracy alive. Riboud assumes that a corporation has a social responsibility. His son, Christophe, who has a Ph.D. in economics from the Massachusetts Institute of Technology and is extraordinarily close to Riboud, says a service business like Schlumberger is linked to socialism because "you can't be successful unless you believe in people—that's what socialism is all about." Jean Riboud believes that Schlumberger, by providing services to the oil-rich nations of the Third World, has furthered the development and redistribution of the world's wealth. Riboud says he was shocked by President Reagan's across-the-board tax cuts, even though they reduced Schlumberger's American tax liability by thirty million dollars in 1982. (Klein puts the figure at eleven million dollars.) Since government should not forgo its role as referee, he says, these tax cuts were "crazy;" Schlumberger, he says, should have been compelled to show that what it saved on taxes would be invested in capital improvements or enhanced productivity, which would, in turn, generate new wealth.

Of course, the marriage of Schlumberger and Riboud's brand of socialism is not without its strains. It was not altruism that compelled Schlumberger to incorporate in the Antilles, where it is subject to an income-tax rate of just three per cent. And it was not altruism that got Schlumberger in legal trouble in the early nineteen-sixties—before Riboud became its president—for its

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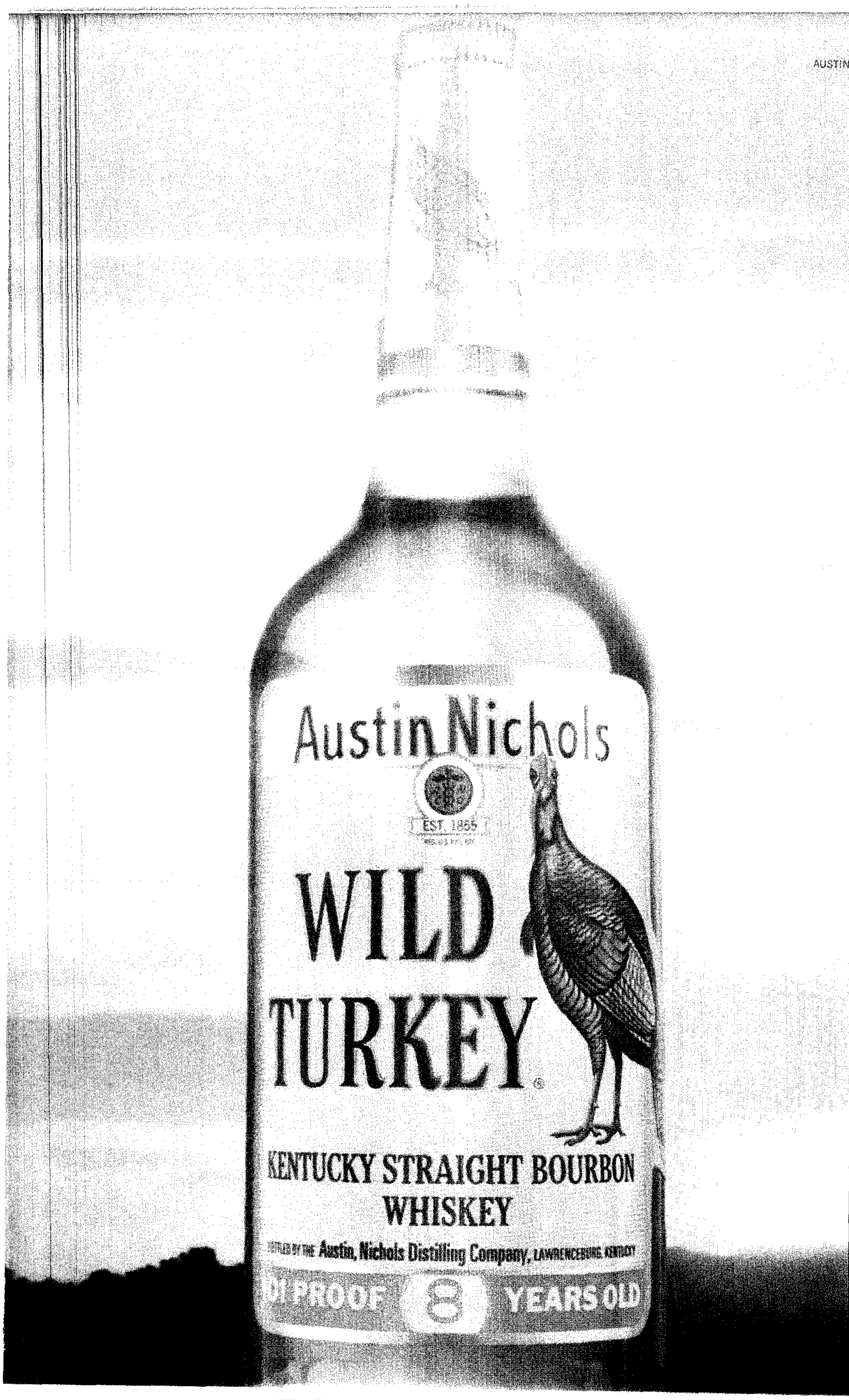
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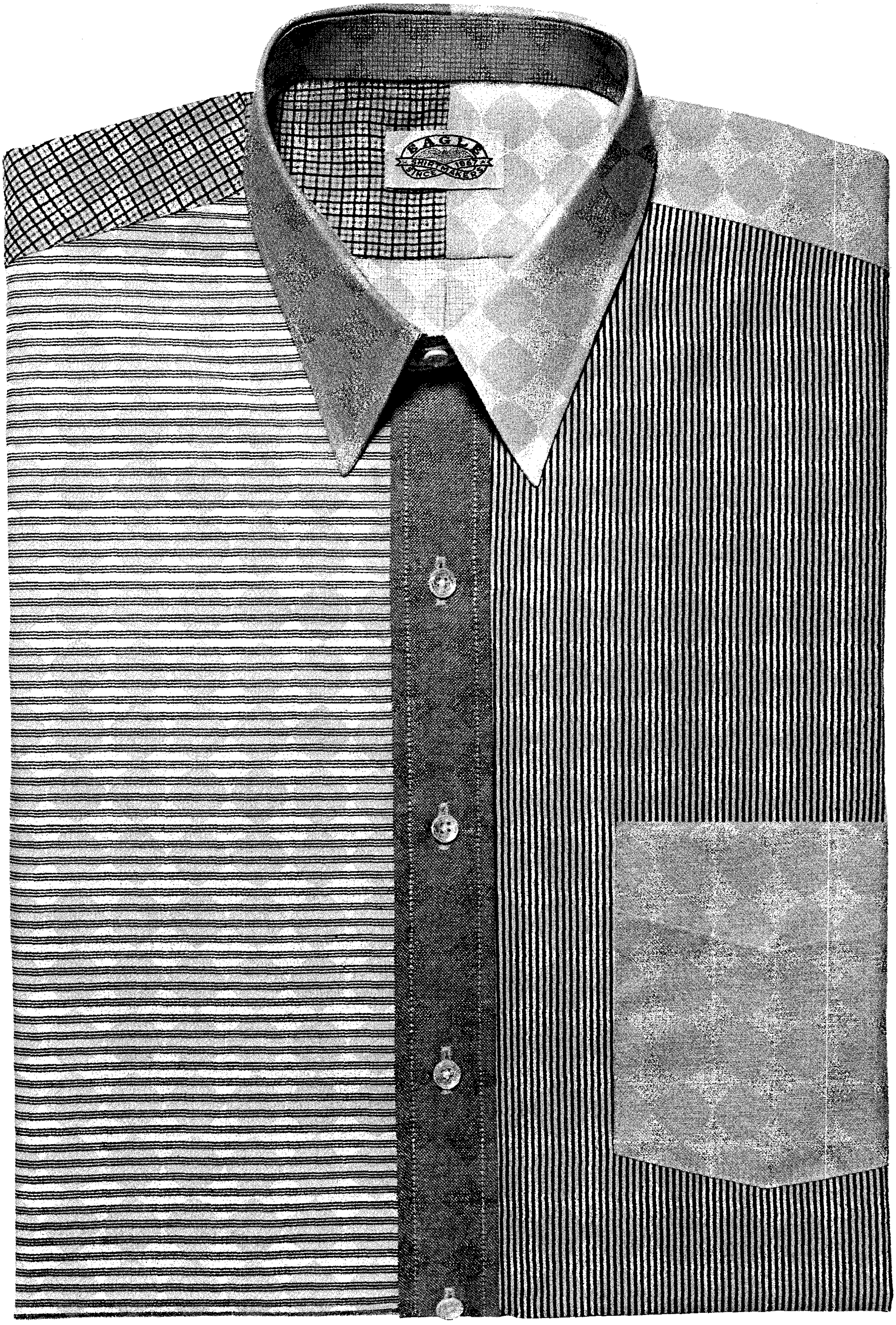
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role in what became known as the East Texas slant-hole scandal. The victim of this scandal was the Nortex Oil & Gas Corporation, which bought several pieces of land in Rusk and Gregg Counties on which it had found oil. By drilling deep slant holes, other oil companies were able to secretly siphon oil from Nortex's oil fields. Schlumberger performed logging and perforating services for the companies participating in this scheme. Since Schlumberger does not own oil properties, there was no question about whether the company had a stake in this fraud. It did not. But it was taken to court by Nortex and charged with knowledge of the fraud and "conspiracy to commit certain unlawful acts which made the fraud possible." In a ruling on November 13, 1968, the Texas Supreme Court declared that the evidence did not support Nortex's charge of conspiracy, but implied that Schlumberger had engaged in less than admirable behavior. By "the exercise of the slightest degree of diligence," the court suggested, Schlumberger could have discovered the conspiracy. Moreover, it said, "Schlumberger took steps calculated to protect its customers who might be subjected to investigation or to prosecution" by omitting from invoices the depth of the wells it had logged, by destroying pertinent records, and by advising its employees "to have poor memories" when they were questioned. Still, Schlumberger was legally, if not ethically, exonerated. Although Riboud is quick to denounce right-wing dictatorships and militarism, Schlumberger does a brisk business in Argentina and Chile, among other countries, and several of its subsidiaries have contracts with the French and British governments and with other corporations to manufacture equipment for spy satellites, military aircraft, and missiles. Although Riboud supports a strong, independent Israel, and Schlumberger sells that nation some equipment, Riboud admits that because of the company's work in Arab countries he is grateful that Israel is not in the oil business. Schlumberger executives are extremely nervous that publicity about their non-oil commerce with Israel could jeopardize their extensive business in the Arab world.

Moreover, the interests of Schlumberger, whose profits climb as the price of oil climbs, hardly accord with the interests of most consumers, for whom inflation and interest rates may shrink as the price of oil dips. In a talk Riboud gave to Schlumberger executives working for the company's North American Wireline operation in Houston not long ago, he acknowledged the company's stake in higher oil prices. "What is true is that the future of oil exploration and the future of logging are tied in with the price of crude oil," he said. He claims that there is no contradiction between Schlumberger's desire for higher oil prices and his belief in socialism, since new oil exploration is in the consumer's interest, and since the consumer also has an interest in a "reasonably predictable price." One suspects, however, that if the price of crude oil unpredictably jumped from thirty dollars a barrel to fifty—far above the price needed to encourage exploration—Riboud would not protest. And if he did stockholders might protest his continuing tenure. Although Riboud says that for practical reasons he publicly supported the nationalization of French companies by the Mitterrand government, it might be noted that over the years, with a single exception, Schlumberger has rejected all requests by Third World countries for joint ventures (it has established one with the government of Mexico) and that it has consistently refused to sell its oil-field-service equipment to any nation or, for that matter, to any private interest.

"I think politics is a contradiction in Riboud," says Bernard Alpaerts, who began his career with Schlumberger thirty years ago as an engineer and retired this year as executive vice-president of the company's Measurement & Control operations worldwide. "Politics is far removed from the management of this company. Schlumberger is almost a company without a nation. Riboud knows very well that most of his managers don't have the same political opinions he has. And, honestly, he doesn't mind. Sometimes you don't recognize in his business decisions the political opinions he has." The investment banker Felix Rohatyn, a friend of Riboud's and a member of Schlumberger's board of directors, says, "Riboud is complicated. There is this mixture in the man of being the hard-headed manager of a huge company that is as intensely capitalistic as any organization I know, and at the same time being clearly involved with the Socialist government of France."

This is one of several contradictions in Riboud. He is, for example, a loyal family man—devoted to his wife, to his son and daughter-in-law and their three children, yet he has had sometimes stormy relationships with his brothers and sisters. He takes pride in being open-minded and a foe of bigotry, yet Christophe Riboud says that his father is "one of the most determined and prejudiced men I know." He cited his

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father's instinctual aversion to members of the establishment—to graduates of the École Polytechnique or of Harvard. Sophie Riboud calls her father-in-law, whom she adores, "a sexist." Riboud guards against Schlumberger's becoming an "establishment," and shifts people regularly to avert complacency; yet for the eighteen years he has been president the same rules have not applied to him.

Schlumberger, too, has its share of contradictions. Despite its rhetoric about opposing discrimination, the company has done little to lower traditional barriers to women in the oil business. Among its twenty-two hundred field engineers at the beginning of 1982, Schlumberger estimates that only thirty-two were women. Few women are found in oil camps. The well-appointed men's room at Schlumberger's Paris headquarters has fine cloth hand towels; the ladies' room has paper towels. Since Schlumberger's Wireline division has a policy of promoting people from within, if there is no change in policy—no fresh determination to hire women—ten or twenty years from today the company will continue to be dominated by men. "Schlumberger is not a company for women," Jeannine Bourhis, who has been Riboud's secretary in Paris for thirteen years, says. "Schlumberger is a company of males. Riboud is making all kinds of efforts to have nationalities represented in the company, and all kinds of skin colors to be promoted. Women are transparent at Schlumberger. They just don't see you."

Although Schlumberger is proud of creating a sense that its employees are all one family, the company nevertheless often disrupts personal family life. Outside North America, the company discourages engineers who are married. The wives of Schlumberger employees, because their husbands are transferred so frequently, find it difficult to pursue their own careers. This difficulty is compounded when families are transferred to poor nations, where jobs are scarce, and to Muslim nations, where tradition holds that women stay home.

"Sometimes you really feel lost," says Kate Yemi, a Nigerian woman whose husband, Esan, runs a Schlumberger computer center in Cairo. "The man has a job to do. You have nothing to do. So you have babies to keep you busy. Or you join a club. If you say, 'I want to have a career of my own,' and say you don't want to go where your husband goes, then you're

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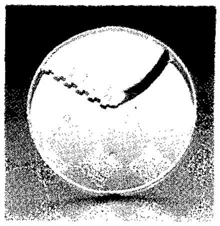

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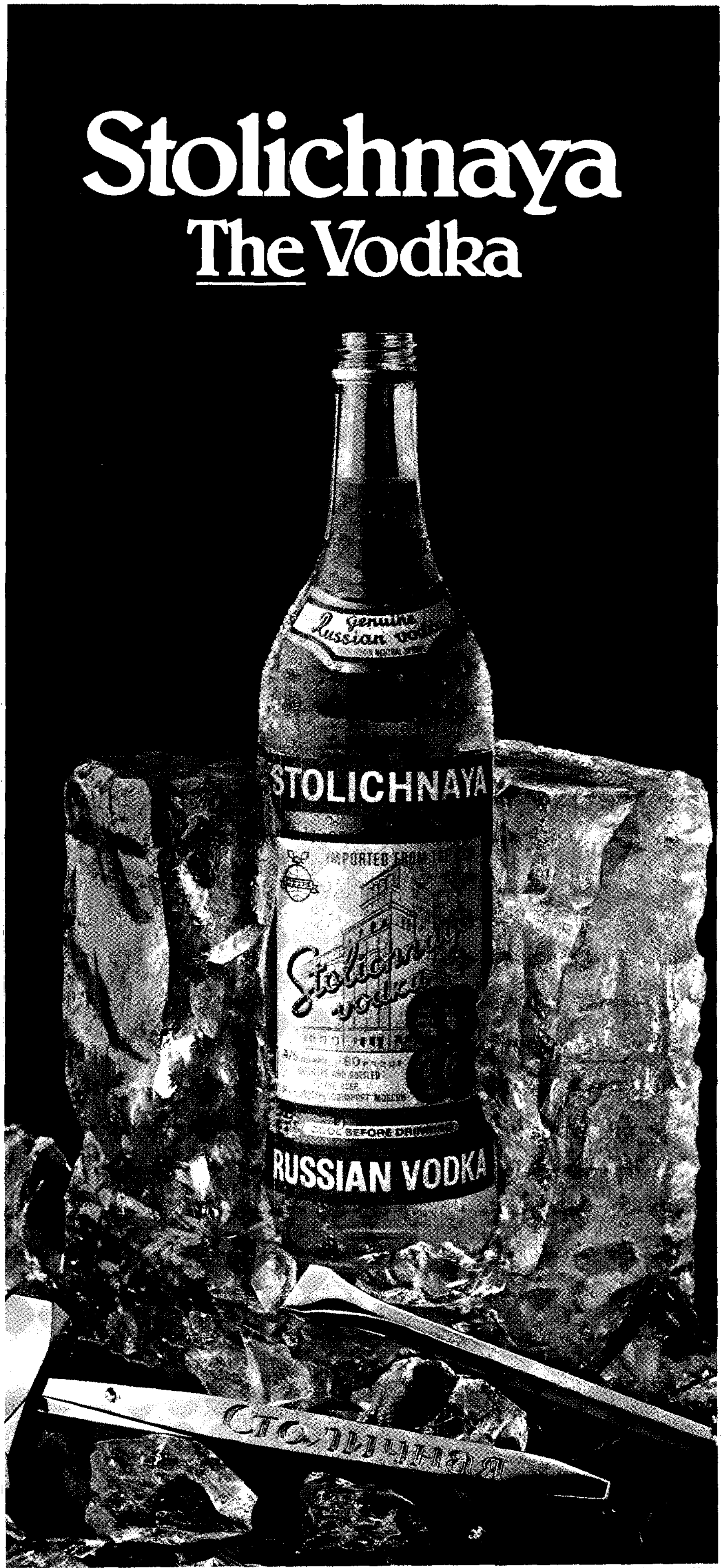

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headed for the divorce courts. That means splitting the children. So you have to decide what's more important —family or your career. For me, the family is more important."

WHY is it that a company like Schlumberger succeeds? In order to answer this, one should probably first inquire into the degree of success of the company's various components. Schlumberger, according to Wall Street analysts, has a near-monopoly on the wireline business—about seventy per cent of the world market. (Its nearest wireline competitor, Dresser Industries' Atlas Oilfield Services Group, has just over ten per cent.) And Schlumberger retains its near-monopoly even though it charges higher prices than its competitors. "We believe we are entitled to a certain return on investment, which we intend to maintain, and we price accordingly," says D. Euan Baird, who is forty-five, Scottish-born, and, like most of the company's top executives, started as a Schlumberger field engineer. A policy first established by Marcel Schlumberger remains in force today: Schlumberger charges its wireline customers twice the amount of its costs. Because Schlumberger does not sell, or even lease, its equipment, and because its equipment is the most technologically advanced, so that the company provides the best technical service, it remains the most highly regarded company in the oil-field-service industry. Of course, oil companies can afford to pay its prices. Since the cost of logging a well—the wireline process—is only two to five per cent of the oil company's cost, wrote John C. Wellemeyer, managing director of the investment-banking firm of Morgan Stanley, in 1973, "Schlumberger should be able to increase prices as much as required to maintain its margins." Until the current oil shock, that is what it has done.

"To measure a successful company, you need time—a long span of time," Riboud says. By that measure, too, Schlumberger is a success. Figures on the company's profits were first made public for a full year in 1958, and in all but two years of the quarter century since, its profits have climbed. (In those two years, 1961 and 1963, they fell only slightly.) Profits climbed from twelve million two hundred thousand dollars in 1958 to one billion three hundred and fifty million dollars in 1982. Profits rose even when the price of oil did not. Between 1956 and

1972, oil drilling in the United States declined ten per cent, but Schlumberger's wireline revenues went up in all but one of those years. Between 1974 and 1978, Schlumberger's earnings per share almost quadrupled. One might attribute this success to the luck of being in the right business, except that this does not explain why Schlumberger's profits swelled in bad years, or why they increased by six and four-tenths per cent in the recession year of 1982 while the profits of oil-field-service competitors and of seven of the eight biggest American oil companies declined. (Schlumberger's earnings per share went from four dollars and thirty-seven cents in 1981 to four dollars and sixty cents in 1982.) Jacques de Fouchier, who calls Schlumberger the single best company in the world, has pointed out, "You must understand that an ordinary shareholder who in 1965 had one share of Schlumberger, valued in the market at thirty-five dollars, has now—without having had to pay anything more in cash—seventy-five."

Although about forty-five per cent of Schlumberger's revenues and an estimated seventy per cent of its profits derive from the Wireline division, the company's success is not attributable to this division alone. Over all, Oilfield Services, of which the Wireline is a part, accounts for two-thirds of Schlumberger's more than six billion dollars in annual revenues, while the other major division, Measurement, Control & Components, accounts for the remaining third. Most of Schlumberger's companies have demonstrated a steady growth pattern, with recessionary 1982 being a notable exception. The company acquired the Compagnie des Compteurs in 1970 and eventually renamed it Measurement & Control—Europe; it is a subsidiary of the over-all Measurement, Control & Components division. At first, its profits rose slowly; then they gained steadily. John H. Hayward, Jr. vice-president of oil services at Merrill Lynch, Pierce, Fenner & Smith, has written, "Operating margins increased from less than two per cent in 1971 to about the eleven-to-twelve per cent area in 1980." Today, Measurement & Control—Europe is the world's No. 1 manufacturer of electric meters and ranks first or second in the production of water and gas meters; its revenues rose eighteen per cent in 1981 and held steady in 1982. Another company, Forex Neptune, is the world's most profitable oil-drilling

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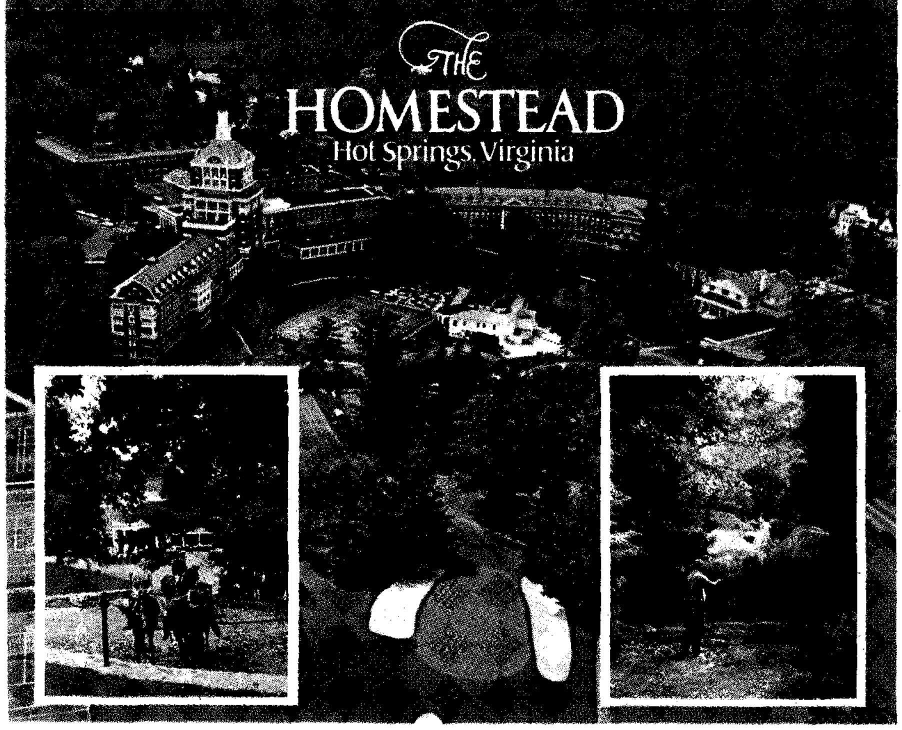

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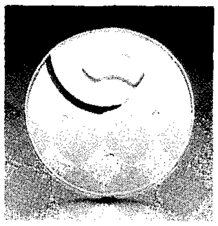

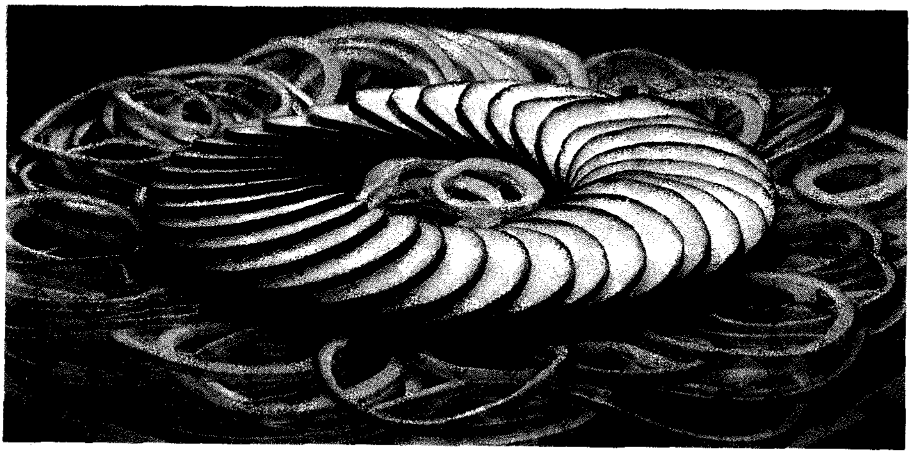

service; its revenues jumped twenty-eight per cent in 1981.

Gauged by profits alone, Schlumberger ranks among the premier companies in the world. If it had been eligible to be included in the 1982 Fortune 500 listing of the biggest American industrial firms, it would have ranked thirteenth in profits—above Gulf Oil, Procter & Gamble, Eastman Kodak, and Philip Morris, for instance. Among the Fortune Foreign 500, only four companies earned larger profits than Schlumberger in 1981. And none of the world's thousand industrial giants rivalled Schlumberger's 1981 net income as a percentage of revenue of twenty-one per cent of revenues (or sales). In 1981, Exxon, the world's largest industrial corporation, earned profits of less than five per cent on sales of a hundred and eight billion dollars. I.B.M., which ranked second in the United States, earned profits of eleven per cent on sales of twenty-nine billion dollars. The Royal Dutch/Shell Group, the largest overseas conglomerate, earned profits of four per cent on sales of eighty-two billion dollars. The median return on stockholders' equity of the five hundred largest American corporations was thirteen and eight-tenths per cent; Schlumberger's was thirty-four per cent.

To isolate the specific reasons for Schlumberger's success, one needs to start where Conrad and Marcel Schlumberger did—with technology. Competition in the oil-field-service business hinges on technology. Accurate geological measurements are crucial to an oil company that is about to spend millions of dollars drilling a well. A man who is a partner in an oil wildcatting operation in Louisiana was asked not long ago why his group had hired Schlumberger—the most expensive well-logging company in the world—and he replied, "Because they're basically ahead in research and development." Marvin Gearhart, president of Gearhart Industries, an aggressive domestic competitor of Schlumberger, says, in reference to the industry and Schlumberger, "It's a high-technology business, and they've been the leader in high technology." Riboud consistently pushes the company to maintain that lead. Schlumberger spends more money annually on wireline research and development than the total wireline profits of any one of its competitors, and Merrill Lynch's John Hayward, Jr., wrote in August of 1981, "If its nearest com-

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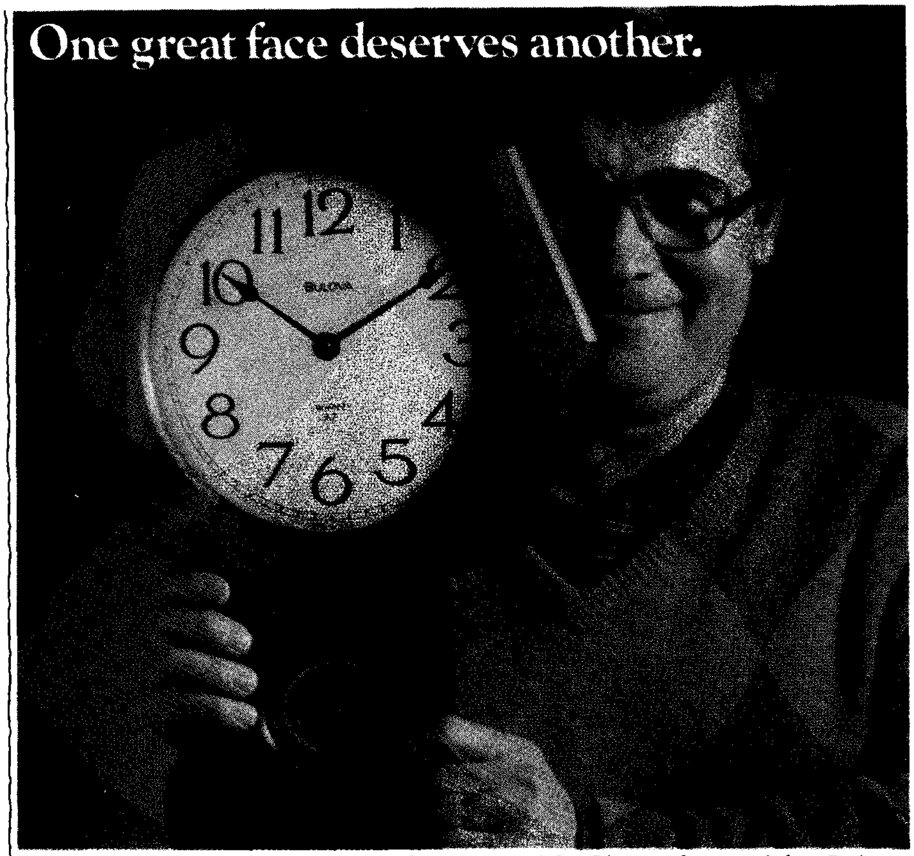
petitor were to spend the same dollar amount, those expenditures would amount to roughly twenty-five per cent of that company's sales."

American corporations often tend to be preoccupied with short-term results, such as quarterly profits, and this preoccupation has been noted in more than one attempt at explaining the collapse of the American automobile and steel industries. A recent study by McGraw-Hill revealed that in 1982 American companies planned to invest only three and eight-tenths per cent of their revenues in research and development—down from seven and two-tenths per cent in 1980. This drop is explained in part by high interest rates and the recession. But a number of studies, including the book "Minding America's Business," by Ira C. Magaziner and Robert B. Reich, have demonstrated that this pattern persists even in robust years. Schlumberger, on the other hand, has increased its real investment in research and engineering every year; for example, it went from two hundred and forty million dollars, or four per cent of its revenues, in 1981, to three hundred and twenty-six million five hundred thousand dollars, or five per cent of its revenues, in 1982—a rise of thirty-six per cent. A memorandum prepared for the Schlumberger executive committee in February of 1982 says that the money spent on research in 1982 could climb in three years to five hundred million. John Hayward, Jr., analyzing Schlumberger's wireline business, reported that twenty-five per cent of the company's wireline revenues for 1980 were derived from "services introduced in the last five years." In 1979, Schlumberger acquired the Fairchild Camera & Instrument Corporation, which manufactures semiconductors, and since then it has dramatically augmented the company's research budget, from fifty million dollars to a hundred and five million dollars—a rise of a hundred and ten per cent. Nor has Schlumberger skimped on investing in fixed assets to improve manufacturing efficiency and product quality. Despite the recession, the company's over-all investment in improved productivity remained at a billion dollars in 1982; at Fairchild the figure rose by a hundred and eighty-eight million dollars.

Technologically, Schlumberger's near-monopoly of the oil-field-service industry has so far gone almost unchallenged, but now Gearhart—which has nine per cent of the world wireline market—has vowed to change this. Al-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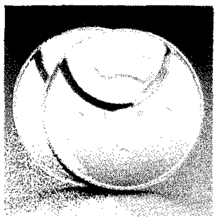

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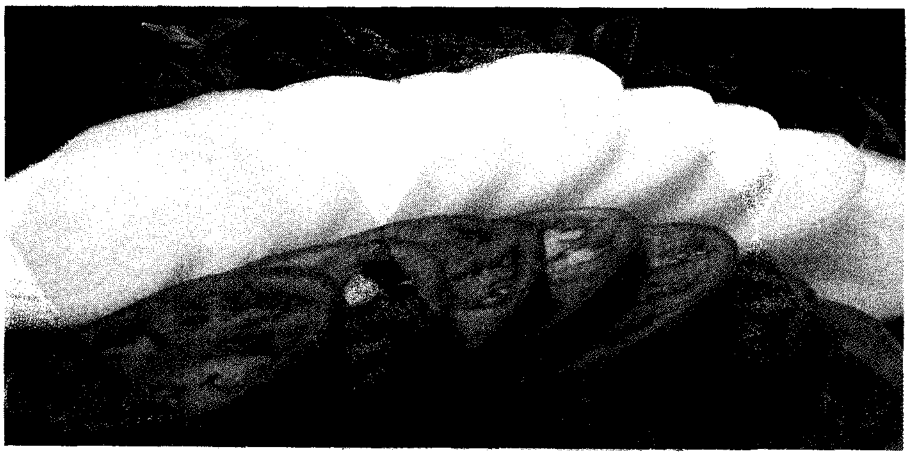

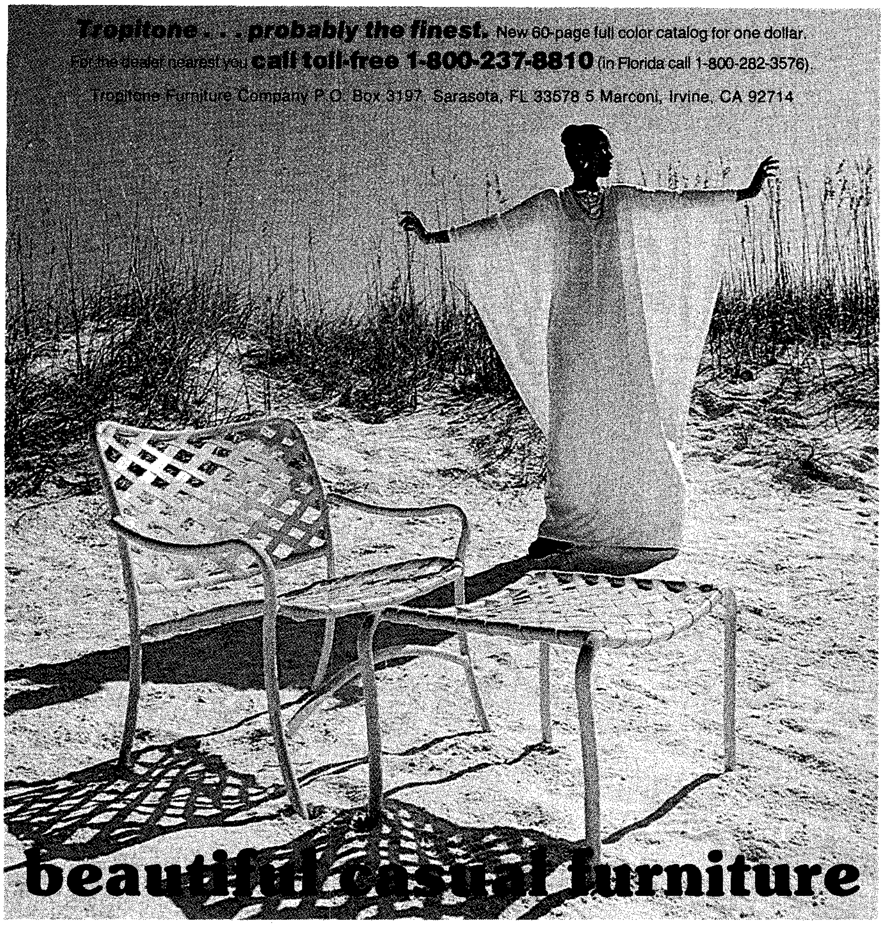

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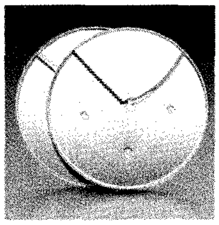

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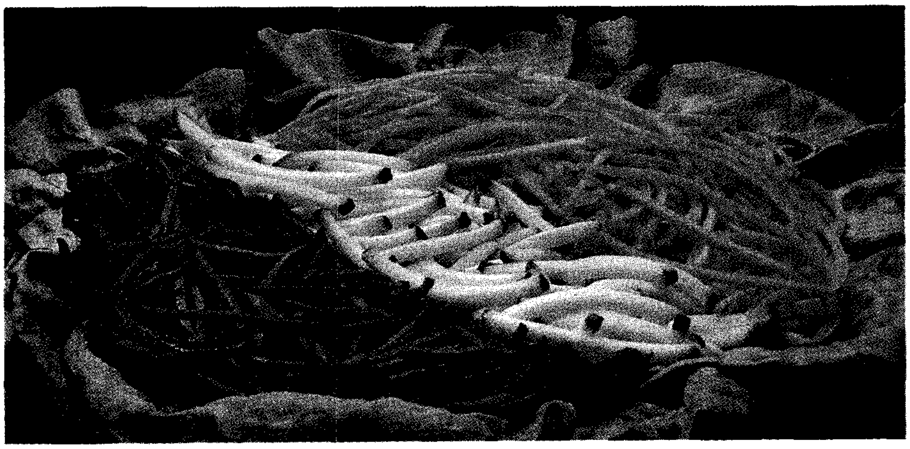

most a fifth of Gearhart's stock was recently bought by the General Electric Company, which is still smarting from Schlumberger's acquisition, in 1982, of Applicon, a Massachusetts computer-aided-design-and-manufacturing company. G.E., which owned twenty-three per cent of Applicon, was taken by surprise when Schlumberger moved in. Schlumberger officials see an element of revenge in G.E.'s recently announced plans to invest part of its research-and-development funds—which total a billion seven hundred million dollars annually—in joint research projects with Gearhart. And Roland W. Schmitt, a senior vice-president at G.E., has candidly stated that G.E. hopes to increase "Gearhart's penetration of traditional Schlumberger operation areas."

Many independent oil analysts nevertheless believe that Schlumberger is widening its technical lead. Elizabeth Taylor Peek, a vice-president and associate director of research at Wertheim & Company, the investment-banking firm, wrote to her clients on October 6, 1981, "The long-term growth outlook for Schlumberger is dependent on the continuing evolution of the wireline product, and it is excellent. Nowhere in industry is productivity improvement more essential than in the oilfield." Only a third of what is estimated to be three hundred billion barrels of known oil in the United States has been recovered, she noted, adding, "Imagine if you increased that recovery to one-half?" (This opportunity, however, will have to wait for the current oil glut to pass.)

There will be new technological breakthroughs, according to Michel Gouilloud, the vice-president in charge of research at Schlumberger's principal research laboratory, in Ridgefield, Connecticut. "I think the main thrust for the industry will be to improve production," he says. "Now, for every hundred barrels of oil found, thirty are produced and seventy are left behind. So, obviously, if we improve that efficiency by ten per cent it improves the reserves available." To improve efficiency, says Jean-Claude Picard, a vice-president and the director of Schlumberger's research facility in Clamart, France, smaller equipment must be devised. Such equipment, Picard says, "would provide more measurements and reduce logging time." And the key to smaller equipment, he thinks, is the tiny microprocessors being produced by Fairchild, in California.

Helped by the Fairchild subsidiary and by a heavy investment in what is called artificial intelligence, Schlumberger may be nicely positioned for the future. In recent years, advanced technology has brought about an explosion of the well-log data that are generated at every well site. Concurrent advances in data processing have helped cope with this explosion, but an isolated field engineer cannot quickly interpret so much data, and none of Schlumberger's forty-four data-processing centers—which may be hundreds, or perhaps even thousands, of miles away from an oil well—can entirely replicate the skills of a trained field engineer. Consequently, a bottleneck has formed in the oil-field-service industry, with clients desperate for all possible information before they make their expensive decisions, and logging companies unable to provide a complete on-the-spot analysis of their complex logs.

Enter the new world of artificial intelligence, which means, according to Philip K. Meyer, a vice-president with F. Eberstadt & Company, who is a recognized expert on the subject, a computer capable of reproducing "the same knowledge base and reasoning processes of inference, intuition, induction, and deduction utilized by the human expert." Already, such computers have been used to speed assembly-line production, to improve medical diagnoses, and to facilitate weather forecasting. Soon they will be used to improve oil-well logging. The importance that Schlumberger attaches to this technology was heralded in a speech that Riboud, who rarely makes such appearances, gave to the New York Society of Security Analysts in March of 1980:

> This technical revolution—artificial intelligence—is as important for our future as the surge in oil exploration. It will force us to design new tools, it will change the capabilities of our services, it will multiply the effectiveness of our instruments. It will change the order of magnitude . . . of our business.

Schlumberger guessed early that artificial intelligence would be a growth industry, and jumped ahead of its competitors. According to Wall Street analysts, it is widening its early lead. Schlumberger introduced the first artificial-intelligence tool into the oil field in 1982. Called a Dipmeter Adviser, it is connected to a computerized data base and automatically performs the interpretation functions of an engineer. Fairchild, which was once a premier semiconductor company but

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then lost some of its best people, is at the center of a strategy to forge ahead in artificial intelligence. Moreover, Schlumberger has recently acquired four smaller high-technology firms (Applicon among them), and the company now has a sizable investment in artificial-intelligence research at its research center in Ridgefield, and at Fairchild's research lab, in Palo Alto, California. Although the extent of the investment is a closely guarded secret, Eberstadt's Philip Meyer estimates that Schlumberger devotes to artificial-intelligence research "a Ph.D-level staff of some thirty persons in addition to considerable technical-support staff." To get an idea how large this commitment is, one must consider that each year only about twenty graduate students in American universities receive Ph.D.s in artificial intelligence. These facts lead Meyer and others to rank Schlumberger among the world's six leading non-Japanese companies in artificial-intelligence research. The others are Bell Labs, I.B.M., Texas Instruments, Hewlett-Packard, and Xerox.

Schlumberger's reliance on research and technology suggests a second reason for the company's success: Schlumberger executives are trained to think in ten-year and twenty-year cycles. According to a survey made by the management-search firm of Heidrick & Struggles, in Chicago, and reported in the Los Angeles *Times*, seven hundred and sixty out of a thousand top American executives surveyed said that companies were preoccupied by short-term considerations: quarterly profits, dividend statements, this year's budget crunch; acquiring new companies without expanding basic business or productivity; hanging on to familiar but shrinking markets or to outmoded manufacturing processes. According to William J. Abernathy and Robert Hayes, of the Harvard Business School, American companies are dominated by a generation of managers who were trained in business schools, and many of them are risk managers rather than risk-takers. Indeed, an estimated forty per cent of America's largest corporations have chief executives with backgrounds in law or finance; in 1950, only thirteen per cent did. This contrasts with Japan, writes Robert B. Reich in his new book, "The Next American Frontier," where "more than 65 per cent of all seats on the boards of Japanese companies are occupied by people trained as engineers. . . . Thus, in Japan, many problems that arise in business are viewed as problems of engineering or science, for which technical solutions can be found. In present-day America, the same problems are apt to be viewed as problems of law or finance, to be dodged through clever manipulation of rules or numbers.”

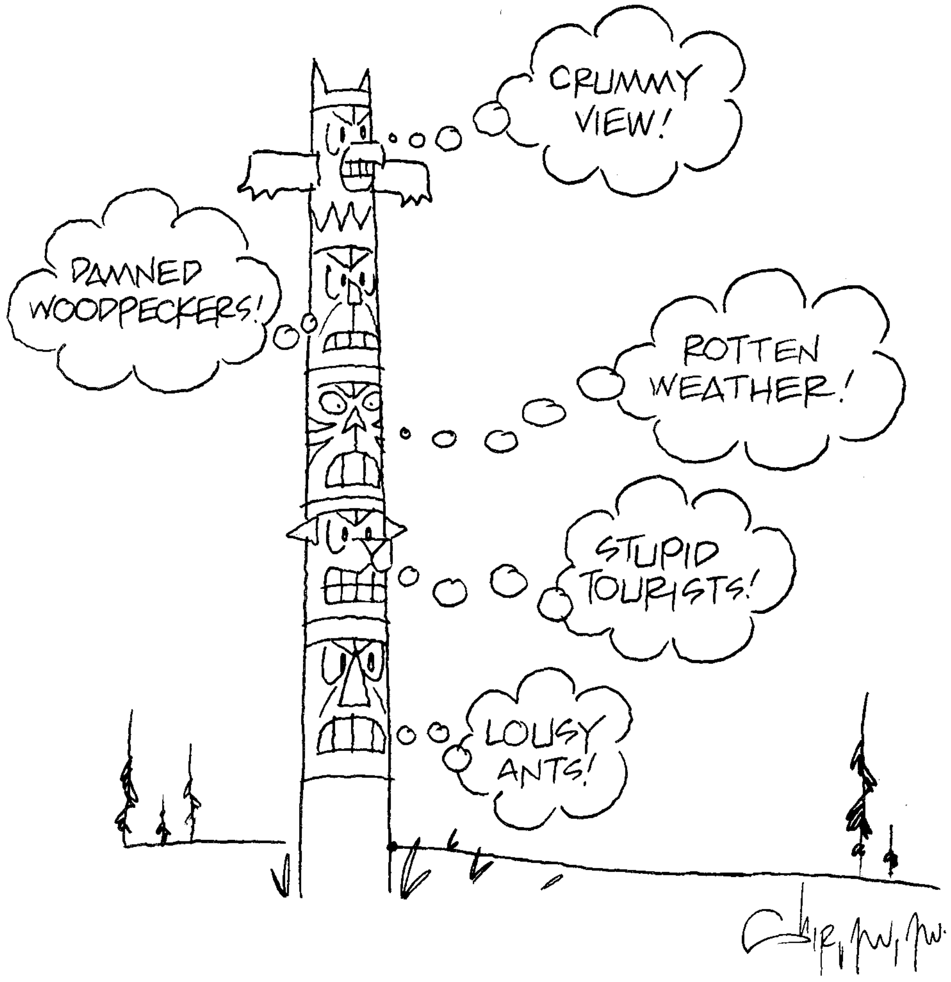
That is not the pattern at Schlumberger. “The time horizon there is longer than that of any other company I know in being willing to wait for a return on their investment,” says Felix Rohatyn. Riboud points out that after the Compagnie des Compteurs was acquired, in 1970, it took Schlumberger seven years to transform it into a success. “We could afford to take the seven years, because we had our basic business,” he says. “If it had been ten or twelve years, though, people would have lost faith in what we were doing.” The Compagnie des Compteurs is actually one of relatively few companies that Schlumberger has acquired: fifteen or so over the past twenty years—a tiny number for a company of such size and cash reserves. This is in marked contrast to the current trend among American corporations. Between 1978 and 1982, American corporations spent an estimated two hundred and fifty-eight billion dollars to acquire other companies, many of them in unrelated fields.

Schlumberger, on the other hand, has not assumed that because it was successful in one field it could succeed in unrelated fields. This refusal to shed its basic identity is a third reason for its success. Schlumberger, Riboud says, will not engage in an unfriendly takeover of another company, believing that the hostility generated poisons the corporate atmosphere required for success. Profit is not Schlumberger’s criterion in the matter of takeovers. The company is “not interested in a ‘financial acquisition,’ ” says Arthur Lindenauer, Schlumberger’s executive vice-president for finance. “We acquire companies only if the acquisition represents an expansion of our basic business.” And Schlumberger, Riboud told the New York Society of Security Analysts, has but one business:

> From the first day, Schlumberger technology was to collect and to interpret data, basically physical parameters. It happened that the first data we collected, the first data we interpreted, were on an oil well, propelling us in the oil-field service. Historically, it was almost by accident. Today, it is clear that there is a common thread, a common technology to all our undertakings. We are involved and committed to collect, to transmit, to compute, to analyze, to interpret data. It is the case in an oil well. . . . It is the case for the new parameters to enhance drilling efficiency and safety. It is the case for collecting and analyzing voltage measurements in the electricity-distribution system to operate fast protection devices. It is the case for the sophisticated Fairchild automatic test equipment.

It is not, however, the case with all Schlumberger companies: Forex Neptune is an oil-drilling concern that owns rigs, and the specialty of Dowell Schlumberger (a pumping-and-cementing company owned jointly by Schlumberger and Dow Chemical) is well stimulation. Nevertheless, an advantage that Schlumberger maintains over its wireline competitors is that virtually all of them are so diversified that their wireline divisions can’t command the primary attention the Wireline gets at Schlumberger. Forty-five per cent of Schlumberger’s revenues come from its Wireline division, whereas its closest worldwide wireline competitor, Dresser Atlas, contributes just twelve per cent of the four billion one hundred million dollars in revenues generated by its parent conglomerate, Dresser Industries, which builds compressors and turbines, is in construction and mining, and also makes refractory and industrial-specialty products. This leaves Schlumberger in an enviable position: although a conglomerate like Dresser actually has the resources to compete with Schlumberger’s investment in technology, it lacks the internal pressure, and thus the willingness, to divert funds in an effort to catch up, while a smaller company like Gearhart Industries, which does devote itself to wireline work, does not have sufficient profits (Gearhart netted thirty-one million dollars in 1981) to mobilize the resources necessary to catch up.

Schlumberger’s determination to stick with what it knows best contributes to a fourth reason for its success: it is relatively unburdened by debt. Unlike, say, the du Pont company, which had long-term corporate debts of five billion seven hundred million dollars in 1982, Schlumberger’s long-term debt as of December, 1982, was a mere four hundred and sixty-two million dollars; moreover, it had a readily available cash pool of two billion three hundred million dollars in short-term investments. Such a balance sheet, says Elizabeth Taylor Peek, of Wertheim & Company, is “incredible for a company of that size.” Interest income alone brought Schlumberger two hun-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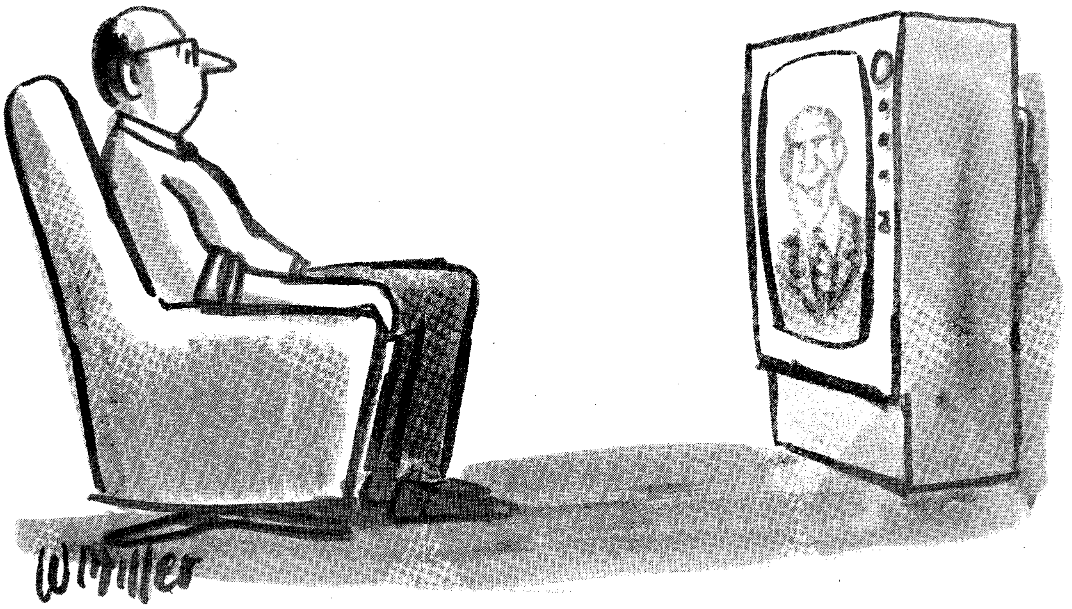
dred and fifty-four million dollars in 1982. In 1981, only six and two-tenths per cent of Schlumberger's total capitalization was long-term debt, whereas the average among American manufacturing, wholesale, retail, and mining concerns has been estimated by the Conference Board, a business-research organization, to be twenty-seven per cent. Schlumberger's long-term-debt-to-equity ratio in 1981 was a mere six and six-tenths per cent, compared with the Conference Board's average of thirty-eight per cent. The absence of debt permits Schlumberger not only to avoid onerous interest rates but also to avoid diluting the worth of its stock by selling new stock to finance expansion plans; to finance all capital expenditures with internally generated funds, and thus act as its own banker; and to acquire companies in related fields. On the other hand, as interest rates fall, the danger of such a conservative financial-management policy is that Schlumberger will sit on its cash reserves, earning less from its short-term investments than it might on business investments.

Schlumberger is exceptional in a fifth way: it is in good standing in the Third World. Multinational companies are often resented by Third World nations, which fear that their wealth may be monopolized and exploited. Some companies have been nationalized or compelled to accept joint-ownership arrangements, and as a result the growth of their profits has been slowed. Schlumberger has never been nationalized, and it has refused to enter into joint-ownership agreements (except for the one with Mexico). There are several reasons for Schlumberger's standing in the Third World. "You can't nationalize a spirit or brains," Riboud has said. "They could nationalize a few trucks, but what would they have? The concept from the beginning was to do everything ourselves—to manufacture the equipment and deliver the services. We never sold equipment. So how do you nationalize a service?" Schlumberger has escaped troubles of the sort that befell many oil companies in the Middle East and the United Fruit Company in Latin America, partly because it has striven to remain inconspicuous. It does not own natural resources (oil) in any nation but services those who do. It does not engage in consumer advertising, and it does not lobby governments, so it is less of a target than the well-known big corporations. "Many companies operate successfully all over the world," says Thomas Roberts, who went to work for I.B.M. after graduating from West Point and a stint in the Army; left after one year to become a Schlumberger engineer; and in 1979, at age thirty-seven, became the president of Fairchild. "But those companies retain their nationality. By God, they're American. Or Japanese. Or British."

The key executives of most multinational companies tend to be of a single nationality. For example, Roberts' former company, I.B.M., has twenty-three members on its board of directors, all but one of whom are Americans. Exxon has three non-Americans on its nineteen-member board. General Electric has only Americans on its eighteen-member board. This has not been the case at Schlumberger. Its board was evenly divided in 1982 between French and American nationals. Four of its key executives—Roberts; Arthur Lindenauer, executive vice-president for finance; Arthur W. Alexander, vice-president for personnel; and Roy Shourd, executive vice-president of Drilling and Production Services—are American. The head of the Wireline division, Euan Baird, is a Scot; André Misk, a vice-president and the director of communications, is Lebanese; Heinz Denkl, who runs the new wireline operation in Asia, is German; Ian Strecker, who heads its North American counterpart, is British; Roberto Monti, who supervises the field operations of the Atlantic wireline operations, is Argentine. Riboud and Roland Génin, the chairman of the executive committee, are French; Michel Vaillaud, who in December became the president of the company, and Michel Gouilloud, the vice-president for research, are also French, but they live in New York and Ridgefield, respectively.

This pattern is repeated throughout the company. The 1981 annual report states, "Forty per cent of the engineers recruited in 1980 and 1981 for assignment outside of North America came from developing countries. To date twenty-four percent of all field engineers in these assignments come from these countries." At Ras Gharib, for example, which is one of two oil camps in the Egyptian desert, across from the Sinai, Schlumberger employs thirteen engineers—one French, two British, two Canadian, one Peruvian, one Iraqi, three Nigerian, one Australian, one Austrian, and one American. Worldwide, Schlumberger employs twenty-five Egyptian engineers. Engineers are trained at some eighteen sites around the globe, and a third of their teachers are from Third World countries. Alaa Mahdi, the



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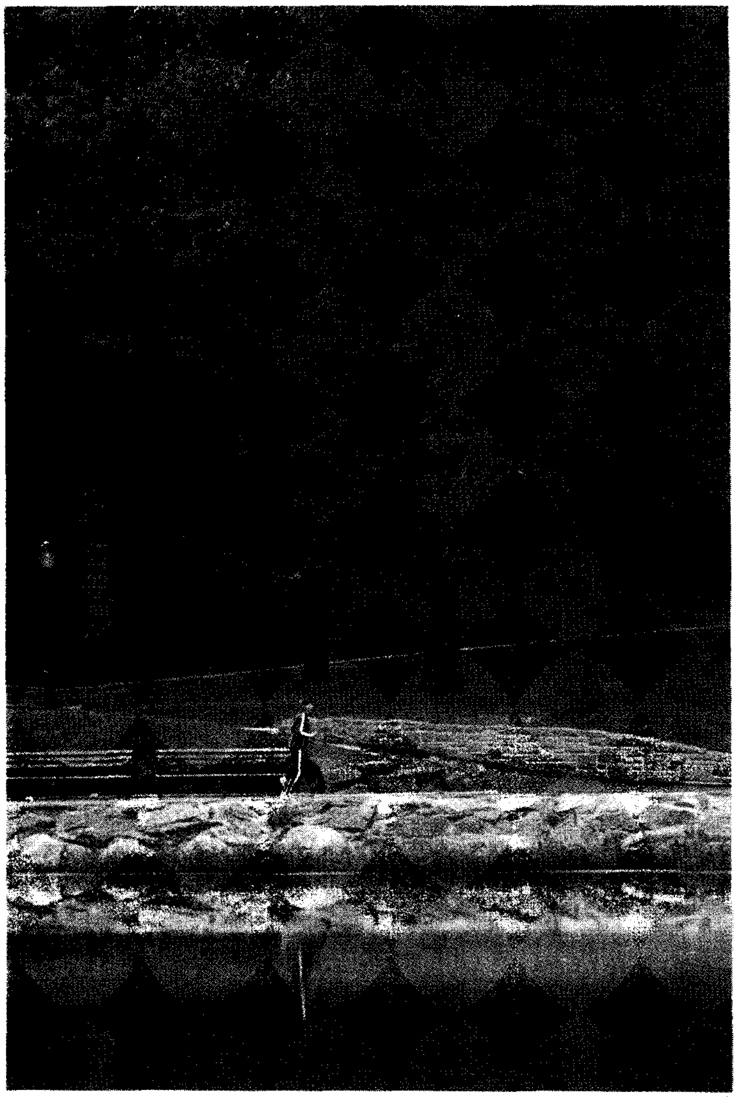

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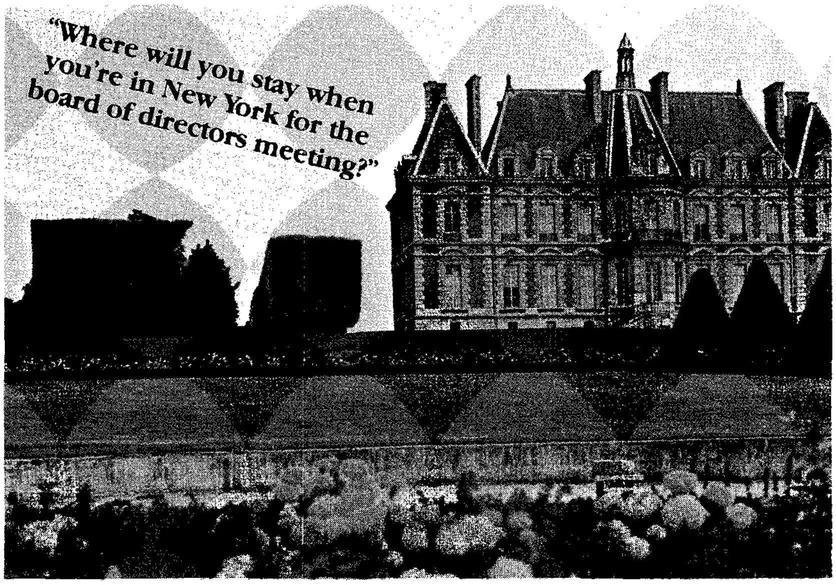
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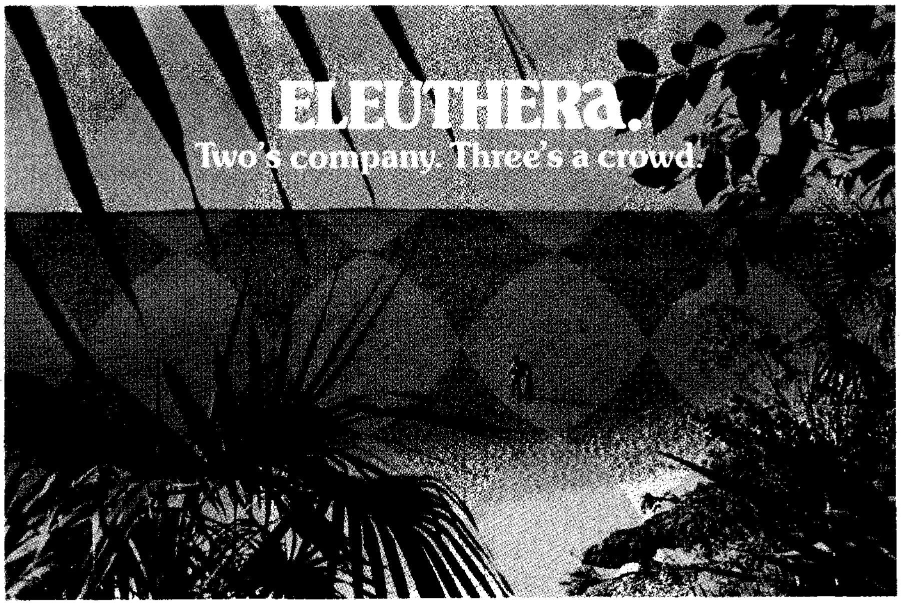

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Iraqi engineer at Ras Gharib, says, "I don't feel that Schlumberger has any particular nationality." Riboud concedes that Schlumberger's record is far from perfect. No blacks, few women, and only one Indian executive and one Japanese executive were among the hundred and twenty-five Schlumberger managers attending a conference of top executives in Deauville, France, in June of 1982. "We are still a company of white men," Riboud has said. That may be changing, however slowly, for Schlumberger and other multinationals. "Most American companies operating in the Third World, particularly those that have been operating there for a long period, have few Americans employed in them," says Nancy Truitt, who is the program director at the Fund for Multinational Management Education, a nonprofit organization financed by foundations, corporations, and American government contracts. Hiring local people, she explains, is generally "less expensive," and lessens political tensions.

Schlumberger's willingness to shed a strictly French identity is linked to a sixth reason for its success: decentralization. It is an unusually lean company, in stark contrast to a trend among corporations to expand staffs and central management. For example, the Bureau of Labor Statistics reports that although unemployment rose between January of 1980 and December of 1982, the number of managers and administrators in the American economy increased by nine per cent. "This company has no budgeting-and-analysis section, no central-marketing, no central-manufacturing, no strategic-planning department," says Allen Klein, Schlumberger's director of taxes. "That makes it unique. It's an entrepreneurial corporation, which in itself is an anomaly. Most corporations are managerial. Here the emphasis is on profitability rather than on perpetuation of the management."

William Bufton, who managed the wireline operations in Egypt and the Sudan, had a thick book on his Cairo desk setting forth in detail the annual goals he was expected to meet as division manager. His superior specified in writing the expected profit margin, the return on investment, the share of the market, the permissible lost time on the job, the number of engineers to be recruited, and the facilities to be completed in a given year. Similarly, Bufton gave the managers who reported to him a specific set of targets, and so on down the line. These goals, however, were set in the field, not at central headquarters. A Schlumberger engineer in Louisiana was asked what he would complain to Riboud about if he had the opportunity, and he replied, "Nothing. I'd talk to my district manager."

"Dottie writes her own lyrics, but the music is by Gustav Mahler."

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Usually, Schlumberger engineers are sent out on their own when they are fairly young, and so early on they get a taste of responsibility and are rewarded for being aggressive and taking risks. Since Schlumberger carefully screens its engineers (eight are interviewed for every one hired), since it adheres to a policy of promoting from within, and since most of its executives started out in the field, the company is full of independent people. Euan Baird, who joined Schlumberger as an engineer twenty-two years ago, says that young men "learn and mature very quickly. A great many people don't get that responsibility until they're middle-aged, and by then they have a fixed attitude toward life."

A seventh reason for Schlumberger's success might be called the pride-and-humility factor. Schlumberger engineers are usually proud and self-confident, but their superiors also attempt to instill a certain humility. Being in a service business helps—and Schlumberger, from its early days, when Conrad and Marcel Schlumberger emphasized technology and service over profits, has been a company intent on staying close to and serving its customers. One sees this in the small number of central-headquarters personnel; in the company's personnel policies; in Riboud's constant admonitions to employees not to act "like King Kong." All these policies conspire to maintain in employees a balance between pride that Schlumberger is the world's leading oil-field-service company and fear that it can easily slip. Being shifted from one corporate job to another is normal for these people; growing comfortable in a job is not. "Moving people keeps the system very much alive," says Bernard Alpaerts, who in 1981 was suddenly transferred out of oil-field services to become head of Measurement & Control—Europe. "It keeps people on their toes. When you do something for five years and you're successful, you feel you know everything. When I left drilling and oil-field services in 1981, *I* felt *I* knew everything. I had been in the oil field for twenty-nine years. That's dangerous. As soon as you feel you have all the answers, you listen less."

Alpaerts was reflecting a deeply ingrained company attitude—an attitude that was also reflected in a speech Riboud made to a conference of all Schlumberger personnel managers, in Paris, on March 17, 1981. He began by saying that only two things threatened Schlumberger. One was a thermonuclear war, over which the company had no control. The second, he said, "is within our control: the 'demotivation' of the Schlumberger people." He recalled how enthralled he was after the war by the "freedom and creativity" of America and its businesses, and continued, "And yet in less than thirty years—within one generation—although America has the same natural resources, has still the best education system in the world, has the most innovative technical creativity, I think it is a fact that many Americans became 'demotivated.' You can notice it whether you ride in a taxi in New York, whether you shop in a department store in Houston, whether you try to cash a check in a bank in Boston, whether you travel on most U.S. airlines. Workers and employees have lost the motivation that moved America forward after the war. During the same period, an exactly opposite trend took place in the Far East, particularly in Japan. . . . If I look now at Schlumberger, obviously we are riding on top of the wave, everything looks bright. . . . How can we lose? Simply by letting the motivation of the Schlumberger people fade away. America fell asleep. Is Schlumberger going to fall asleep, too? . . . I am now asking you to add a new and more important parameter to your job: you are responsible for the fundamental motivation of the Schlumberger people. This is a totally new dimension to your job." Riboud added, "You must have and ask for a higher position in the corporate totem pole, in the salary scale."

What Riboud has called "the will to win" hints at a final reason for Schlumberger's success—what employees refer to as "the Schlumberger spirit," or what Thomas J. Peters and Robert H. Waterman, Jr., in their current best-selling book, "In Search of Excellence: Lessons from America's Best-Run Companies," term "corporate culture." Because commonly accepted attitudes, values, a company spirit cannot be measured, analysts often overlook the role such things play in determining a company's success or failure. Riboud likens the Schlumberger spirit to a religion. "It is our greatest asset, our unique strength," he says. The reason the Japanese have done so well, he told the New York Society of Security Analysts in March of 1980, is so simple and so obvious that it has been overlooked. It has less to do with their technological prowess, their productivity growth, the assistance they receive from their national government than with spirit. "They had the same faith that the great religions had in past centuries," he said. Riboud then tried to define what makes up the Schlumberger spirit:

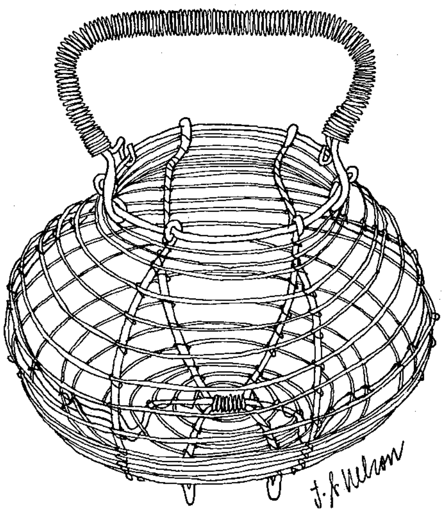
> (1) We are an exceptional crucible of many nations, of many cultures, of many visions. (2) We are a totally decentralized organization . . . (3) We are a service company, at the service of our customers, having a faster response than anybody else. (4) We believe in the profit process as a challenge, as a game, as a sport. (5) We believe in a certain arrogance; the certainty that we are going to win because we are the best—arrogance only tolerable because it is coupled with a great sense of intellectual humility, the fear of being wrong, the fear of not working hard enough.

Where does this spirit come from? Surely—in part, at least—from the personalities at the top: from the Schlumberger brothers and from Jean Riboud. "Conrad and Marcel created this spirit of friendship and honesty, and Riboud kept it," says Anne Gruner Schlumberger, a daughter of Conrad Schlumberger. "Riboud is loved because he is very friendly. It is the love of people, and the interest in their life. When people left for America and Russia, Conrad escorted the engineers to the railroad station to give them advice. He knew their families, their children." The brothers communicated shared democratic values within the Schlumberger hierarchy, as Riboud does today.

The company's spirit also comes in part from the special nature of Schlumberger's business. From the start, Schlumberger has been the only wireline company to refuse to turn over raw data to clients, insisting that it alone must process these data, for it is producing a service, not a commodity. Anne Gruner Schlumberger has written that "the high quality of human relations" at the company "took its start from a 'noble' activity, in the sense that nothing produced there was mere merchandise." She goes on, "The object conceived and made there was not such as fall into an anonymous market and in their turn become anonymous. This sonde, that galvanometer, were not for sale. The tie between the man who makes and the thing made was not cut." The Schlumberger brothers stipulated at the outset that the company would not own oil wells or permit employees to buy shares in oil companies. If Schlumberger was to be trusted to keep oil-company secrets, it had to be "pure." Dominique de Ménil, another daughter of Conrad, who was trained as an engineer and worked closely with her father, has recalled, "You had to be totally honest, and independent of any interest." Engineers at Schlumberger sensed that they were embarking not just on a career but on a calling. They were not just merchants but missionaries.

In this sense, as Riboud says, the spirit is in the company's "genes," transmitted from the top down, starting with the Schlumberger brothers. But the spirit also rises up from the bottom. As the company grew, so did the number of engineers. Few of them knew Marcel or Conrad or Riboud. Like military recruits who go through basic training together, they became a clan. They worked sometimes seven days a week for two straight months. They lived, ate, drank, showered, watched video cassettes, and vacationed together. They swapped stories about their work. For months at a time, the only people they had contact with worked for Schlumberger or for an oil company.

HOW to maintain and spread the Schlumberger spirit is a preoccupation of Schlumberger executives pondering the company's future. It's not difficult to understand what has made the company so successful, Bernard Alpaerts says: "decentralization and creating a certain spirit." The danger, he says, is in "not understanding how you keep that." He worries that Schlumberger may be losing its spirit: "You can hire a young engineer today and the first question he asks is 'What's my pension?' Twenty years ago, he would not have asked that." In Alpaerts' mind, the spiritual decline is a product of the materialism, insecurity, and weakened bonds of trust that plague industrialized society.



In the view of Claude Baks, who was hired by Marcel Schlumberger as a field engineer in 1946, the company lost some of its spirit when it began acquiring additional companies and spread out of the oil-field services. "For me, the spirit has changed," he says. "Then the company was small and had a more adventurous spirit. Now it is large and has absorbed a lot of small companies that have nothing to do with oil wells. The spirit has changed, but not so much in the oil part. For the time being, it's preserved— I'd say eighty per cent."

It is not clear whether the spirit is dependent on constantly rising profits. If the oil industry continues to contract, could Schlumberger employees lose their self-confidence? The *Wall Street Journal* recently reported, for example, that the Polaroid Corporation was "going through a mid-life crisis;" slowed growth had drained some of its creative excitement. Schlumberger executives worry that the company will divide between the robust Wireline division and the struggling Fairchild; that weaker parts of the company will pull down the strong; that executives may be transferred to divisions where their performance cannot measure up. Ian Strecker, the head of Wireline operations in North America, asserts that the Schlumberger spirit can be extended to new subsidiaries, as he believes it was to Dowell Schlumberger, where he served as president. Only a third of Dowell Schlumberger's employees are engineers, he says, yet their drive has helped the company gain thirty-five per cent of the world market. Asked whether the spirit could be imparted to the employees at Fairchild, Strecker said, "I could be wrong, but I think the answer to that is no. I think it is difficult to transfer spirit outside an oil-field-service company. We've tried it in our manufacturing plant here in Houston. There is a little bit of spirit there, but you don't get the same spirit you do in the field."

That is one cloud on the Schlumberger horizon. Another has been the question of Riboud's eventual successor. In the spring of 1982, Riboud, who is now sixty-three, said, "Who-

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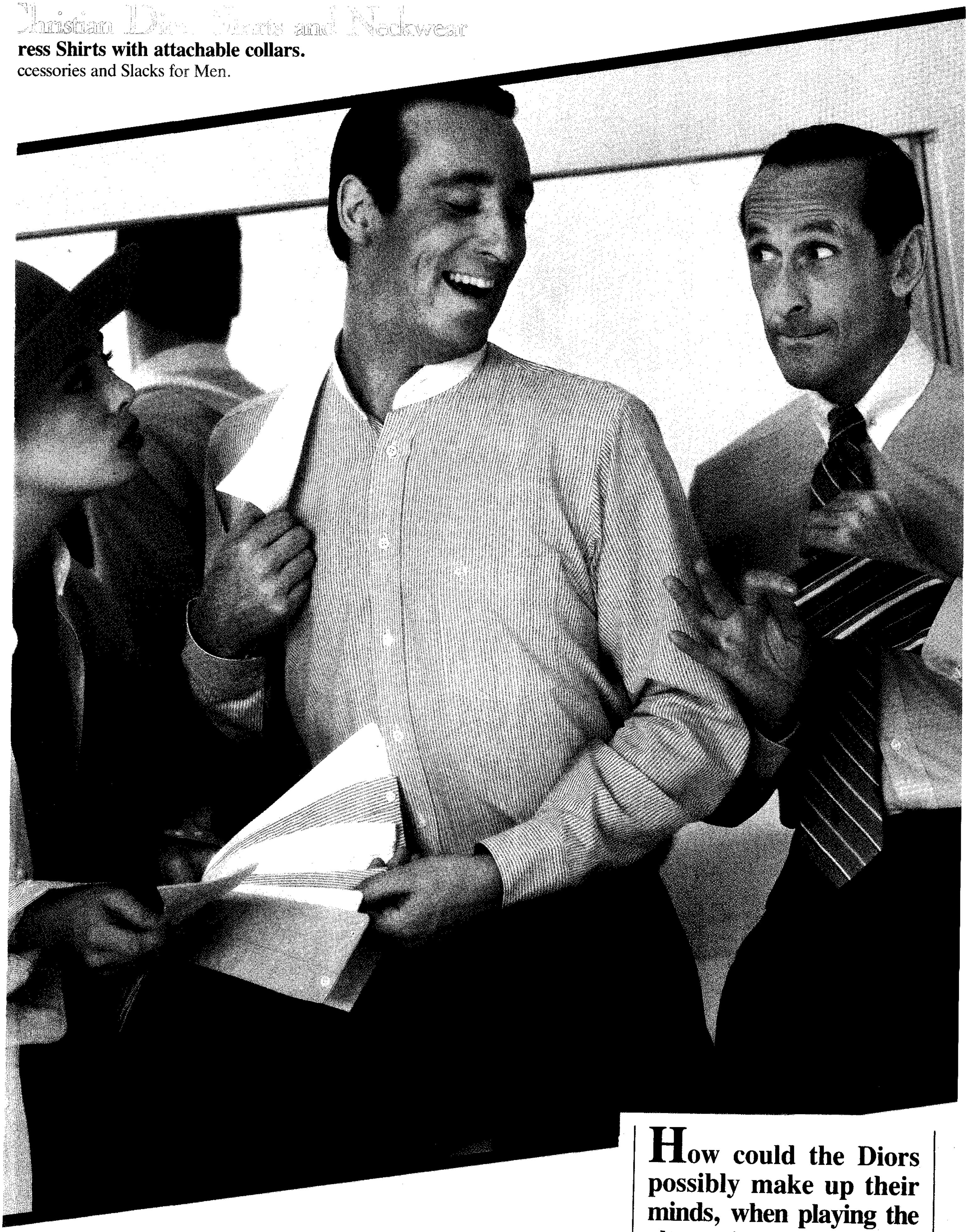
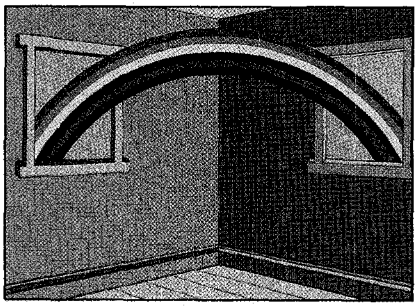


How could the Diors possibly make up their minds, when playing the alternatives was so much fun.



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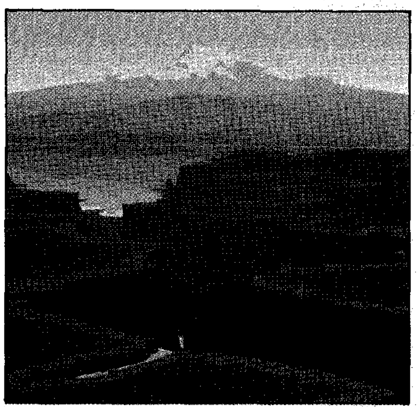

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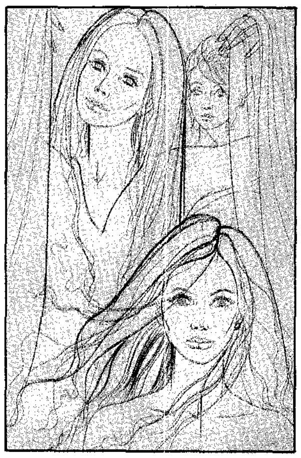

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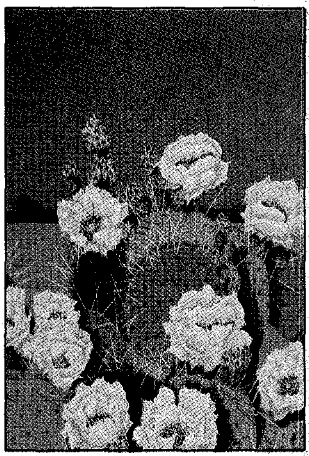

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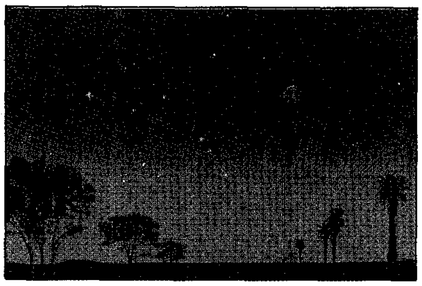

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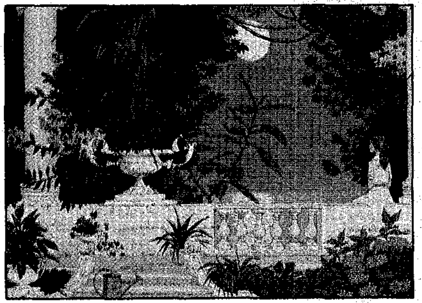

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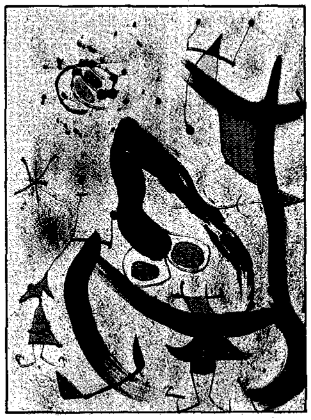

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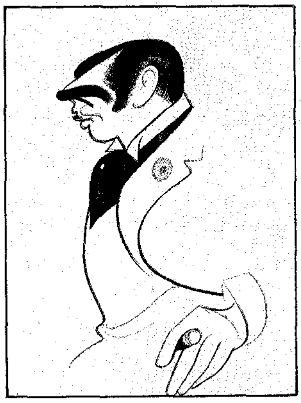
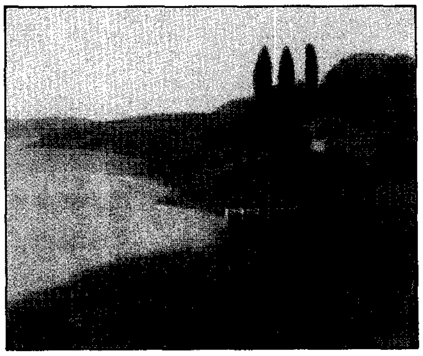


Al Hirschfeld's ***Clark Gable***, original lithograph. Signed limited edition of 200.



Nicolette Jelen's ***The Lake***, original etching. Signed limited edition of 125.

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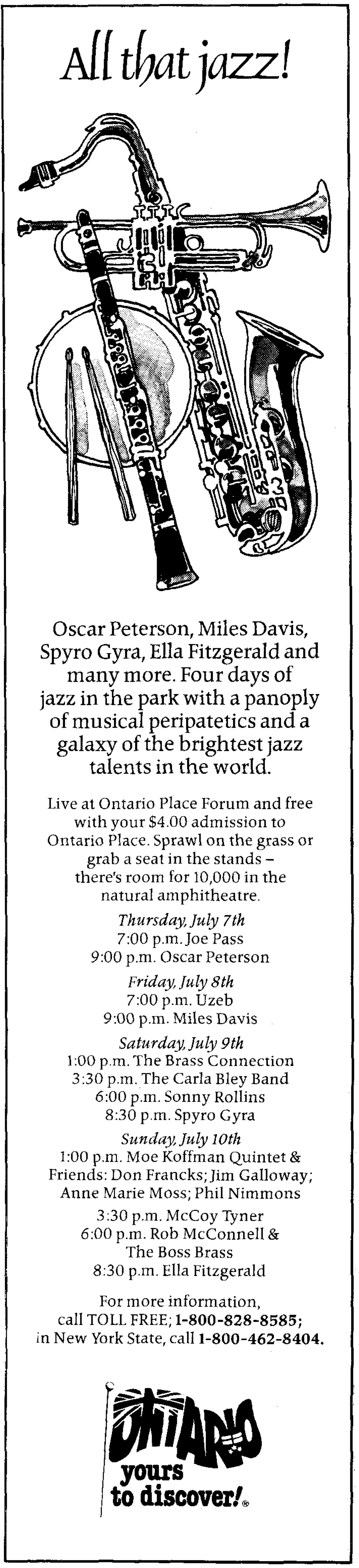
ever replaces me will be pushed in a certain direction. Except a fool, an idiot, the circumstances will push him. Remember what de Gaulle said when he was asked 'What after de Gaulle?' He said, 'After de Gaulle—a traffic jam.' That's what it will be like after Riboud—'a traffic jam.' I can think of four, five, six people in different age groups who could become president."

The leading candidate, according to those familiar with Riboud's thinking, was Michel Vaillaud, a man with a relaxed manner and a broad interest in history and the arts. But Vaillaud is relatively new to the company, and he did not start as a Schlumberger engineer. Among Vaillaud's advantages were that he was older (he is fifty-one), and so perhaps more mature than most other candidates; that he has served in both the electronics and oil-field-service divisions of the company; and that his years in the French Civil Service honed his skills as a diplomat. Another potential member of the "traffic jam" was Euan Baird, forty-five, the vice-president of the Wireline. He is a former engineer, and is a bright, independent man who often plays golf with Riboud. But some board members feel that Baird is something of an aristocrat, possessing the required self-assuredness and pride but not sufficient humility. Another candidate was Thomas Roberts, forty, the president of Fairchild. His fortunes, however, were tied up with Fairchild's. Moreover, to make Roberts president before he succeeded at Fairchild would have violated Riboud's belief that a corporate president, like the president of a nation, needs a consensus to rule. Yet another prospective candidate was Ian Strecker, the forty-three-year-old Englishman who heads the North American Wireline. Riboud did not know Strecker as well as he knew the others, but Strecker's job performance and grasp of technical problems impressed him and others.

R. MacMillan

Riboud sorted out the traffic jam at the board meeting in New York on December 9, 1982, by announcing that Michel Vaillaud would succeed him. Vaillaud was appointed president and chief executive officer. Instead of leaving the company with two divisions and two senior executive vice-presidents, Riboud consolidated these in Vaillaud's hands. Roland Génin, the executive vice-president in charge of electronics, was made chairman of the executive committee, with responsibility for long-range strategy and research. Baird and Roberts now report directly to Vaillaud. Bernard Alpaerts was made the president of Measurement & Control worldwide, minus Fairchild. There was a major surprise: Roy Shourd, whom Riboud had removed as president of the North American Wireline and shunted off to a staff job in New York, was promoted to executive vice-president of Drilling and Production Services, reporting to Vaillaud. The final maneuver involved Riboud. Although Vaillaud was elevated to president, it was announced that he would continue to report to Riboud, who would remain as chairman. Further, the board of directors voted to modify Schlumberger's mandatory retirement age, in order, the company's official announcement declared, "to provide for the possibility of Mr. Riboud continuing in the corporate leadership beyond the normal retirement age of sixty-five."

Even with the matter of succession apparently resolved, Schlumberger faces another major uncertainty—the problematic future of the oil business. The year 1982 was brutal to most companies that make their living from oil. Worldwide, oil production declined eight and seven-tenths per cent between June of 1981 and June of 1982. In North America, the number of operating oil rigs was reduced by almost half within eight months—from just over four thousand in January of 1982 to twenty-six hundred and thirty-six that August. (The number was down to nineteen hundred and ninety in March of 1983.) This decline in production mirrored a decline in demand—down from sixty-five million barrels of oil consumed daily in 1979 to fifty-seven million in mid-1982. The price of oil had dropped from forty dollars a barrel to thirty-four dollars in 1982, and in 1983 dropped again, to below twenty-nine dollars. Early in 1983, deep fissures in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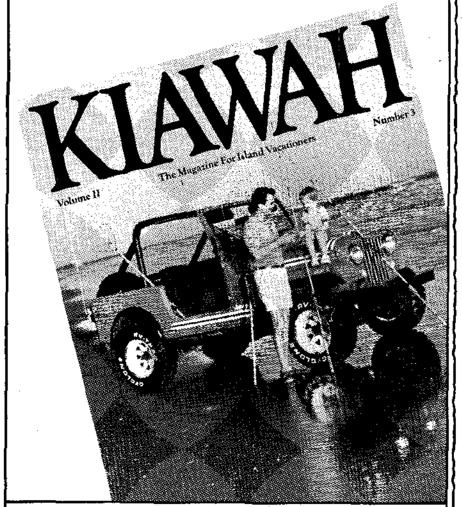

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the Organization of Petroleum Exporting Countries appeared when some countries lowered their prices. Although oil prices have dropped, the cost of extracting oil is high, and inflation and interest rates remain high. These economic factors are reflected in the profit-and-loss statements of companies connected to the oil business. Last year, the net income of most of them fell. Most were compelled to lay off workers; for example, the Hughes Tool Company, a Schlumberger competitor in the drilling business, had cut ten per cent of its work force by June. New investments in research and new efforts to extract more expensive shale, offshore, and tertiary oil—a principal reason that President Carter decided to decontrol oil prices in 1979—dwindled. Schlumberger embarked on a major cost-cutting effort—reducing its employees from eighty-five thousand to seventy-five thousand—and ended the year as one of the few oil-related firms with growing profits, its net income having risen six per cent over 1981 (although in the last three quarters net income has dropped).

What does all this portend for the future of oil and of Schlumberger? Every expert offers his own answers, it seems, and predictions fluctuate wildly. Morris A. Adelman, a well-known energy economist at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, told the New York *Times* in August of 1982, "Oil is a static or, more likely, a declining industry." Many oil analysts predicted at the end of 1982 that the price of oil would dip five or six dollars a barrel (it did), and some have since asserted that the price of oil could drop to fifteen dollars a barrel—an event that would not only sharply reduce Schlumberger's profits but, Riboud argues, quickly lead to oil shortages. President Reagan has not continued President Carter's efforts to promote energy conservation, for he believes that a free market will take care of public needs. Still, a number of experts claim that the current oil glut is a mirage, warn of another oil crisis, and say there is a crucial need for conservation. The International Energy Agency, an organization composed of the twenty-one largest industrial nations, prophesied in October of 1982 that there would be an acute energy shortage by the end of the century, and that a shortage and a rise in prices would be evident as early as 1986.

Schlumberger officials make a distinction between the long-term and the short-term prospects of the oil industry. Riboud is moderately optimistic about the continued growth of oil profits in the long term, and therefore sides with the experts who warn of eventual shortages. He does not expect the price of oil to rise in the next two to three years, yet he is unperturbed, telling shareholders in Schlumberger's 1982 annual report, "A limited and orderly reduction in the price of oil to the $25-to-$30 level will have a minimal effect, if any, on the exploration and production. . . . It will increase the demand for hydrocarbons." Even if drilling declines, he wrote, "we will improve the quality of our services and will grow faster than the drilling activity." The steadying of oil prices over the past decade has been a healthy development, he argues. "Fundamentally, the Western world owes a lot to OPEC," he says. "This business of believing that the marketplace can handle the price of crude oil is crazy. If it were not for Saudi Arabia"—which over the past several years has persuaded OPEC to maintain production—"you'd see tremendous prices in crude oil." The Saudis, he says, "saved capitalism." Riboud believes that even if oil prices fall further Schlumberger will be all right; he points out that even when drilling declined in the United States, Schlumberger Well Services—part of the North American Wireline—experienced steady profit growth.

Riboud acknowledges that serious questions loom: Can the Saudis lower production? Can the world absorb Iranian and Iraqi crude oil when it comes back on the market? Will OPEC collapse? Will crude-oil prices and production decline? Will some oil producers default on their loans? Will the Saudi royal family be deposed? Will new fighting break out in the Middle East, which today supplies sixty-five per cent of the crude oil traded on the international market? Will there be technological breakthroughs that will lower the cost of oil discovery and extraction? Will oil exploration in North America, the lack of which was primarily responsible for Schlumberger's decline in earnings in the last three quarters—the first in twenty years—rebound in 1983? Will the American economy and the world economy recover?

Despite these questions, both

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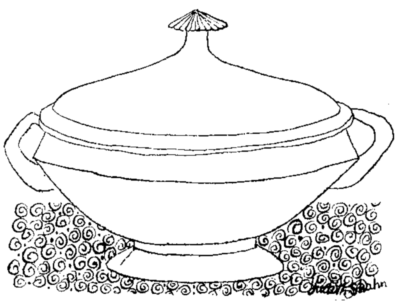
Schlumberger's competitors and independent Wall Street analysts are generally optimistic about Schlumberger's future. "They're a mighty fine company," says Marvin Gearhart. When he was asked if he thought Schlumberger was slipping in any way, Gearhart, who is not a man to waste words, replied simply, "No." Morgan Stanley's John C. Wellemeyer, whom the *Institutional Investor* in 1981 rated the best oil-field-service-company analyst on Wall Street, alerted investors to Schlumberger in April of 1982: "We particularly emphasize the appeal of Schlumberger. The stock price of this premier oil-service company will be the first to recover, in our opinion." In June of 1981, Everett Titus, a vice-president with the brokerage firm of L. F. Rothschild, Unterberg, Towbin, was optimistic about "the longer-term growth prospects for Schlumberger," and Eberstadt's Philip Meyer noted in a February, 1982, report that the company was "technologically better equipped and more sensitive to new market opportunities than I've seen it in ten years."

Riboud expects oil-field services to remain at the heart of Schlumberger's business for the next fifty years. At the meeting of top executives last June, he spoke of the future and the past. He said that Schlumberger and the world were entering "a new cycle"—a cycle that would no longer feature annual earnings-per-share increases of twenty-five to thirty-five per cent. He divided the years after the Second World War into three cycles. The first, from 1945 to 1970, had three aspects: cheap and abundant energy; the world dominance of American business; and the Bretton Woods agreement creating an international monetary system. The second cycle, from 1970 to 1980, saw the end of cheap oil; the challenge to American business dominance, particularly from Japan and other countries of the Far East; and the collapse of gold as the single international monetary standard. These changes helped ignite the worldwide rise in inflation and interest rates. We are now living through the third cycle, Riboud said. Its features include a slowdown of the American economy; a zero growth rate in Western Europe; and a "sense that the boom is coming to an end" even in the Far East. "It is easy to be pessimistic," to warn of a "major crisis," or a "depression," to predict twelve-dollar-a-barrel crude oil and the crumbling of the Western alliance, he said. "My own assessment is that we will have a deeper and longer recession than I and others once thought." The oil business would not recover in 1982, or even in 1983, he said, but he thought Schlumberger's oil-field-service profits would probably continue to rise, though not as rapidly as they rose in past years. He said he expected the company's earnings per share to increase in 1982. (They did.) Assuming that there was no "economic collapse," Riboud said, Schlumberger's technological lead would help the Wireline division "return to normalcy." (In this year's first quarter, Schlumberger's profits dropped twenty-seven per cent from the comparable quarter in 1982—from three hundred and fifty-four million dollars to two hundred and fifty-nine million dollars.)



He was more guarded in his assessment of other divisions of Schlumberger. Though Forex Neptune enjoyed a twenty-eight-per-cent growth in revenues in 1981, he cautioned that its revenues would decline in 1982. (In fact, they rose by eleven per cent.) This would actually be "a blessing," he said, for "booms tend to hide a lot of sins." Over the past decade, Forex Neptune had raced to keep up with its fantastic growth, so problems had not surfaced, and executives had not had time to concentrate on long-term goals. Riboud said that he wanted Forex Neptune's principal goal to be to improve the technology of drilling. If it accomplished this, then it would "shape" the direction of drilling the way Schlumberger shapes the direction of logging.

Riboud reported that Schlumberger's two well-testing and completion-service companies—Johnston-Macco, which does business in the United States and Canada, and Flopetrol, which operates in South America and the eastern hemisphere—were well run and profitable. Johnston-Macco's revenues rose forty-two per cent in 1981, and Flopetrol's twenty-seven per cent. Typically, Riboud focussed on future challenges. The long-term challenge for both divi-

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sions, he concluded, was to coördinate their sales and research efforts better worldwide. (In 1982, the two companies merged into the Flopetrol Johnston group, and over-all revenues rose eleven per cent.)

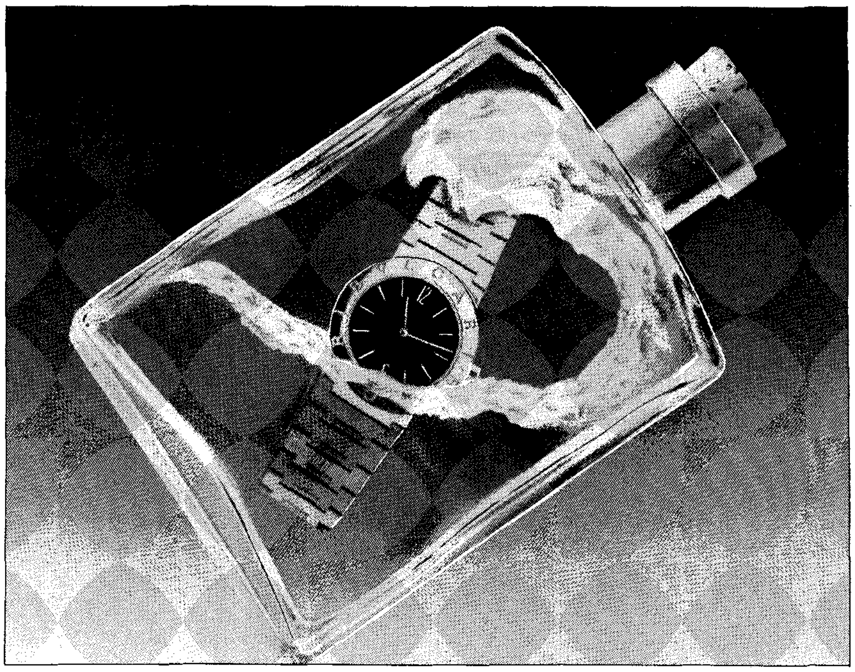
Riboud said that Dowell Schlumberger, the one joint venture that Schlumberger has participated in, had for twenty years been successful. Its revenues rose twenty-three per cent in 1981 (and fifteen per cent in 1982). Riboud would like to buy the fifty per cent of this company which is owned by the Dow Chemical Company, he said, "but it takes two to marry." In any case, he said, "probably Dowell Schlumberger is the only successful fifty-fifty success story I know." He pointed out, however, that the responsibility for managing Dowell Schlumberger was Schlumberger's alone. The subsidiary's immediate goals, he said, should be to develop its own research component, and to focus on fewer techniques and perfect those. As for the long term, he said he was unhappy that Dowell Schlumberger and Halliburton shared the lead, each claiming thirty-eight per cent of the pumping-and-cementing market; Dowell Schlumberger's goal must be to be No 1.

Although the subsidiary called The Analysts had a forty-two-per-cent increase in revenues in 1981, Riboud expressed concern about its future. In contrast to ordinary wireline procedure, in which drilling is stopped and the oil company pulls the pipe from the well to allow logging measurements, the work of The Analysts is to provide logs during drilling. Riboud expressed pleasure that under the tutelage of Carl Buchholz, the president, who is a friend and former bridge partner of his, an excellent management team had been installed in just a few years. But then he recalled a dinner at New York City's Sky Club three years before, when Buchholz and Fairchild's Thomas Roberts, both of whom had just been appointed to their posts, boasted of the miracles they would perform. "It has gone slower than they thought," Riboud said. He praised Buchholz's strategy-and-management team. "What we really need is tools that work in the wells," he said. After noting that The Analysts was not the No. 1 mudlogging company in the world, he said he would remain dissatisfied until it was. (In 1982, its revenues declined seven per cent.)

The year 1981 was not a banner

one, he said, for the non-oil-field-service half of Schlumberger—Measurement, Control & Components. The various companies operating in this division manufacture, among other products, electric, gas, and water meters; nuclear, petroleum, and industrial valves; and aircraft instruments. Revenues of this division declined one per cent. Revenues of Measurement & Control—Europe declined four per cent. The problems, said Riboud, were caused by the recession in the United States and Europe; by "the basic conservatism and resistance to change of our major customers, particularly the utilities," which were too comfortable with outmoded meters; by "the mosaic of countries and products we face;" and by the drop-off in the oil business. The challenge, Riboud concluded, was to slim down, to discard products that did not promise to capture a larger share of the market.

Riboud said that Computer Aided Systems—one of Schlumberger's newer subsidiary groups—had an as yet unrealized potential. This group makes so-called CAD/CAM systems (for "computer-aided design/computer-aided manufacturing") that are intended to revolutionize the design, manufacture, and testing of products ranging from bolts to airplanes. Schlumberger's 1981 annual report declares, "The ultimate goal of this revolution could be a fully automated factory." Schlumberger's acquisition of Applicon was a step toward this goal. Applicon was a pioneer in automating the design and drafting processes by using computers and TV-like terminal screens, so that engineers could test the function and durability of designs without building expensive prototypes. Riboud said that Applicon officials came to Schlumberger on their own, through a stockholder, J. H. Whitney & Company. (At the time, Whitney's managing partner, Benno Schmidt, was a member of the Schlumberger board.) Like many small high-technology companies, Applicon was starved for research dollars. Schlumberger provided capital, and in addition Riboud was able to combine Applicon with an earlier acquisition, Manufacturing Data Systems, Inc., of Michigan. These companies, together with two other recent acquisitions—Benson, a manufacturer of computer-aided drafting systems, and Accutest, a manufacturer of test equipment—make up Computer Aided Systems. (The Federal Trade Commission has so far blocked the acquisition of Accutest, claiming that it



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could reduce competition and create a monopoly for automatic test equipment.) "Everyone says it is one of Riboud's stupid acquisitions," Riboud told his executives. He disagreed, he said, for one day he expected engineers to rely on CAD/CAM systems the way they now rely on calculators. But he admitted that in the short term their profitability would be modest. The immediate objective, he concluded, was to instill in this division "the will to make money"—the same will that the best companies in the world, like I.B.M., the Digital Equipment Corporation, Hewlett-Packard, and Schlumberger, have had "from Day One."

Riboud talked about other Schlumberger divisions, concentrating on Fairchild. Although Fairchild's revenues slipped twelve per cent in 1981 (and six per cent in 1982), he said that if he were given the opportunity he would make the same decision—to buy the company—today. "Is it a business we want to be in? Yes." Although Riboud has acknowledged that he may have paid too much for it, he predicted at the time of the acquisition that Fairchild's problems would take no more than five years to resolve (he now says seven years). He pointed out to his executives that two years remained. He said he had started with "two simple objectives," which he hoped to realize after five years: "Fairchild should be one of the five top semiconductor companies in the world. Second, Fairchild must remain the leader in automatic test equipment in the world." To achieve these objectives, the parent company had to put huge sums into the modernization of Fairchild's plants and into research. "The question is: Are we modernizing or just plugging the leaks and subsidizing the operating losses of Fairchild? It's not simple to tell which you are doing." Riboud praised Thomas Roberts, Fairchild's president, and then said that the company now needed to strengthen its middle management and to learn from the Japanese how to manufacture semiconductors. Early in 1983, broad management changes were made at Fairchild, and operations at its South San Jose manufacturing plant were reduced.

Summing up, Riboud said, "If we lose the drive, and fear searching for new technologies, or fear taking incredible gambles on new managers," or fear to heed the voices of "other countries and cultures, then we will become an establishment." If that happens, Schlumberger may remain powerful and profitable for the moment, but ultimately it will decline. "It's easy to be the best," Riboud has said many times. "That's not enough. The goal is to strive for perfection."

—Ken Auletta

(This is the second part of a two-part article.)

•

BLUE IRIS

The deserted golf course
glitters in the sun. Sycamores.
Squirrels. It's the kind of day
you want to leap
out of your body. Air.
A brilliant bush, tipped now
with clear light.

The slender tongues of grass.
The clotted lips of stories
crumbled and tugged to humus.
Dirt of the soft bodies
of mothers, work-hardened
bodies of mothers, the roots
and twisted bodies of fathers.
Hands of a dead soldier.
You haven't come here for this.

Yes, the long fall
of the fine hairs of animals,
feathers, bare frames
of branches, the hearts of
burning stars . . .

A billion years in an instant.

Again, an instant.
The start
again upward.
Particles of moisture beading
to silver on the grass.
A parched beetle.
Red green blue yellow violet
tumbling up
into cloud
under the distant sun.

Then, someone is here.
Off a tee.
Or stumbling out of the breaking surf
or the swilling Ohio.
Towelling
a kissed face,
they crook their knee,
or touch your shoulder.
There's coffee on the table,
a pitcher of blue iris.
And the light everywhere around you,
as it always is,
much or little,
is perfect.

—Robert Dana

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THE ART WORLD

Dallas

"DALLAS—CITY OF THE ARTS," it says on the billboard just outside the Dallas–Fort Worth Airport. The slogan might surprise some visitors, but the Dallas *Times Herald*, which paid for it, is not kidding. Plans for a sixty-acre "arts district" now taking shape at the edge of the downtown business center include a new art museum (designed by Edward Larrabee Barnes), a new concert hall (by I. M. Pei), three hotels, several theatres, and a high school for the arts. This being Texas, the arts district is billed as "the largest downtown development ever undertaken in the United States"—a bold civic venture intended to revitalize the city's commercial heart while establishing Dallas in the upper firmament of national culture.

Although the arts district may not be completed for fifteen or twenty years, the museum—which will be called the Dallas Museum of Art—is nearly finished, and is due to open next January. The museum is the key to everything else. It was the engine that got the arts district rolling, and the immense hopes for the future of the project center on the museum's ability to attract large numbers of people from downtown offices, suburban areas, and other parts of the state and the country. Dallas is by no means the only American city to set great store by its new or enlarged museum of art. Atlanta and Richmond as well as Portland, Maine, and Hanover, New Hampshire, have recently hired leading architects and spent great sums to this effect. (The Whitney Museum devoted an exhibition last year to these and other "New American Art Museums.") The new Dallas Museum of Art, however, bears an unusually heavy weight of expectation. In no other city does a multi-million-dollar urban-renewal scheme lean so heavily on the selling power of the fine arts.

Some years ago, in a series of articles in this magazine, John Bainbridge observed that the rest of the United States tended to view Texas and Texans in much the way that Europeans viewed America and Americans. This is still true to a degree, but during the last two decades the basis for such an outlook has greatly eroded. Dallas, in particular, looks and feels like an up-and-coming city in some other part of the country. Its cluster of steel-and-glass office towers downtown could just as well be in Cincinnati or Hartford; its leafy residential sections suggest Birmingham. Notwithstanding the image projected by the world's most widely watched television series—of a wide-open town populated by unscrupulous oilmen who still live with their parents—Dallas has always been primarily a financial center: a city of banks and insurance firms and brokerage houses and, more recently, electronics industries. It has long been a fairly cosmopolitan place, welcoming outsiders and cultivating its ties to the older cities of the industrial Northeast. Dallas businessmen all seem to go to New York often, and that is not surprising, since quite a few of them came from there in the first place.

When, about eight years ago, it began to be apparent to some influential Dallas business leaders that the city's cultural life needed upgrading, and that a new and larger art museum was a prime requisite for the process, they had no compunction about choosing Easterners to do the job. Harry S. Parker III, the likable and persuasive young man who came here in 1974 to be director of the Dallas Museum of Fine Arts, grew up in Boston. He went to Harvard and the New York University Institute of Fine Arts. In 1963, he joined the staff of the Metropolitan Museum as an assistant to James J. Rorimer, the director, and later he became vice-director for education under Rorimer's successor, Thomas Hoving. Edward Larrabee Barnes, the New York architect selected to build the new museum, won the job largely because his design thinking came closest to the express wish of the trustees for a building "that would not upstage the art." The trustees wanted a dignified and highly flexible building, in keeping with their view of the city as a mature, international-minded place. There is nothing symbolically Texan about Barnes' building; it is handsome, imposing, and rather conservative in design, and the predominant building material is brown Indiana limestone, from the quarries made famous by the movie "Breaking Away."

Outsiders may have shaped the museum, but it is generally acknowledged that the incentive behind it came largely from Margaret McDermott, who was born and raised in Dallas, and who has been active in the museum's affairs for more than thirty years. Mrs. McDermott got involved with the museum in 1948, when she went to work there as a paid public-relations person. The museum was a quiet backwater in those days, devoted mainly to showing regional art of the Southwest. Her interest in art grew rapidly, and when she married Eugene McDermott, in 1954, her interest became his. Eugene McDermott was one of the three founders of Texas Instruments. He and his partners, Erik Jonsson and Cecil Green, came to Texas in the early nineteen-thirties, soon after the opening of the East Texas oil fields. (McDermott and Jonsson were from Brooklyn; Green was born in England and was brought up in British Columbia.) They started a small business that provided seismographic services to oil drillers, and their firm, which eventually went into electronics, is one of the great Dallas success stories. Texas Instruments has been exceptionally generous over the years in its corporate grants to educational, health, and cultural institutions throughout the country, and the three founders were highly influential in Dallas affairs. Jonsson, in fact, served as mayor from 1964 to 1971, and he is credited with holding the city together in the terrible aftermath of the Kennedy assassination.

Among Eugene McDermott's many public interests was the Dallas Museum for Contemporary Arts, which was founded in 1957. The Dallas Museum of Fine Arts, which had been around since 1903, was sympathetic to contemporary art of the Southwest, but it had shown little interest in more advanced trends visible in Europe and New York. At that period, in fact, quite a few Dallas citizens and some museum trustees held the opinion that these advanced trends were part of a Communist conspiracy to overthrow

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"I'm going to Europe to find myself, and John is going to Asia to find himself."

the government. Local patriotic groups had pressed this issue with such fervor that in 1955 the trustees of the Museum of Fine Arts issued a statement promising that the museum would not "knowingly exhibit or acquire the work of a person known by us to be now a Communist or of Communist-front affiliation." Some of the more enlightened trustees—notably Betty Marcus, whose husband, Edward, became the first president of the Museum for Contempory Arts—persuaded the board to rescind this policy a few months later. Modern art was still a fairly suspect category, however, when the Museum for Contemporary Arts was founded. Douglas MacAgy, a former Museum of Modern Art official who came down in 1958 to be the first director, put on several highly innovative exhibitions and acquired a number of important modernist works, but he also received telephone calls in the middle of the night warning him to get "that goddam Commie art" out of town quick, or else. The Museum for Contemporary Arts lost its rent-free quarters in 1962, and MacAgy went back to New York. The members of the board thereupon entered into gingerly negotiations with the board of the Museum of Fine Arts, and the result was a merger of the two museums and their boards. (Actual ownership of the Museum for Contemporary Arts' collection reverted to a specially created Foundation for the Arts, in case the older museum's trustees should decide at some future date that the pictures were a threat to the Republic.) The president of the board of the combined museums was Margaret McDermott, a firm ally of modern art. For this and other reasons—one of which was that the board members of the Museum for Contemporary Arts tended to be young and energetic—modern and contemporary art became a significant part of the Fine Arts Museum's collection.

The first director of the combined museums, Merrill C. Rueppel, had learned his trade at the Minneapolis Institute of Arts and the St. Louis Art Museum, and his horizons extended well beyond regional art. Rueppel had a brilliant eye and a shrewd talent for buying "against the market," as they say; he made important acquisitions in such relatively unfashionable areas as classical antiquities and pre-Columbian, African, Oriental, and contemporary art without spending vast sums of money (which the museum did not have in any case). In his eight years as director (he left in 1973 to become director of the Boston Museum of Fine Arts), Rueppel gave the Dallas museum real stature, but he did not endear himself either to the Dallas millionaires or to the general public, and museum admissions declined during his tenure. This did not distress the trustees nearly as much as the opening, in 1972, of the Kimbell Art Museum, in Fort Worth, only half an hour's drive away. Rivalry between Dallas and Fort Worth had been a half-serious joke for generations—everyone loves to tell how old Amon Carter, Fort Worth's preëminent millionaire, used to carry his lunch in a paper bag when he had to go to Dallas on business, so he would not be obliged to patronize an enemy restaurant. Kay Kimbell, Carter's contemporary, had made his money in the grain market before branching out into wholesale food operations. He started buying art at about the same time as Carter and Sid Richardson, a Fort Worth oilman, but instead of buying cowboy-and-Indian paintings by Frederic Remington and Charles Russell, as they did, he went in for eighteenth-century English portraits—especially portraits of children and pretty women. When Kimbell died, in 1964, he left his collection to the Kimbell Art Foundation, whose trustees undertook to build a museum. One of the trustees' first acts was to hire Richard F. Brown, the director of the Los Angeles County Museum of Art, to run their as yet unbuilt museum, and Brown, who had presided unhappily over the construction of the architecturally mediocre museum in Los Angeles, persuaded them to engage the great Louis I. Kahn as the architect. Kahn's strikingly beautiful small museum rapidly began to fill up with masterpieces that had never been owned by Kay Kimbell. Through the generosity of Kimbell's widow, the museum endowment provided an acquisitions budget larger than that of almost any other museum in the country. (Today, it is said to be second only to that of the Getty Museum, in Malibu, California.) Ric Brown employed this resource to great effect, buying Old Masters and Chinese porcelains and medieval objects and a great many fine works of European art. Under Brown and his succes-

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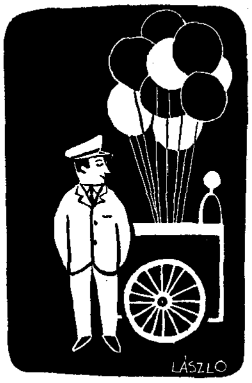
sor, Edmund Pillsbury, a Yale man who took over as director in 1980, the Kimbell achieved international renown as an important collection in a major architectural setting—all of which came as something of a blow to Dallas civic pride.

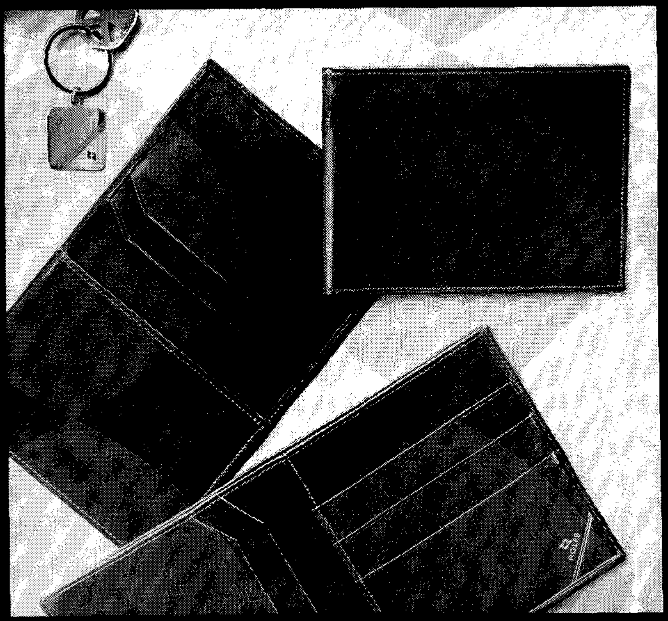
Imagine the dismay! Here was Dallas—cosmopolitan, sophisticated Dallas—virtually eclipsed in the all-important fine-arts arena by insular, cattle-baron Fort Worth. And it was not just the Kimbell. The Amon Carter Museum of Western Art, established in 1961 in a building designed by Philip Johnson only a block from the Kimbell site, had decided to take a more expansive view of "Western" art than that of its late benefactor. It exhibited a fairly broad range of American art of the nineteenth and early twentieth centuries, including fine examples by such non-Westerners as Arthur Dove and Stuart Davis. In addition, the venerable Fort Worth Art Museum, a city-sponsored, privately endowed institution with its own energetic board of trustees, was turning into a lively center of international modern and contemporary art. Fort Worth, half the size of Dallas, had made itself into a world-class museum town. Important art experts sometimes flew in and out of the Dallas–Fort Worth Airport (built precisely equidistant from the two cities) without bothering to visit Dallas. Nor could you blame them. The Dallas Museum of Fine Arts had a much-improved collection, thanks to Merrill Rueppel, but the collection hung in an outmoded and outgrown building in an unfashionable part of town—Fair Park, the site of the annual Texas State Fair. (In October, when the fair was on, you couldn't even get into the museum without paying admission to the fairgrounds and fighting your way through the chili-dog stands and the livestock pens; and at any time of year people hesitated to go out there after dark.)



Harry Parker, who began proselytizing for a new building soon after he took the job of director, found he had a lot of pent-up civic pride to work with. He also had Margaret McDermott (who became chairman of the board of trustees in 1974) and Betty Marcus (who had been the museum's president in 1973-74). Mrs. McDermott and Mrs. Marcus believed fervently in the need for a new building, and so did John D. Murchison, the museum's president and one of Dallas's wealthier citizens, whose political views and tastes in art were somewhat less definitive than those of his self-made father. What Parker did not have, then or now, was a super-millionaire with a yen for his own museum. The Dallas Museum of Fine Arts had always been a *city* museum, founded and largely supported by municipal funds; that made it, in Texas, almost a unique institution. This could be viewed as an asset, in the sense that its professional independence was not subject to personal pressures, and Parker and his associates chose to view it that way. They appealed to the pride of the citizenry, at the same time making it clear that any new museum would remain a *Dallas* museum—there would be no wings or auditoriums or special rooms named after individual donors. They have no doubt that they lost several potentially large gifts as a result. The important Dallas collectors came through, however, and so did the business leaders. Margaret McDermott pledged a very substantial gift of money to the new museum, and also an important part of the collection of Impressionists, Post-Impressionists, and classical modern paintings that she and her late husband (Eugene McDermott died in 1973) had assembled. The oilman Algur H. Meadows matched both her pledge and her gift. Meadows had been a trustee of the museum for several years. He had suffered much embarrassment as a collector, having once been informed by the Art Dealers Association of America that of fifty-eight French paintings hanging in his Dallas home at least forty-four were forgeries. Instead of giving up art, Meadows simply said he would have to get better advice, and he did. He kept right on buying, and his donation to the museum included thirty-eight fully authenticated paintings and sculptures, ranging from Impressionism through the New York School of the nineteen-fifties and sixties. A third major gift came from Lillian Clark, who donated five superb Mondrians and three Légers from the collection that she and her late husband, the Dallas financier James H. Clark, had put together with great discrimination over a twenty-year period.

Although Dallas is one of the wealthiest cities in the country, the fact is that art collecting is not yet a widespread passion there. Margaret McDermott, Harry Parker, and their colleagues hope the new museum will encourage more people to collect, and there is some evidence that this has already begun to happen. Nelson Bunker Hunt and William Herbert Hunt, sons of the well-known enthusiast of right-wing causes H. L. Hunt, recently started collecting ancient gold, silver, and bronze coins (it is tempting to wonder if this was a by-product of the Hunt brothers' recent activities in the international silver market), and they went on to acquire some important Greek vases and bronze sculptures, most of which will be in an exhibition that opens at the Kimbell Museum in June, travels to several other museums, and winds up at the new Dallas Museum the following April. Lamar Hunt, another son, has a large collection of paintings by the nineteenth-century American landscapist Thomas Moran, and has served on the museum's acquisitions committee. When Frederick Church's huge painting "The Icebergs," purchased at auction in 1979 for two million five hundred thousand dollars, came to the Dallas Museum of Fine Arts that year through an anonymous donor, everybody seemed to know that the donor was Lamar Hunt. Several Dallas tycoons help support the booming market for modern cowboy art, which they consider far superior to anything else in the modern line. It is not inconceivable, however, that the social attractions of membership on the museum's board of trustees might eventually lead them to a greater catholicity of taste.

Nobody quite knows what would have happened if some millionaire had offered the trustees fifteen million dollars to build a new museum. At any rate, nobody did, and Parker and his trustees proceeded on the assumption that to get a new building for their public museum they would have to depend to a considerable extent on the public. The issue was first proposed to the voters in 1978, as part of a fifty-million-dollar bond issue for the new cultural center. The trustees were advised not to campaign for their cause, because Dallas voters never turned down bond issues. They didn't campaign, and the voters turned them down. Stunned but undaunted, George



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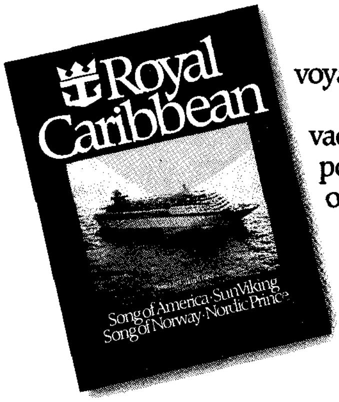

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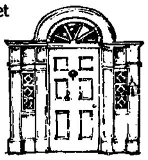

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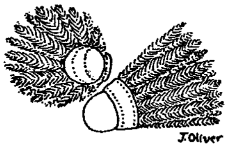
Charlton (then the museum's president), Irvin Levy (the chairman of the board of trustees), Vincent Carrozza, Richard Haynes, and other influential trustees persuaded the city fathers to give them another try. For the next twelve months, they campaigned ferociously, spending more than two hundred and fifty thousand dollars to sell their case to the public on radio and television, in the press, and in every other possible forum, and in November, 1979, the voters gave them twenty-five million dollars—what is said to be the largest sum ever raised by public referendum in this country for a cultural project. With a matching twenty-five million from private sources, the museum's future was assured.

By this time, planning for the expanded arts district had gone into high gear, and real-estate speculation in the formerly derelict downtown area adjoining the museum had driven prices from ten dollars a square foot to a hundred and fifty. A master plan for the district, drawn up by Sasaki Associates, of Watertown, Massachusetts, envisaged pedestrian plazas, outdoor restaurants, parks, residential units, and all manner of European-style urban amenities along the Flora Street axis linking Ed Barnes' museum and I. M. Pei's concert hall. The prospect was for a cultural complex that would vibrate day and night—a major tourist attraction, as beneficial to business as it was to art. It certainly would outshine anything in Fort Worth, not to mention Houston, which most Dallas loyalists see as their city's true rival. Houston has several first-class museums, and a major new one—the Menil Collection—is under construction. It has more galleries than Dallas, and more artists, and a livelier art "scene," but these activities take place all over the city, and its downtown area is often dead and forbidding after dark. Houston is like Los Angeles—a dozen suburbs in search of a city. The arts district offers Dallas a chance at something more—well, civilized.



A lot of thought has been given to the new museum's function as a social center. Situated at the edge of the business district, it will serve—or so the planners hope—as a meeting place for office workers at the lunch hour and after work. An unusually large area on the museum's second floor is devoted to restaurant and lounge space. Visitors from the business district will enter the museum through a sculpture garden divided into several outdoor "rooms" by limestone walls, some of which will have water flowing down them, as in New York's Paley Plaza. Music and theatre groups are being encouraged to perform there at noontime and in the late afternoon. Film showings, lectures, and other public events will be scheduled inside the museum at night. The museum, which has depended on city funds for about sixteen per cent of its operating budget, will be asking for greatly increased municipal support in its new quarters, and it will undoubtedly try to justify this support by pointing to the greatly increased number of people it serves. The change of the museum's name—from the Dallas Museum of Fine Arts to the Dallas Museum of Art—suggests a democratic outlook, both toward the public and toward art itself. It is clear that unless the museum attracts a broad range of visitors the arts district is not going to become the "revitalizing" center that the planners have in mind.

Not that Harry Parker wants to create a populist palace. His priorities for the future, after the new building opens, are to build the collection by filling major gaps; to develop a public program with special emphasis on museum use by the public schools; and to devote increased attention to scholarship—catalogues, publications, research. He has already brought several highly competent young museum professionals to Dallas: Steven Nash, from the Albright-Knox Art Gallery, is the new chief curator and assistant director, and Sue Graze, a Rockefeller Foundation Fellow from the University of California at Riverside (she was born in Manhattan), is in charge of contemporary art. Although Parker himself is not a specialist in twentieth-century art, he believes that, in view of present holdings and anticipated gifts, within the next couple of decades the museum could have one of the finest twentieth-century collections anywhere. This in itself is somewhat ironic, considering past attitudes toward modern art in Dallas. Even today, the museum regularly receives letters from visitors complaining that the several large works of contemporary art that dominate the main lobby of the building in Fair Park are "not a good introduction" to the collection. The same objection will no doubt be raised about the central gallery in the

Barnes building—a barrel-vaulted, forty-foot-high space that is to contain immense works by Frank Stella, Robert Rauschenberg, James Rosenquist, and other contemporaries. The museum has commissioned Claes Oldenburg to do a monumental sculpture for this space, as a gift from the Murchison family in honor of the late John D. Murchison. Entitled "Stake Hitch," the sculpture will have the form of a huge stake rising sixteen feet from the floor, at an angle; to it will be attached a length of rope twenty inches in diameter, whose other end will disappear into the ceiling. Oldenburg had originally suggested a sculpture consisting of three gigantic nails that would appear to be driven right through the ceiling—the heads visible outside, on the roof, and the points emerging through the pristine white vault inside—but Ed Barnes and others felt this would not be appropriate. Contemporary art is going to be prominent in the new museum, at any rate, and some people may not be pleased.

In the general climate of pride and congratulation about the museum, critical questions so far have been muted. The *Times Herald* did run a thoughtful piece by one of its reporters, Sean Mitchell, suggesting that the arts district was not going to do much for the local community of artists—a community that Sue Graze estimates to be somewhere between a hundred and fifty and two hundred. Soaring land values in the district will prevent artists from living or working there, and will probably also rule out small, informal spaces for performing groups. "The feeling persists," Mitchell wrote, "that the arts have been appropriated here primarily to sell a massive real estate development." At the moment, though, nobody seems to question the idea of an art museum as a social center, a magnet for crowds of people with an hour to kill and a generalized belief in the benefits of high culture. And in this respect, as in many others, Dallas undoubtedly reflects the thinking in other parts of the country.

—CALVIN TOMKINS

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Off Broadway

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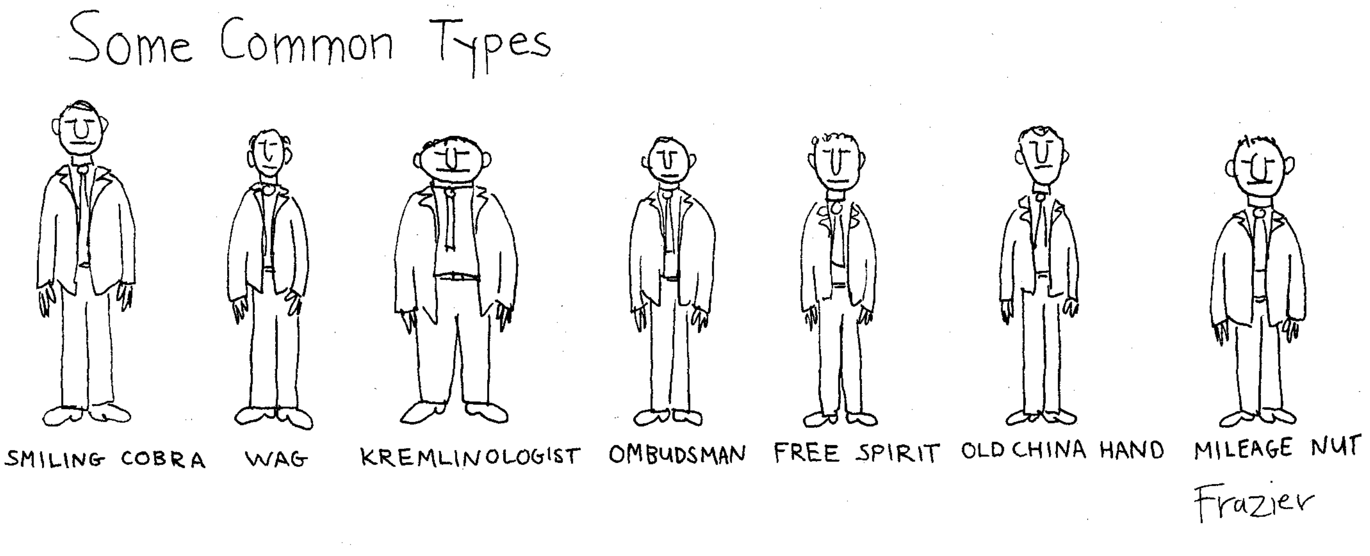
Wendy Wasserstein's "Tender Offer" is about a father who is so late picking up his little daughter at dancing school that he misses her recital. At the beginning, the child (delightfully played by Alyssa Milano) is waiting alone, filling in time by improvising a dance to "Carolina in the Morning." She is furious, but we don't realize how furious until the father appears with some lame excuse about being detained at the office. Their conversation is stiff to begin with (and very funny, too), but when a silver trophy drops out from under the child's rolled-up dancing clothes the father begins to realize that what he has done to her is serious, and—two steps forward, one step back—a permanent reconciliation begins. Miss Wasserstein has used a trivial incident to trigger important emotions, and she doesn't falter for a moment. James Eckhouse does well as the father. Jerry Zaks was the adroit director.

In "Eulogy," by James G. Richardson, an elderly husband and wife somewhere in the South are preparing to leave for a funeral, at which the husband is to speak the eulogy for his brother and law partner. The wife, who detests her late brother-in-law, knowing him to have been a sadistic hypocrite, listens to a rehearsal of the speech; then, losing patience, she forces her husband to listen to an oration of her own—a heartfelt tribute to her husband's decency in the face of fraternal treachery—which exorcises the brother-in-law's presence from her house forever. The play is superbly acted by John Randolph and Sarah Cunningham, and it was well directed by Heidi Helen Davis.

In "Cash," a young lawyer alone in this city late at night picks up an even younger male hustler at a bus stop and brings the boy back to his apartment—just for company, he thinks. He gets far more than he bargained for, and learns quite a lot, much of it about himself. This unsettling work was written by Stuart Spencer and directed by Charles I. Karchmer, and is extremely well acted by Robert Schenkkan (lawyer) and Timothy Williams (hustler).

THE production of Caryl Churchill's stunning play "Fen" by the Joint Stock Theatre Group of London, which was to have run at the Public only two weeks, has been extended until July. The setting is the farm country of East Anglia, and as the audience walks into the theatre fog rises from the stage, which is covered with dirt. The company—five actresses and one actor, most of them playing four roles each—portray landworkers, whom we see, in scene after scene, trying to cope with low wages and with lives in which hope seems impossible. Among several stories is the sad tale of a married woman who leaves home for a lover she can't live without and then finds herself unable to live without the children she has left behind. The work as a whole is yet another instance of Miss Churchill's fierce, ironic sensibility, which is unique in the theatre today and which has also been evident in her "Top Girls" and "Cloud 9." Although I delight in her high spirits and miss them here, I must respect her gravity as well. Her social commentary, though, is not nearly as interesting as her fertile dramatic imagination. The performance, under the direction of Les Waters, is perfection, and so is the setting, which was designed by Annie Smart and lighted by Tom Donnellan.

—Edith Oliver



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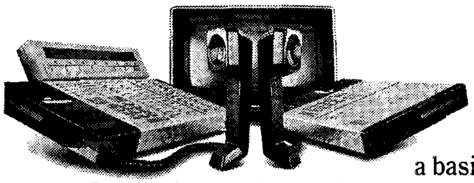

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MUSICAL EVENTS

Begun, the Eternal Work

LAST month, the San Francisco Opera opened its summer season with the first two installments—“Das Rheingold” and “Die Walküre”—of a new “Ring” production. “Siegfried” is to follow next year, and the complete cycle in 1985. Ever since Bayreuth reopened, in 1951, and presented what became known as the Wieland Wagner—not the Karajan or the Knappertsbusch—“Ring,” it has been customary to devote critical attention first to the staging and the scenery, not to the musical aspect, of “Ring” presentations. I follow the custom, not without regret that the limelight now settles so regularly on a director and his designer rather than on the singers and their conductor. The San Francisco “Rheingold” and “Walküre” took their color and character from the contributions of Nikolaus Lehnhoff, the director, and John Conklin, the designer. “Colorless” and “characterless” are hard but not unfair words to apply to Edo de Waart’s conducting.

Six months ago—in words that cheered all Wagnerians who had had enough of black-and-gray “Ring”s, of “Ring”s staged throughout on a ring, of “Ring”s where romance and picturesqueness are sacrificed to didactic point-making—Terence McEwen, the general director of the San Francisco company, announced what he had in mind: “Our ‘Ring’ has been planned as a return to romanticism, color, and the kind of majestic beauty that most of the music suggests. That is not to say that it will be an old-fashioned ‘Ring’ or look like something produced in the nineteenth century. There will be a couple of surprises. The important thing is that we believe we have worked in the spirit of the words and music, and produced something we consider very beautiful.” It *is* beautiful to look at. In brief, the landscapes are after Caspar David Friedrich, and the architecture is after Karl Friedrich Schinkel. They provide good models for giving scenic form to Wagner’s visions: the great German Romantic painter who observed nature so lovingly and set her down on canvas with a Feuerbach-like moral fervor; the great German Neoclassic architect who began his career in the theatre. On each side, two dull-gold neoclassical portals frame Mr. Conklin’s stage pictures.

“Das Rheingold” begins, it seems, not in the depths of the Rhine but where a tall, gold-tipped Lorelei rock breaks through the river’s surface—bad symbolism but a pretty picture. Six ballet girls impersonate the three Rhinemaidens. No more than three are visible at a time, but they pop up in ways to make the mechanics of the blocking all too plain, and although they open and shut their mouths more or less in time to the music it is evident they are not singing; the voices come from elsewhere. Singing and “swimming” Rhinemaidens, wire-suspended, darted about in my first “Ring,” at Covent Garden in 1949, which I remember as a Flagstad-Hotter “Ring,” not for its stage director; and also for Gabriel Volkoff’s sets, dating from 1934—the only “Ring” décor I’ve ever seen in which all Wagner’s stage directions could be enacted. Modern opera houses, for all their technical resources, seem to have lost the old theatre-magic skills.

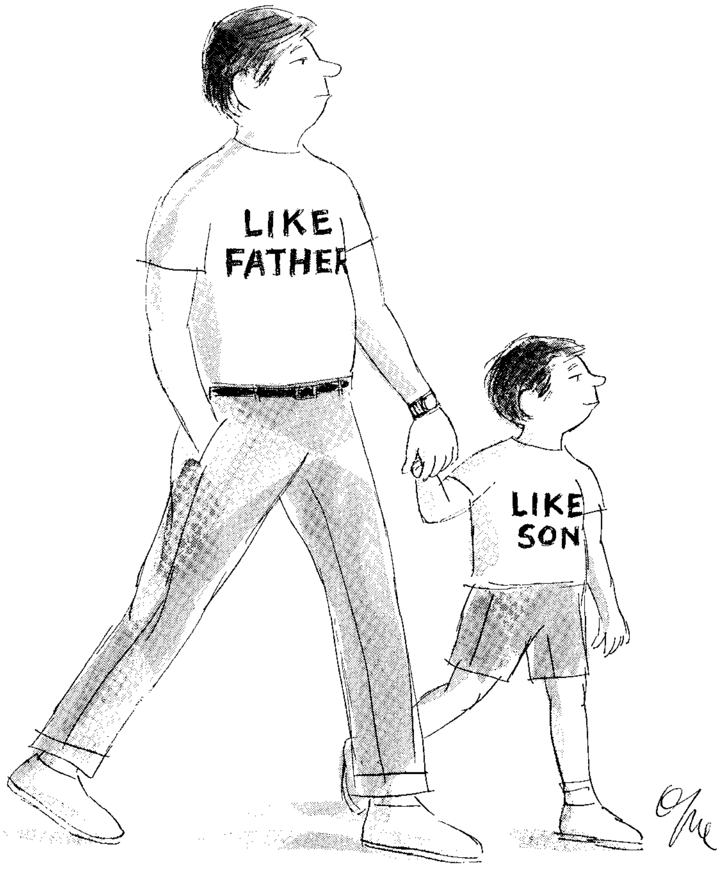
In San Francisco’s second scene, the gods hold court in a temple ruin that recalls elements of Friedrich’s painting, now in Dortmund, of the Temple of Juno at Agrigentum. Behind, the giants have erected for them a splendid new nineteenth-century palace to plans by Schinkel. It’s a beautiful stage picture, and the symbolism is apt—provided one views Wotan’s enterprise not as a first attempt to impose order on primeval political chaos but as an attempt at reordering after an earlier great civilization has fallen into decay. The proviso is important. It underlies much of the production. In a program note, Mr. Lehnhoff dwells on crimes Wotan committed before curtain rise, before the “Ring” begins: his rending of the World Ash, his “enslaving” of Loge, and his offer of Freia, the goddess of love, as payment for the palace-fortress. Wotan—before Alberich did so, and deliberately, not provoked, as Alberich was—destroyed the world’s natural harmony and renounced love in order to gain power. And now “Wotan’s power politics have brought chaos to the world. . . . You see the gods, especially Wotan, as helpless, arrogant, vain, entangled by guilt. . . . What you as director have to show is this arrogant ‘swimming-pool society,’ these gods sitting around at the pool, saying that they can live on forever.” The San Francisco gods are clad in colorful, high-fashion classical dress—the men in short skirts, the women in Botticelli draperies—with light billowing cloaks, not useful but decorative, to swish and swirl. Froh, complete with lyre, is a costume-ball Apollo. They look like the gods in a grand, elegant production of “Orphée aux Enfers.” (Loge is the exception: he comes on in a frock coat as a Victorian lawyer, reading the *Wall Street Journal*—a callow idea that should have been dismissed before it reached the stage.) This is not rugged Nordic mythology; nor is it an attempt to picture the Aeschylean basis of Wagner’s tragedy; rather, it suggests a neoclassical romp to the very serious music. Should someone not found a Society for the Defense of Wagner’s Wotan? I’d join. Fricka’s charges against Wotan (“Oh, carefree, frivolous lightness;” “Heartless, most disagreeable man”), Fasolt’s (“Son of Light, lightly swayed”), and Alberich’s (“You live up in the clouds, laughing and making love”) are not without substance, but they are not the whole truth about the god. From the start, Wagner’s music tells us that he has—but directors increasingly deny him—majesty, grandeur, benevolence. His plans for world peace are founded on a poisoned premise. In the long run, they cannot succeed. He grasps at expedients, and he sinks low before finally renouncing his power. But to portray him as merely a frivolous, power-seeking aristocrat is to diminish Wagner’s careful, reasoned demolition—weighing the good with the wrong—of benevolent oligarchy. It may be that the San Francisco “Ring” is planned in part as a parable against the wickedness of nuclear deterrence; the close of “Das Rheingold” suggests that.

In Nibelheim, the stage is filled with a towering mass of gold, in a smoky cavern. Alberich’s transformations into menacing dragon—a splendid sixty-foot pantomime monster with snapping jaws—and hopping toad are entertaining, as they should be. A giant industrial cogwheel overhead strikes a false note and seems a bit of debris left over from Patrice Chéreau’s Bayreuth “Ring.” Back on the heights, there is a fine coup de théâtre when Donner’s clouds, having gathered to hide the distant Valhalla from view, part to reveal the palace now close at hand.

There is no rainbow bridge; one of Friedrich's monochrome bows appears on the backcloth. The giants are clubless. While the music depicts Fafner clubbing Fasolt to death, this Fafner takes a sword from the Nibelung horde and stabs his brother. When Wotan's "grand resolve" motif rings out, the god draws the sword, now bloodstained, from Fasolt's corpse, brandishes it, and then hands it to Donner, who holds it aloft as he leads the procession into Valhalla. The "grand resolve" motif (which in "Die Walküre" becomes associated with Nothung the sword) has caused much discussion. In the first "Ring," Wagner instructed his Wotan to pick up a sword that the giants had improbably but conveniently overlooked when packing up their treasure. Bad idea: it suggests, first, that Wotan has in a flash conceived not just the general notion but the details of his "Excalibur" scheme to save the world through his son, and, second, that Nothung is a mere chance-found, dwarf-forged weapon (whereas in "Siegfried" we learn that it resists working by even the cunningest of dwarf smiths). Mr. Lehnhoff compounds the confusion. I see the attraction of laying the ring's curse upon Nothung, upon Wotan's grand design: in this reading, the power symbols of the cycle—ring, spear, and sword—are all three accursed. But Wagner's score gives no warrant for it. His three symbols are distinct, and the clear, bright C-major sword motif is surely pure, untainted by evil.

It seems to me that Mr. Lehnhoff has produced an intelligent, subtle, and very interesting version of the "Ring" libretto. It is theatrical, arresting, and—thanks to Mr. Conklin—beautiful to behold. When it departs from Wagner's carefully written play, which it does often, it does so in ways that illumine or elaborate on ideas implicit elsewhere in the text. But, I feel, Mr. Lehnhoff has perhaps concentrated on the text at the expense of the music—not listened to, studied, and given due weight to what the score says. He has aimed to clarify and make sense of what the words say. Wagner was emphatic that his words alone did not make sense. "How much there is that, because of the whole nature of my poetic aim, becomes clear only through the music." "The gods' downfall does not arise out of the dramatic turns of events; these could be interpreted in any way." Mr. Lehnhoff takes his stand on the text even when Wagner's music contradicts it or, in ambiguous situations, imposes a different interpretation. The prehistory of the "Ring" belongs only to the text; the music tells of a primeval start. In a straightforward unfolding of the cycle as Wagner wrote it, a listener is untroubled by the double time scale, but Mr. Lehnhoff's temple ruins suggest a nagging need for explication.

"DIE WALKÜRE" opens in the courtyard of the Villa Hunding, where Sieglinde later serves drinks on the terrace—but in plastic goblets rather at odds with the rich, gilded furniture. The first person we see is Wotan. Mr. Lehnhoff has been insufficiently attentive to the sense not only of Wagner's music but also of his stage directions—his dramatic imagery. The director plainly remembers that in all three prose drafts of the scene Wotan appeared, to witness the meeting of his twin children. But Wagner changed his mind and composed his music accordingly: Sieglinde's inspired "Der Männer Sippe" resulted. If Wotan is to appear at the start, then the music must be recomposed—the Valhalla-Wotan motif must be added as a counterpoint to the storm music (it could easily be done)—to account for it. Why do directors not realize that in works as carefully constructed as Wagner's (or Verdi's) recomposing the action is as jarring as recomposing the music would be? There is more doing-down of Wotan when his motif steals through Siegmund's narrative, after "den Vater fand ich nicht": Siegmund fills the solemn measures by taking a gulp of mead. Hunding is dressed, not inaptly, as a Hun chieftain. He comes home inappropriately accompanied by henchmen (as in Chéreau). The open-air scene looks good but destroys the essential dramatic symbolism: a closed room, refuge for Siegmund as he flees the storm, stifling prison for Sieglinde. There *is* a great door in the outer walls which could fly open to signify release; instead, the whole walls slide away into the wings, and by over-elaboration Wagner's image is weakened.



Act II begins in an airy atrium of Valhalla. It might be Potsdam. At the back, Wotan is sporting with the junior Valkyries. Brünnhilde lounges on a throne, her feet up; in a short, saucy skirt and silver boots, she resembles Mercure in "Orphée aux Enfers." Fricka, an impeccably dignified Prussian empress, exquisitely dressed and coiffed, enters the throne room saying to her husband, "In the mountains where you hide . . . I have sought you." While she lectures Wotan, he lolls back on a throne with his legs crossed; he's not actually puffing a cigar but might as well be. Wotan's great narrative is seriously handled—and is sung with insight and passion by Thomas Stewart—but, because the Offenbach atmosphere has been so strongly established, it loses some of its power. For Sieglinde and Siegmund's entrance, the scene changes to the craggy place where the act should have started, and three evocative Friedrich landscapes appear in turn as its background. The crucial encounter of spear and sword—opposition of symbols made visible—doesn't happen; the sword doesn't shatter on the spear. Siegmund (as in Chéreau, but not in Wagner) dies sentimentally in his father's arms.

Act III is set, it seems, on a treeless version of Arnold Böcklin's "Isle of the Dead"—a cliff-girt semicircle. No pine forest, no mossy bank beneath a wide-branching tree for Brünnhilde's enchanted sleep. As in other recent "Ring"s, slain warriors litter the stage; here the Valkyries are mopping them, making them presentable for resurrection as Valhalla guards. Then things return to course, more or less, until the magic fire is due. There's no sudden flash of flame at Wotan's summons. There's no magic fire—no tongues of flame, no flicker—but merely a dense steam cloud, much like the mists that rose from the Rhine. A press release informed us that each performance requires a ton of dry ice.

Everything is played behind a silvered scrim, which softens the pictures. Its only practical purpose can be to contain dry-ice clouds that would otherwise spill into the house: nothing is projected on it, and scene changes are effected behind a drop curtain. It is less obtrusive than most scrims are (but sometimes weapons and armor throw glinting reflections on it). I wonder whether the *malerisch* tone it lends is worth an apparent loss in dramatic immediacy. It doesn't seem to dull the acoustics, however; the words, especially in "Die Walküre," were excellently clear. Thomas Munn's lighting—apart from an errant follow spot on Loge—was exquisite.

THE casts included both veterans and Wagnerian newcomers. Gods first: Michael Devlin's first Wotan was assured, although his bass-baritone lacks the nobility of timbre the music—if not this production—calls for. He sang cleanly and distinctly, but gave too even an emphasis to the sentences—rather as if he had learned to pronounce German but not to speak it. Mr. Stewart, in "Die Walküre," was more eloquent and more moving; a Bayreuth and a Salzburg Wotan, he remains a master of the great role. Hanna Schwarz, the "Rheingold" Fricka, was vocally clumsy; Helga Dernesch, the "Walküre" Fricka, was splendidly incisive, intelligent, dignified, and sure. William Lewis's Loge was nimbly sung and played, but his tone was horribly dry, and Loge's lyrical narration gave no pleasure. Froh, Walter MacNeil, and Donner, John Del Carlo, were strong. Mary Jane Johnson's bright, impulsive Freia was less untidy than when she sang it for Solti in Carnegie Hall this spring. Erda, Reinhild Runkel, was heavily amplified.

Walter Berry's first Alberich was resourcefully tackled, but his voice sounded worn. David Gordon's Mime was a discovery: it combined character with charm of timbre; it was admirably *sung*. Hans Tschammer was a dull, blunt Fasolt, making nothing of his love music, but a sonorous and formidable Hunding. Erich Knodt was a keen Fafner. Peter Hofmann plays a handsome Siegmund but seems to have become a dull, insensitive singer. Leonie Rysanek's Sieglinde—admired at Bayreuth in 1951, in San Francisco in 1956, and often since—remains a wonderfully fresh, warm, delicate portrayal, and it was easy to forgive some lapses of pitch, some husbanding of tone. Jeannine Altmeyer's Brünnhilde was clear, accurate, and direct. Her soprano is not yet a large-house Brünnhilde voice: it lacks amplitude—large, effortless radiance. But it may grow. Hers was a performance both pleasing and promising. The Rhinemaidens' singing was not light, lilting, or pretty. The Valkyries, led by the Gerhilde and Helmwige of Luana DeVol and Nancy Gustafson, were a vivid, exciting team. By high Wagnerian standards, only Miss Dernesch and Mr. Gordon should be deemed outstanding. By current "Ring" standards—those set by Bayreuth, Covent Garden, the English National, Munich, the Met—these were, by and large, uncommonly well-sung performances. The orchestral playing was accomplished—neat, well prepared, well tuned, and agreeable in tone. But Mr. de Waart's conducting lacked feeling for phrase and shape, on the large scale as on the small. One example: the transformation music between the first and second scenes of "Das Rheingold," when the ambivalent ring motif dissolves and the Valhalla motif gradually takes its place, was simply beaten through, unbreathed, unmolded.

"TRADITION" in operatic performance is good when it means, in a master-to-disciple succession, drawing on fine interpretative insights and practices of the past, testing and trying them, and adopting or adapting those that can ring true within a new, individual interpretation. It represents wisdom accumulated; only foolish, insecure artists are reluctant to study what their great predecessors did. But tradition brings with it the danger of mere accretion: layer upon layer of interpretative ideas obscuring the fresh original. Then a new Mahler (who denounced such tradition as *Schlamperei*) or a new Toscanini is needed, to cut through the embellishments and reveal aright what the composer—or dramatist, or composer-dramatist—actually wrote. Traditions grow up swiftly. Consider "Sieglinde's scream." In the "Walküre" program book, Miss Rysanek recalls its origin, during a Bayreuth rehearsal at which "I was so emotionally high . . . that, when Siegmund tore out the sword [from the tree], I just let out a scream." She expected to be chided; instead, there was an enthusiastic "Keep it in." A generation of Sieglindes has grown up adopting Miss Rysanek's spontaneous scream of excitement, uncalled for by Wagner, and has embroidered upon it—falling to the ground during it, making it one of Sieglinde's "big moments." A generation of "Ring"-goers has grown up expecting it.

Mr. Lehnhoff's production is within the "new tradition." I have indicated some of the standard modern embellishments he has taken over; having been less than assiduous recently in international "Ring" attendance, I cannot report whether other aberrations are of his own invention—potential new "traditions"—or not. Fafner and

Fasolt appear in quadruplicate—a posse of eight giants, although only two of them sing. Erda fails to materialize; her disembodied voice is piped in, ineffectively, by loudspeaker, and another of Wagner's great theatrical images is lost. A synopsis in the "Walküre" program declared that at Wotan's contemptuous "Geh!" Hunding simply goes: he "slinks off into the forest." He didn't. Perhaps Mr. McEwen put his foot down at a silly contradiction of Wagner's direction "Hunding falls dead to the ground." Hunding fell dead. But elsewhere we seemed often to be viewing a production based on a corrupt text—something like Nahum Tate's version of "King Lear"—in which many of the author's essential passages (in the form of dramatic imagery) have been lost, and additions not by the author have been given prominence. Tate's "Lear" was not without merit; it held the stage, to the exclusion of Shakespeare's, from 1681 until 1838, when Macready did Shakespeare's "Lear" at Covent Garden. It is a long time since we have seen Wagner's "Ring;" perhaps Peter Hall will produce it at Bayreuth this summer. The San Francisco "Rheingold" and "Walküre" are very far from being without merit, and long stretches of them are close to Wagner. Careful, conscientious editing could bring them closer still.

"The Ring" represents the summit of grand opera. It is the largest task a company can undertake. It remains ceaselessly interesting. It continues to rouse strong feelings. (The San Francisco theatre was picketed by people whose leaflets perpetuated Hitler's distortion of Wagner's artistic aims.) And this San Francisco half cycle is a high, serious, and beautiful achievement—adventurous, unponderous, technically brilliant, spectacular in its staging. Although one may disagree with much of what Mr. Lehnhoff did, one is challenged, stimulated, stirred, and, I should add, entertained (for this is one of the few "Ring"s where the jolly episodes are not dulled). One looks forward eagerly to "Siegfried" and "Götterdämmerung."

—ANDREW PORTER

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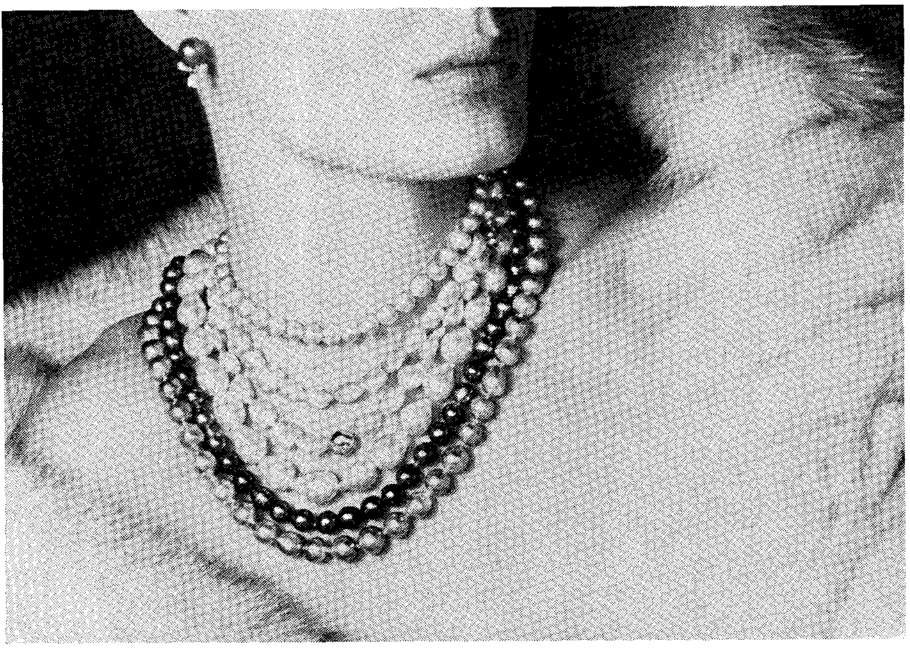

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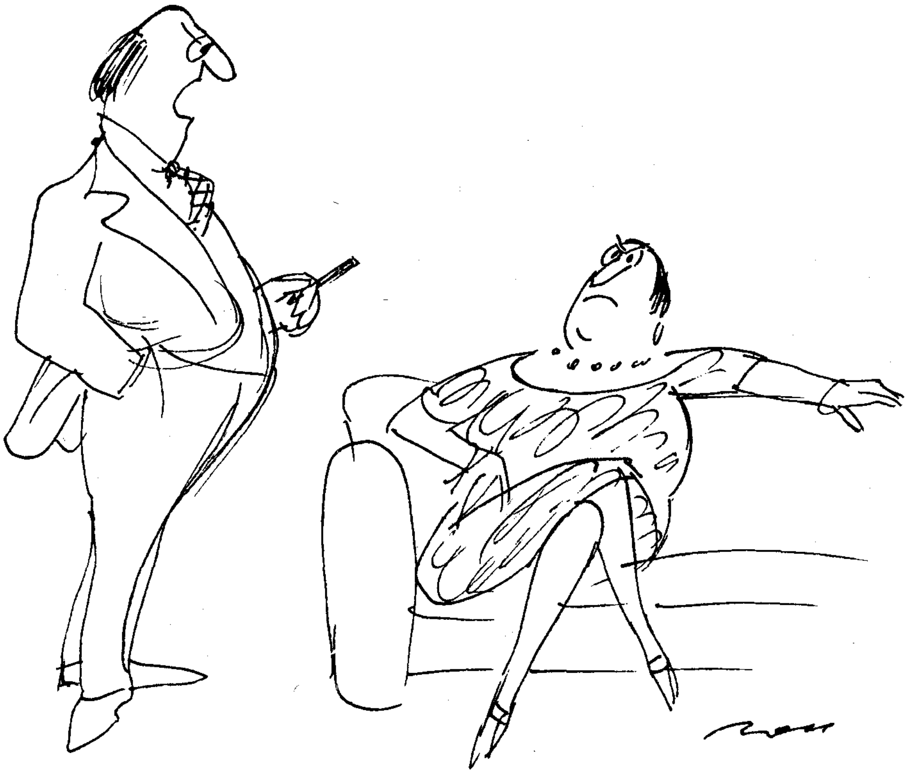
AROUND CITY HALL

ALL IN THE FAMILY

TO many of those who think of themselves as the city's movers and shakers, this spring has been crowded with untoward events and disappointments, both major and minor. The Democratic National Convention will not be held here in 1984, although in making a pitch for New York to play host to the Democrats for their third convention in a row, Mayor Edward Koch confronted that party's site-selection committee at a February meeting in Washington with a lively array of show-business performers, some in person, some on film, singing the city's praises. Naturally, the musical emphasis was heavy on "New York, New York"—the Mayor joined in on the chorus—and its reference to those "little town blues" in the outlands. Since many Democratic leaders around the country had attended previous Party gatherings here, Koch's word to the committee members was to face it: after they'd seen Paree, as it were, "How're you going to keep 'em down on the farm?" Easy, it turns out. San Francisco won, with twenty-three of the twenty-seven committee votes. This city got only a single vote—that of the one member from this state, Dominic Baranello, the Democratic boss of Suffolk County and formerly the Democratic state chairman. It was a reminder of how rapidly political fortunes may change that this was expected to be Baranello's last appearance on the committee. He had lost the state chairmanship to William Hennessy, of Albany, thanks to having made a wrong guess and backed Koch—at a time when the popular Mayor had seemed to be a sure winner—in the 1982 gubernatorial primary, while Hennessy had been a strong supporter of Mario Cuomo, now New York's governor. When Democratic National Committee chairman Charles Manatt, a Californian, was here for the committee's regional fund-raising dinner, earlier in February, he struck a polite note. Referring to Billy Martin's having just been named, once again, manager of the Yankees, Manatt said, "I don't see why, if the Yankees can bring back Billy Martin for a third time, New York can't bring back the Democrats for a third time"—but everyone knew that the chairman was bent on having the Convention in his home state, and would probably get his way.

The prospect of having the Democratic Convention in New York held some symbolic importance for the city. The Party's choice of Madison Square Garden in 1976, over half a century after its last convention here, is looked back on as one of the events that marked a turning point in the city's spirits after its brush with bankruptcy, from which it had been saved by a revolving-loan program that was passed by Congress in December, 1975. Another affirmation of the city's resilience was the Bicentennial parade of the Tall Ships in New York Harbor—generally considered the grandest spectacle of the nation's celebration. (New Yorkers who happened to be passing through Philadelphia last June, when a flotilla of the Tall Ships visited that city's harbor, discovered from reading local editorials and letters to the editor that Philadelphia—where, of course, the Declaration of Independence was signed—had quite a few residents who still resented the fact that, as one letter writer put it, "New York stole our Bicentennial.") The decision of the Democrats to take their convention elsewhere next year was not surprising. Except for the 1976 election of Jimmy Carter—which most Democrats do not now treat as one of the high points of their party's history—a made-in-New-York nomination has not proved to be propitious. In 1868, 1924, and 1980, Democrats chosen here as their party's candidates were roundly beaten the following November. The Republicans, who have never taken a chance on this Democratic city—although they met in 1980 in another Democratic city, Detroit—will convene next year in Dallas. Thus the choice of Party Convention sites—like the shifts in population, affluence, and, as New York's Senator Daniel Patrick Moynihan constantly complains, the Reagan Administration's military expenditures—seems to be part of the continuing transfer of national power in the direction of the Sun Belt.



"I have been called an 'American original,' you know!"

WHATEVER the Democratic Convention would have meant to the city, the third-time return to the Yankees of Billy Martin—who appears to be as prone to get involved in public brawls, on and off the ballfield, as he ever was—has so far had mixed results. After Martin's three-day suspension a few weeks ago for insulting an umpire, the *Times*' Ira Berkow observed that in recent years some Yankee managers had been able to steer the team into the World Series or a division championship although they had had "confrontations with almost nobody." The return of Tom Seaver

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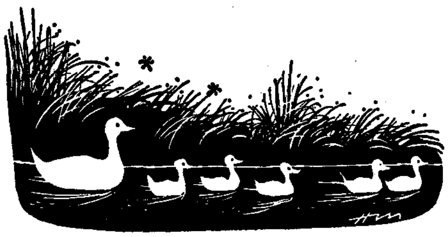
to the Mets got a far more enthusiastic welcome. Earl Caldwell, in his column for the *News*, frequently writes about local power brokers' indifference to the interests of this city's blacks. The subject became even more compelling this spring after the primary victory of Harold Washington in Chicago had demonstrated that blacks could mount an effective political campaign for one of their own, which has not been the black experience in this city. On the day after the Mets' opening game, however, the headline over Caldwell's column was "TOM'S BACK & ALL ELSE IS SECONDARY." Followers of baseball have been known, of course, to endow their favorite teams—and those teams' adversaries—with their own political biases. On the *Times* Op-Ed page early in May, under the heading "The Baseball Guide to Character and Politics," Ira Glasser, the executive director of the American Civil Liberties Union, insisted that New Yorkers who were childhood supporters of the Brooklyn Dodgers had learned from baseball to be egalitarians (Jackie Robinson and all that) and later in life could often be found working at the American Civil Liberties Union. On the other hand, the fans of the Yankees—a team that Glasser portrayed as being full of white, corporate-enterprise types—"invariably turned out to believe in oil-depletion allowances," he said, adding, "In 1948, who but a Yankee fan could possibly have voted for Thomas E. Dewey?" Longtime Yankee supporters, who understandably considered themselves unfairly maligned, even perhaps in need of an A.C.L.U. lawyer, were given equal time on the Op-Ed page a week or so later. One of the letter writers pointed out that in the era Glasser referred to, the supposedly boardroom-type Yankees had relied on such colorful boiler-room-type heroes as Joe DiMaggio, Phil Rizzuto, and Yogi Berra. In this instance, the A.C.L.U.'s executive director found himself in agreement with the conservative columnist George Will—a devout supporter of those born losers the Chicago Cubs—on an important issue: admirers of the Yankees. "HAVE YOU EVER KNOWN A YANKEE FAN WITH REAL CHARACTER?" was the headline over a Will column a few years back. ("What do Yankee fans know of the short and simple annals of the poor? Of lives of quiet desperation?") In his column after baseball's opening day this year, Will wrote, "God gave us baseball so that we should not have to think about missiles or the money supply all the time." The column's headline was "AND AFTER DAY 7, GOD CRIED UNTO US—PLA-A-A-Y BALL!"

Some New Yorkers even cherished the hope that with Seaver again on the mound for the Mets and Martin back as the Yankees' manager there could be a return to the days when, as local romantics remember it, early in nearly every season there was talk, in varying degrees of seriousness, of a subway series. In a display of faith, the Mets' opening-day crowd was the largest since 1968. "I pray every night for a subway series," Mayor Koch, who was on hand, told reporters before the game started, adding, "In fact, if we have the subway series, I'll even ride the subways." The Mayor long ago gave up suggesting, as he'd done for a while early in his first term, that he is just an ordinary bloke who often takes the I.R.T. to work—a sensible decision on his part, since the job of mayor is far too time-consuming for such populist gestures. (Last month, when he was host on "Saturday Night Live," the Mayor did say that he was fed up with having to "schlep" out to the airport to meet Air Force One and, after providing the President with a bulletproof limousine and a motorcycle escort, take the subway back to town. But he was only kidding—about the subway, anyhow. He seemed to mean it, though, when he called the President "a wacko.") The soliciting of the Mayor's views on the Mets' opening day was taking place because at that point the Governor had not yet arrived. When he appeared, the crowd that had been around the Mayor converged on Cuomo. It was some moments before the Governor was able to reach through and shake the Mayor's outstretched hand. It is not that the press necessarily finds the Governor a more interesting conversationalist (certainly the Mayor is interesting) but that Cuomo, though he has been around the political scene since the early nineteen-seventies, is new as governor, and so are some of his routines—although others are beginning to sound a bit shopworn, as Koch's began to do some time ago. (One reporter puts at twenty the times he has heard Cuomo tell audiences, "I'm from a business background. My late father lost his business in the crash of 1929 on Wall Street. A broker jumped out of a window and landed on his pushcart.") The Mayor and the Governor seem to have settled on a way to handle this competition for, if not the hearts and minds of audiences, their [laughter]. Frequently nowadays, Koch arrives and leaves events before Cuomo is even on the scene. He left the Mets' opening game at the end of the first inning, but that is his usual practice: his daily schedule is so full that fifteen minutes or so is about as long as he can spend anywhere. In response to criticisms of what some interpret as the Mayor's extremely short attention span, Koch's staff points out that at least he stays one inning. Comptroller Harrison Jay Goldin, they suggest to reporters, leaves as soon as the photographers have finished taking his picture with assembled players or politicians. Early last month, Koch complained to the *Post* that Goldin—one of the local officials who will almost certainly run for mayor against him the next time out—got hold of the Mayor's daily schedule a night ahead and followed him everywhere to various ceremonial events. Koch added that he thought it was going too far when Goldin's aides brought along scissors so that the Comptroller could get his picture taken as a participant in ribbon cuttings. The day after the *Post* interview, Goldin turned up in the City Hall pressroom to deny the accusation. His aides didn't bring the scissors, he said. He himself brought the scissors—and, sure enough, a pair of long blades poked out of his jacket pocket. "Isn't it better to be called a big blade than a horror show?" he asked reporters, referring to the term that Koch once applied to Carol Bellamy, the president of the City Council, who is also a possible mayoral candidate. At the Mets' opening game, the attention was on Cuomo for a special reason, and not only because he had been asked to throw out the first ball. "Born in Queens. Raised in Queens. Practiced Law in Queens. Still Lives in Queens," read the legend beside his name on the giant screen next to the scoreboard at Shea Stadium, which is in Queens. Cuomo, who once served briefly as an infielder for a Pittsburgh Pirates farm club, carried out his assignment with practiced



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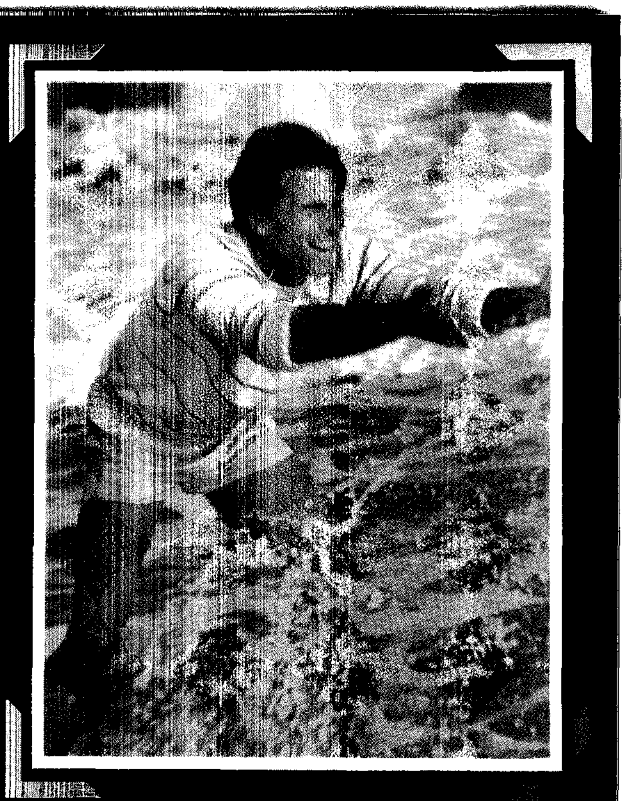

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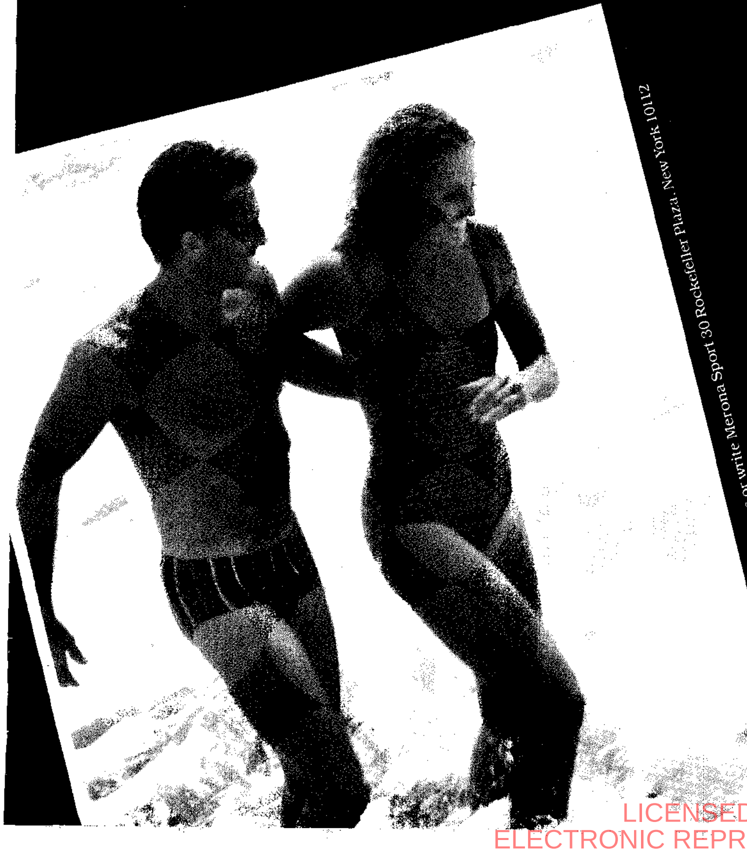

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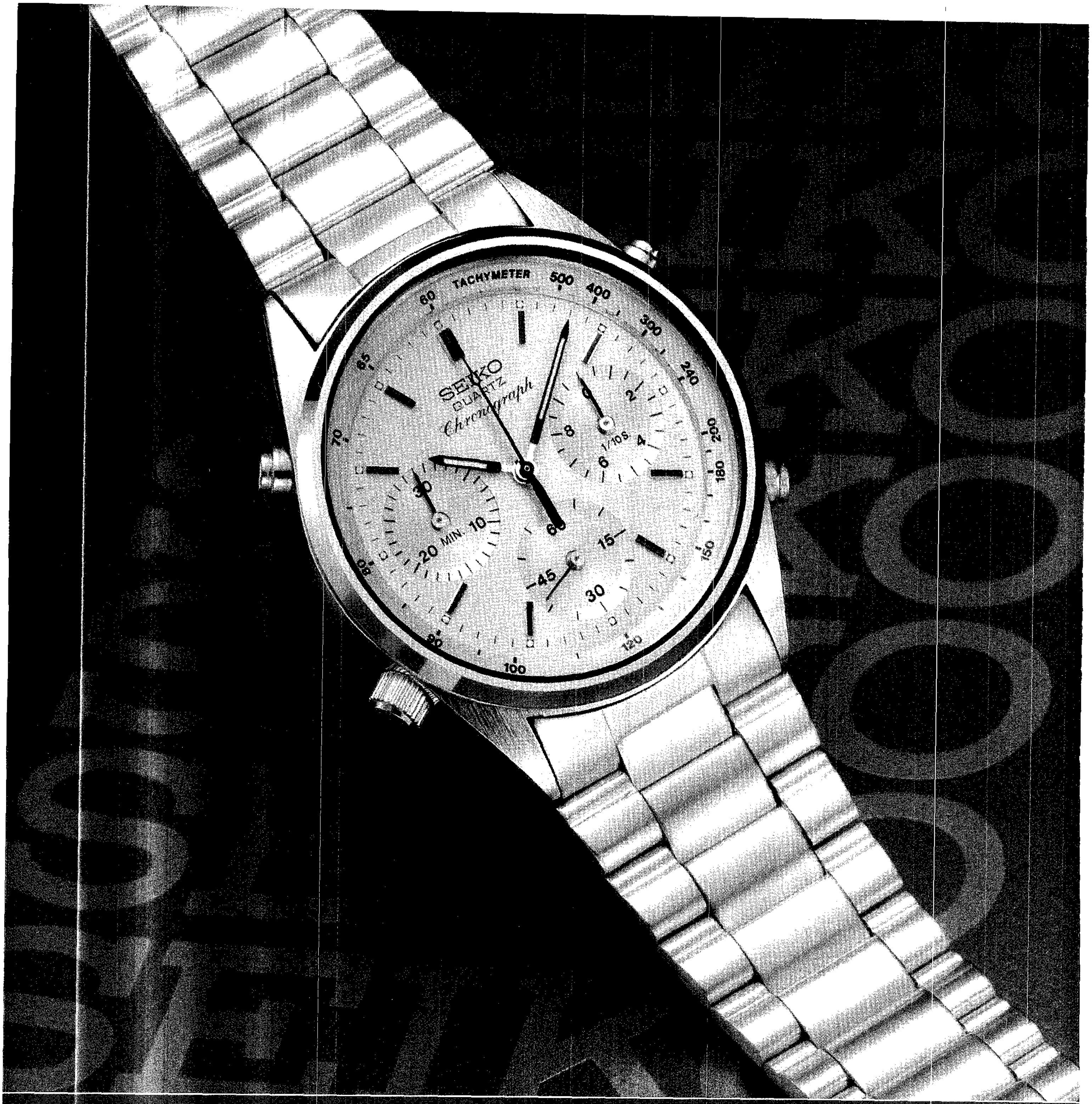

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skill. "SEAVER RELIEVES CUOMO AT SHEA" was the caption of the front-page picture in the *Times* commemorating the event.

At the Yankees' first home game, the first ball was thrown out by an even more celebrated Italian-American—Joe DiMaggio. In the next weeks, the team did so poorly under manager Martin (born Alfred Manuel Pesano) that he seemed determined to give the lie to the popular theory that one of the more significant phenomena of the decade is the national rise of Italian-Americans. By mid-May, the formerly Mighty Yankees were tied for last place in their division. The Mets, on the other hand, had last place in their division entirely to themselves. Since then, the Yankees have done a great deal better, but the Mets' dismal performance has knocked out all talk of a subway series. Fortunately, this April local sports fans could watch what was called the Lincoln Tunnel series—the National Basketball Association playoffs between the New York Knicks, of Madison Square Garden, and the New Jersey Nets, of the New Jersey Meadowlands. The Knicks won, but they lost in the Eastern Conference semifinals to the Philadelphia 76ers, who, last month, went on to win the N.B.A. championship. (New York didn't steal this one.)

Also in April, local hockey fans had been able to watch what was known as the Long Island Expressway series—the quarter-finals of the National Hockey League. The home base of the New York Rangers, as of the Knicks, is Madison Square Garden, while the New York Islanders play in the Nassau Coliseum, in Uniondale, Long Island. Letters-to-the-editor columns and radio call-in shows have been full of the now familiar complaints from Long Islanders that the name of their team gives the impression that New York City residents can take some credit for the Islanders' success, and of pleas to have the team renamed the Long Island Islanders. Angry letters and calls in response have pointed out that since the Islanders are the only Long Island team engaged in a major sport, the suburbanites don't mind associating themselves during hockey's off-season with any and all victories by the city-based Yankees, Mets, Jets, Knicks, and so on. Before this year's Long Island Expressway series, the Islanders had won the Stanley Cup—hockey's equivalent of a World Series victory—three years in a row, and they proceeded to take the first two games of the quarter-finals from the Rangers. During the second game, at the Coliseum, Islander fans took up the chant with which they like to taunt the Rangers: "Nineteen-forty! Nineteen-forty! Nineteen-forty!"—that being the last year the Rangers won the Stanley Cup. A few minutes before the end of the game, the public-address system played a recording of "New York, New York" with obvious derisive intent, and the fans joined in, bearing down on the lines "If you can make it there, you'll make it *any*where." Herb Brooks, the Rangers' coach, described this as "a classless act." The Rangers eventually lost the quarter-finals four games to two, and the Islanders went on to win their fourth Stanley Cup, from the Edmonton Oilers. In Edmonton, they discovered, there is also confusion about the Islanders' domicile. An editorial in the *Edmonton Journal* accused the Islanders of hoping "to serve up a little Manhattan sophistication" for the Edmonton outlanders, and even of preferring their clam chowder Manhattan style. The editors of *Newsday*, the Long Island daily, replied, "The *Journal* should know that the Rangers (a team the Islanders disposed of early in the playoffs) are from Manhattan; the Islanders are from Long Island—a very different place." Before the Islanders' Stanley Cup victory, the writer of a letter to *Newsday* seemed to hanker after some of the perks a winning New York City team enjoys, one of them being the kind of ceremonial celebration that City Hall—particularly under its present mayor—does so well. If the Rangers won the Stanley Cup, there would be "one hell of a ticker-tape parade," he wrote. Each of the Rangers would be "perched up in his own limousine, with the mayor of the city leading the parade." Instead, he complained, if the Islanders were victorious they would be rewarded only with a short trip along a highway in Nassau County trucks, five or six of them to a truck.

Among the congratulatory telegrams that the Islanders received was one from the governor of the state. In his widely acclaimed inaugural address (it even brought a letter of praise from a well-known non-Democrat, Richard Nixon, who called it "eloquent and profound" and wished the new governor well), Cuomo had said, "We must be the family of New York, feeling one another's pain, sharing one another's blessings, equitably, honestly, fairly—without respect to geography or race or political affiliation." Of the three sources of contention that he urged the New York family to rise above, it was the divisiveness of geography that caused the most difficulty in his negotiations this spring over the state budget. Upstate legislators, including Warren Anderson, the majority leader of the Republican-dominated State Senate, kept insisting that Cuomo's proposed budget provided New York City with more than its share of funds from Albany. The Governor argued, with considerable success, that, in the family of the state, this was only as it should be, since the city had such a large number of needy people. In his telegram to the Islanders, the Governor commended them for having "added a special quality to the spirit of the family of New York." Between his two sets of constituents in the National Hockey League, geography was also the critically divisive element. Certainly the issue was not race: there are no blacks on either team. Professional hockey, Jimmy Breslin once observed, "is comforting to some people who have just finished watching the professional basketball championships."

In a political sense, the last few weeks have been a kind of time-out in this city and state. In the city, everybody was waiting to see whether Koch could adjust to a world in which black leaders here saw themselves as a power to be reckoned with after the Chicago election and Wilson Goode's later primary victory in Philadelphia's mayoral race. The sense that local politics had moved into a phase in which the Mayor could no longer have nearly everything his own way was magnified by the rejection as schools chancellor of Deputy Mayor Robert Wagner, Jr., whom Koch had strongly supported. After the election of a black mayor in the nation's second-largest city, the Reverend Jesse Jackson said, "Now it's New York's turn." Although many black leaders here privately concede that this city may not be ready to choose a black mayor in its next election, two and a

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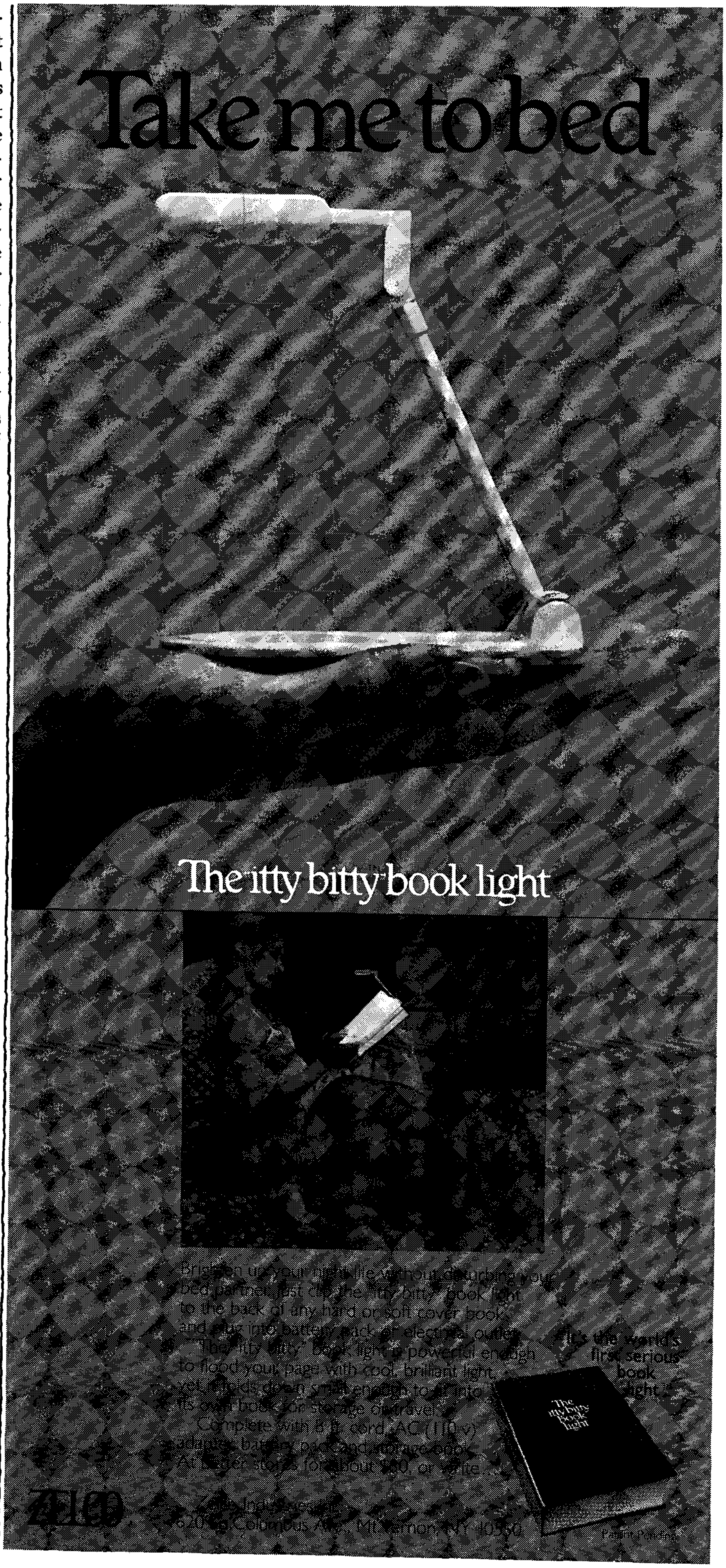
half years from now, an interracial coalition of New Yorkers opposed to Koch (many of whom were supporters of Cuomo in last year's election for governor) has launched an intensive voter-registration drive in minority communities—a tactic that made a big difference in Chicago and Philadelphia. Right after it was announced that Anthony Alvarado, a Hispanic candidate, had been selected as chancellor, the crowd of blacks and Hispanics gathered at the Board of Education headquarters began to chant "Nineteen-eighty-five! Nineteen-eighty-five! Nineteen-eighty-five!" Kenneth Clark, the first black member of the State Board of Regents, has said he does not think that the Mayor can recoup. But another black, Gordon Davis, Koch's former parks commissioner, has pointed out that the Mayor is "a consummate politician," who is likely to make whatever political accommodations are necessary. A week after the Chicago election, Koch, while insisting that his record of hiring minorities had been excellent, issued an executive order that was designed to lead to the appointment of more blacks and Hispanics at the higher levels of his administration. Some promotions come faster than others. It had been noted by reporters late in April that the Mayor's thirty-one highest-ranking (and, usually, highest-paid) appointees—those at Levels 10, 9, and 8—included only one black and one Hispanic. Early in February, Irwin Fruchtman, Koch's buildings commissioner, a Level-7 man, who made sixty-two thousand dollars a year, had resigned, and that same month a successor, Robert Esnard, had been appointed. Toward the end of April, Koch mentioned to reporters that Esnard was of Hispanic extraction. Last month, when Michael Goodwin, the *Times'* City Hall bureau chief, was getting up a chart of mayoral appointments, he discovered that the post of buildings commissioner had been elevated to Level 9, which pays seventy-two thousand dollars a year—a move that also elevated the Mayor's affirmative-action quotient in the top-level categories. In the 1984 city budget, which will take effect at the beginning of July, a new item suddenly appeared: a twenty-eight-million-dollar program to provide jobs for the unemployed—many of whom are members of minority groups. Asked whether this addition might have been made in response to the claim of black and Hispanic leaders that he was indifferent to their concerns, Koch said, "Of course! Yes! Is there anything wrong with that?"

d. ehrenberg

On the state level, there has been a time-out to speculate over how long the extraordinary era of good feeling that the new governor has enjoyed with the public, the press, and the state legislators in Albany can last. Cuomo's first few months in office were generally given rave reviews. Not only his inaugural address but his budget message got high marks for eloquence. Nine days after he took office, the new administration succeeded in resolving without bloodshed a fifty-three-hour uprising of prisoners at the Ossining Correctional Facility. In honor of Cuomo's resolution—without the bureaucratic equivalent of bloodshed—of a number of other problems that confronted the new state government, one skit in the annual musical satire put on last month by Albany reporters portrayed him as a benevolent faith healer. Knowing Cuomo's admiration for St. Thomas More, at least one reporter had laid on his own copy of "Utopia," and found himself consulting it for parallels during the new administration's first months. The achievement that won Cuomo the loudest acclaim in the state capital was his role in maneuvering through the Legislature, in timely fashion, what is being called "the hallelujah budget." ("Say hallelujah! It's the miracle of New York!" Cuomo said after agreement was reached.) The whole successful budget process, he said, had been "a matter of people making concessions." In Washington last month to address the Democratic Party Strategy Council, Cuomo mentioned the importance of policies of "reasonableness." Appeals to reasonableness, he told the Democrats, had won him two victories against "better financed campaigns with more likely candidates"—a reference to Koch in the gubernatorial primary and businessman Lewis Lehrman in the general election. In the minds of the Albany leaders responsible for this year's state budget, "concessions" and "reasonableness" were key words, but so was "timely." In the three previous years, cat-and-dog fights between the often belligerent Carey and the legislators had blocked passage of the budget until weeks after the April 1st deadline, bringing all other legislation to a halt and imperilling the state's credit rating. This year, the budget was enacted three days before the witching day and was achieved "without acrimony," as Republican leader Anderson noted, sounding as if he could hardly believe what he was saying. Cuomo thanked the legislative leaders for having produced "a better budget" than the one he had proposed in January, while they kept suggesting that he hadn't done so badly himself. During Cuomo's campaign for governor, the tune that bands routinely broke into as he arrived at rallies was the theme from "Rocky"—the story of the underdog Italian-American prizefighter. After the election, however, Cuomo said he had never really liked that music—it was "too macho." When he was introduced at the annual New York County Committee dinner in March, the band played Sister Sledge's "We Are Family." News photographs taken after the budget was passed showed Anderson, who is from Binghamton, and Stanley Fink, the Democratic Speaker of the Assembly, who is from Brooklyn, clowning around together with comic props while Cuomo looked on, laughing and applauding. There was no band to play "We Are Family," but it did appear to be a happy, close-knit gathering. During the Governor's first hundred days, Arthur Kremer, the Long Islander who heads the Assembly Ways and Means Committee, said of Cuomo, "He's proved he's an immortal. The next two hundred and sixty-five days will show whether he's human like all of us."

Intimations of mortality are bound to intrude once some of the early euphoria in Albany fades. It is already being pointed out that, although hardly anyone seemed to notice, the miracle budget included more than a billion dollars in additional taxes and fees and that some of the revenues by which it is allegedly balanced may not materialize. As a result of the latter circumstance, the state's bond rating, to Cuomo's disappointment, did not improve, even though the budget was enacted with dispatch. Obviously, he will not be permanently immune from his share of criticism for actions of the sort that routinely get politicians into trouble. In the city, Koch's position often seems to be that his version of what he has done should be accepted as correct, and even that there should be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a statute of limitations on questioning it. (When City Hall reporters who went along with his claims concerning his administration's minority-hiring record—having assumed that he had the figures and had interpreted them fairly—discovered that his interpretation had been what he called "subjective," the Mayor indicated that the case should be considered closed because he'd been citing those numbers for years without being challenged.) Cuomo's approach is ultimately more troubling: he sometimes gives the impression of believing that what he does should be considered right because everyone knows that he is a good person. So far, this approach has worked well. He seemed distressed, even hurt, when questions were raised late this spring about his having approved the appointment to an eighty-thousand-dollar-a-year state job of a thirty-year-old woman lawyer who was a friend of his son Andrew. (Andrew was his father's co-campaign manager and is now his special—unpaid—assistant in the Governor's Office. The subtitle of the recent musical satire on events in Albany was "The Son Also rises.") The eighty-thousand-dollar-a-year appointee resigned, but there was no comparable fuss after Cuomo appointed as head of the state's Mortgage Loan Enforcement and Administration Corporation a woman, three years out of law school, who had been a student of one of Cuomo's old friends, Fabian Palomino, who is now his special counsel. Another of the Governor's 1982 supporters who has come off well is James Corcoran, who has been chief lobbyist for the Prudential Insurance Company of America for the past two years, and whom Cuomo has put in charge of the state agency responsible for overseeing and regulating the insurance industry. In the family spirit, Republican State Senator John Marchi described Corcoran's appointment as "a happy marriage between his past experience and his present duties." Cuomo's choice for the new head of the State Energy Office was William D. Cotter, the editor of the Syracuse *Herald-American.* Late in January of last year, the *Post* began running coupons for its readers to fill out and send back, urging Koch to run for governor. Soon afterward, the *Herald-American* offered its readers coupons that said "We Don't Want Koch for Governor." Of course, all these new members of the Cuomo administration may eventually be hailed as brilliant choices as the result of their performance in office. (Whether the editor of the *Post* would have made a great State Energy Commissioner will not be put to the test.) Reminders that other politicians who pass out high-level jobs based on similar credentials are often charged with cronyism and with engaging in political payoffs are already being spread by some previous state employees, a number of whom, good Democrats all, have abruptly vanished from the Albany scene because they bore the F.K.P.—that is, the For Koch in the Primary—brand. Other involuntary retirees were favorites of Hugh Carey, who endorsed Koch over Cuomo in the final days of the primary race. A couple of years ago, the combative mayor of this city described his own political style on national television: "When somebody hits me, I hit back." Asked if he ever turned the other cheek, his answer was "Certainly not. I'm not a Christian." Cuomo, another consummate politician, doesn't always turn the other cheek, nor are things entirely saintly in the new Utopia.

In the summer of 1984, New York's new governor is likely to cut quite a figure at the Convention in San Francisco. Democratic Chairman Manatt has already sounded him out about giving the keynote address. (Evans and Novak described Cuomo as "the runaway choice" for this assignment in a column headed "THE DEMOCRATS' HOTTEST PROPERTY.") After his address to the Democratic National Committee's dinner here in February, the wife of Ohio Senator John Glenn got in touch with Cuomo's office to ask if her husband could hire the Governor's speech writer. Cuomo, who in fact writes most of his important speeches himself, said that he was complimented but was quite busy just now. Washington commentators regularly report that Glenn, or Colorado Senator Gary Hart, or former Vice-President Walter Mondale, is courting Cuomo as his Vice-Presidential candidate, to which the Governor has the ready answer that he expects to keep his pledge to serve out a full four-year term in Albany. In the *New Republic* last week, editor Hendrik Hertzberg nominated him for President in 1988. The Democratic State Committee, with the Governor's support, plans to

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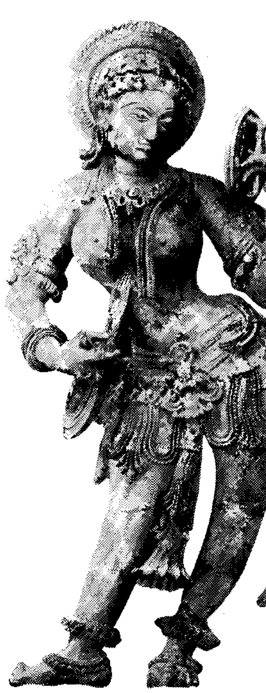
hold its next year's Presidential primary on May 22nd. This relatively late date might mean that New York could make the difference in a close race. Cuomo has urged that all the state's influential Democrats resist giving their support to any of the Presidential candidates at least until after the conclusion of a series of forums featuring all the candidates which he and Senator Moynihan plan to hold around the state in September. "I would be frankly suspicious of anyone who stepped out early," the Governor said last month. A few days later, Koch announced that he hadn't decided whom to support, but when he did he would announce it whenever it pleased him.

It would be perfectly natural if the Mayor should be eager to find a way to distract others, and perhaps also himself, from the national attention being lavished on his onetime political opponent. A tactic that the Mayor has appeared to favor in recent weeks is showing off his growing proficiency as a song-and-dance man. Lately, it has seemed that his jaunty hat and cane are almost at the ready. Early last month, he was part of the entertainment ("New York, New York") at the local celebration of Bob Hope's eightieth birthday, at Radio City Music Hall. The following week, he sang what now seems to be the city anthem, and also "Lullaby of Broadway," at a ceremony observing the installation of banners marked "42" at intervals along Forty-second Street from river to river. Later that month, joined by the All-City High School Chorus, he sang both songs again at one of the parties given here to entertain members of Congress in gratitude for past legislative favors and hope for more to come. "You've got to admit he's a character," said House Speaker Thomas (Tip) O'Neill at the congressional gathering.

Recently, there has been a sense at City Hall that some of the Mayor's advisers may have concluded that a conciliatory spirit is more politically fashionable than it used to be and that it is a style worth being associated with. Cuomo first came to public attention as the lawyer who, in 1972, at the urging of Mayor John Lindsay, worked out the tortuous compromise that persuaded the largely white, middle-class citizens of Forest Hills, Queens, to accept a low-income housing project in their neighborhood. Later, he wrote a book about the experience called "Forest Hills Diary." During last year's gubernatorial-campaign debates, he frequently referred to Forest Hills and to his willingness to play the part of a compromiser. No one seems to recall, in these debates, any retrospective amendments by his opponent, whose pugnacious manner has often given the impression that he associates compromising with wimpishness. Last January, however, Koch's principal speech writer, Clark Whelton, in a letter to the *Village Voice*, surprised quite a few people who had been involved in the Forest Hills controversy by describing the compromise as having been "based on suggestions by Ed Koch," who was then in Washington as a member of the House of Representatives, and "hammered out" by Cuomo. Having been thus portrayed as more of a conciliator than he is usually advertised to be, the Mayor last month seemed to be encouraging the theory that Cuomo is more combative than advertised—a proposition with which many of those recently departed from Albany could agree. During last year's campaign, Cuomo's basic line on Koch was that he had been such a good mayor that New Yorkers should vote to keep him in the city and send Cuomo to Albany—thus, with one vote, assuring themselves of being governed by two admirable public servants. Along with the Mayor's song-and-dance turn last month on "Saturday Night Live"—just before he allowed a product labelled "Bald-No-More" to be rubbed into his scalp and before his singing of "New York, New York" moved the comedian Eddie Murphy to jump off a building ledge—he offered another version of Cuomo's debating style in that campaign. He complained that when anyone says bad things about President Reagan that person "gets wrestled to the ground," but that "when somebody says to me 'Get out of politics, you bum! We hate you!' they make him *governor*."

The Mayor took part in a dozen or so events celebrating last month's hundredth anniversary of the opening of the Brooklyn Bridge, but none of them involved singing and dancing. For the 1883 opening, the President of the United States, Chester A. Arthur, came up from Washington, and Governor Grover Cleveland, who would be the next President, was there from Albany. This year, the President did



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not attend; nor, possibly as part of a policy of trying not to upstage the Mayor, did the Governor. Cuomo explained that he had a long-standing engagement in Buffalo, where there are also many needy members of the state family, the unemployment rate there being nineteen per cent. Although the President could not find room in his schedule for the Brooklyn event, there was a New York event on his agenda. The Islanders' celebration of having won the Stanley Cup for the fourth year in a row did indeed consist of a parade in Nassau County utility trucks down a Long Island highway. (Although the Islanders had beaten New York City's Rangers way back in the quarter-finals, the old rivalry was on the minds of some of their fans. "ISLANDERS SWEEP, RANGERS WEEP" read one waving banner.) Two days later, however, their victory was honored with a ceremony at a grander venue than a parade up Broadway headed by the mayor of New York. The President of the United States received seven of the Islanders, along with their general manager and their coach, in the White House Rose Garden. There was no question that the White House appreciated the fact that the Islanders come from heavily Republican territory. Invited to attend the ceremony were the three Republican members of the House from Long Island but not the two Democrats. "I was not aware that the Islanders had become the property of the Republican Party," said one of those excluded—Representative Robert Mrazek, in whose district several of the Islanders live. In one respect, the sports event did have some relationship not only to politics but to national defense policy. The visitors gave the President a gift—an Islanders hockey stick. The goalie suggested that he could use it on Congress if he felt like it. The President noted that the members of Congress on hand were scheduled to vote later that afternoon on his bill to provide funds for the MX missile, and he waved the stick at them amiably. They voted his way in the roll call. The President had a message for his visitors. "The puck stops here," he said. —ANDY LOGAN

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Alexander's widowed grandmother, Helena Ekdahl (Gunn Wållgren), has retired from the theatre, but she is still the head of the family, and seated next to her at the table is the man whom the children call Uncle Isak. He's her former (and longtime) lover, Isak Jacobi (Erland Josephson), a Jewish antique dealer and moneylender, who is her closest confidant. Alexander's real uncles aren't in the theatre, but they're both clowns. Carl Ekdahl (Börje Ahlstedt), a professor at the university in the town and a masochistic mess, is married to a German woman. He regularly gets drunk and performs for the children: he runs up and down the stairs to get limber, then he drops his pants, they hold lighted candles close to his bottom, and he blows out the flames. (It's a scene we usually get in frat-house movies.) The other uncle, Gustav Adolf Ekdahl (Jarl Kulle), whose restaurant on the square gets the theatre trade, is a snorting, friendly bull—he's always pawing the ground amorously. This loudmouthed lech is so openhearted and unembarrassed that he's irresistibly likable. His complaisant wife, Alma (Mona Malm), who's like a plumper, gigglier Elizabeth Taylor, is as happy as a bird—his affairs don't bother her in the least. Nobody is really religious, nobody is in any way spiritual; in fact, Alexander's idealized family is so hearty and indulgent it's gross. But not his parents. The theatre is his father's religion—Oscar Ekdahl (Allan Edwall), who manages the large, successful company and plays roles such as the Ghost of Hamlet's Father, is a frail, middle-aged man with nothing carnal in his nature. He's almost disembodied. Alexander's mother, Emilie (Ewa Fröling), is, of course, young and beautiful, and the leading actress at the theatre.

The picture is scaled big; it runs for three hours and ten minutes, and the glistening Christmas scenes, which go on for perhaps an hour, have a quality of fantasy and communal memory intertwined. Returning to work in Sweden, Bergman (who in 1976 had left his home terrain in anger at the undeserved humiliation of being accused of tax dodging) is collaborating once again with his chosen family—the extended family that he has created. The cast includes an ex-wife, a couple of his children, and performers who have worked with him on the stage and the screen over a period of almost forty years; the crew is headed by Sven Nykvist, his cinematographer (and right hand). The movie is a family reunion, and Bergman is reasserting that this is the world he belongs to. “Fanny and Alexander” may really be his final movie; he's sixty-four, and he says that the physical strain of making movies is too great. But he intends to go on working in the theatre and in television. “They'll have to carry me out feet first before I quit the stage,” he says, and “Fanny and Alexander” confirms it. The theatre is the world he's happiest in. It's not accidental that Bergman, who was born in July, 1918, has placed the film in 1907, when Alexander is ten; that way, he can imagine himself to be a man born in the nineteenth century. He's acknowledging that he doesn't love the technology of movies in the way he loves the less pressured and more companionable life of the theatre.

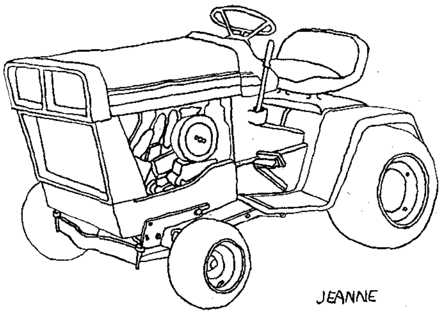
“Fanny and Alexander” is at its weakest when it's explicitly a tribute to theatre—when Alexander's father, tears in his eyes, makes this humble backstage speech to the company:

> My only talent, if you call it talent in my case, is that I love this little world inside the thick walls of this playhouse. And I'm fond of the people who work in this little world. Outside is the big world, and sometimes the little world succeeds for a moment in reflecting the big world, so that we understand it better. Or is it perhaps that we give the people who come here the chance of forgetting for a while the harsh world outside. Our theatre is a small room of orderliness, routine, conscientiousness, and love.

The father's small mustache and the way he combs his hair are unfortunate; they give him a resemblance to Hitler, which couldn't have been intended. And his humility seems pathetic and false. For one thing, his playhouse is a flourishing large, many-tiered theatre and has just been packed full with a dressed-up audience. And that guff about helping people to forget the harsh world outside: Bergman wouldn't have the face to deliver those lines himself—not the Bergman who put us through "The Virgin Spring," "Winter Light," "The Silence," "The Passion of Anna," "The Serpent's Egg," and even the gray, bleak "From the Life of the Marionettes." Yet we're clearly meant to take those lines straight, and Bergman returns to them at the conclusion; the message of this farewell movie is his view of theatre as distraction for the tired businessman.

But "Fanny and Alexander" is at its strongest when it's most theatrical. There wasn't a moment when I wasn't held by the Christmas material; the pacing of these scenes is relaxed, assured—they almost seem to be happening in real time, yet Bergman sustains a tone of wonder and expectancy. His offhand technique is masterly—from time to time the images seem ceremonial, like prized photographs of family occasions. Still, I didn't feel any ping of excitement during those scenes; the evocative images (Alexander with his hand on the frosty window he's looking out, Alexander with his magic lantern) only evoke earlier Bergman films, and the large, generous-hearted family is a bit sticky. There's an element of self-applause in the wonderful-family-of-the-theatre scenes. The picture didn't really begin for me until the shock of Alexander's action at a crucial moment. His father, Oscar, has collapsed onstage during a rehearsal of "Hamlet;" the actors can't get a cab, and they take him home on a cart—hauling it, like horses. The cathedral bells are pealing—it's a remarkable sequence, presaging a change in the film. At home, Oscar lies in bed, making his farewells to his family, while Alexander and his younger sister, Fanny (Pernilla Allwin), sit in the kitchen doing their schoolwork—they're comforted by the presence of the servants. (It's a fine image. You think, "Of course—that's just where they'd be.") Then their father sends for them. Alexander goes reluctantly—everything in him fighting against what he is forced to do. First, Fanny is taken to the bed, and her father says goodbye to her. Then he calls for Alexander, who tries to crawl under the bed. But he isn't allowed to, and his hand is forcibly put in his father's. Oscar is holding tight to Alexander's hand when death grabs at him and his mouth opens in a rattling sort of choke—and Alexander pulls his hand free and runs away. That instant of Alexander's recoil was the first image in the movie that had any real potency. It was followed by another: Fanny and Alexander, hearing screaming at night, go to investigate. It's coming from the room where their father is laid out; the door is open just enough for them to see his body and see their young mother walking back and forth, screaming her loud, wailing scream rhythmically, as if to a metronome. The kids, hand in hand, just stand there in the next room, listening, staring, their faces unchanging. It's pure theatre, and the stylized image is eloquent, inspired. Bergman has put the precision of our childhood memories into these simplified compositions.

The movie plunges then into gothic horror, and it's a little goofy and very entertaining, but I don't think it ever again achieves the full authority of those two scenes. The funeral procession, with Alexander trudging along, head down, and muttering all the swear words he knows (not enough to relieve his feelings), doesn't quite come off. But the movie gets rolling into its second-act extravaganza when the ghost of Alexander's father, dressed in a spiffy white suit, begins making appearances, playing the spinet and talking to the boy, and the prelate who officiated at the funeral, Bishop Edvard Vergérus—a dread name in Bergman films, where a Vergérus is always a villain—begins courting the widow. An actress to the heart, Emilie starts fancying herself in a new role, and the woman whom we have just watched pacing and wailing is soon telling the bishop—in all sincerity—that she's never felt anything as strong as her love for him. (The choice of Ewa Fröling for the actress mother with the strong lungs results in some rather disconcerting scenes, including this one. It isn't at all clear why this tall, blond young woman married the flabby, vaporous, and much older Oscar, and Ewa Fröling has a striking modern look—she's bold, direct. The staring eyes, the thick dark brows, even the large mouth—they all seem out of period. She's fascinating but remote, as if she'd walked onto the wrong stage.)



The action is much faster in these sequences. The handsome, tense, puritanical bishop (Jan Malmsjö) is a blood-chilling and very actory villain—Christopher Plummer crossed with George Grizzard. When he starts giving Alexander moral instruction, it's like a new Inquisition. And it's apparent from the start that this ascetic—an apostle of discipline—will never understand the boy. To Vergérus, it's a sin that Alexander told his schoolmates that his mother had sold him to a circus. And Emilie, who is present during the boy's interrogation, doesn't laugh; her role change is total, and she takes the fib as seriously as Vergérus does. Then, in an eerie image that might be Alexander's dream of Claudius and Gertrude and the grieving Prince, the bishop flirts with Emilie while Alexander's head is right next to their heads. It's a poisonous, unholy trinity. The scenes have a real creepiness after Emilie tells the two children that she's going to marry the bishop. And he delivers the crushing news that he wants her and her children to come to him naked, leaving all their possessions behind—bringing no toys, nothing. It's a masterstroke of wickedness. Bergman goes whole hog on horror, and it's terrific fun, because he pulls us in. We get it all: the isolated, dungeonlike house; the mystery of how the bishop's first wife (and children) drowned; the bishop's scrawny mother and prune-faced sister, with their Spartan rules; the sullen, menacing servants. One of them—the ratlike kitchen maid Justine, who has a sallow face and listless, stringy hair—is played by the great Harriet Andersson and becomes a classic mad, spying, tattling enemy of children. Her scenes have a nightmare intensity, especially when she claims that the house is eating her; she mutters that the doorknob eats her skin, and she's picking at her palm, keeping it raw and bleeding.

We become imperilled children, and it's frightening, but it's also a relief, because now we understand the film's mechanisms better. When Alexander refuses to break down, as the bishop is determined to force him to, we perceive how the boy (Bergman) has split his actual life into a grandiose vision of the bright, cheery days with his "true" theatrical family and the dank miseries of being oppressed by a puritan stepfather, who locks you and your sister in a bare room with barred windows. In this ogre's household, the sensory deprivation makes you feel as if your soul were being depleted, and—horror of horrors—you must finish everything on your plate. The difference seems to turn on the contrasting visions of Hans Christian Andersen and the Brothers Grimm, and there's a shift from the "natural" time of the Andersen scenes to a disorienting telescoping of time, so that we don't know how long Emilie was a widow before she married the bishop, or how long the children are prisoners. We're hustled along, and the action is pell-mell. Bergman lets his imagination run wild in these Grimm scenes: Uncle Isak, the mysterious Jew, comes to the rescue with his black-magic arts; Emilie, restored to her senses and trying to escape, puts a sleeping potion in the bishop's broth. The picture falls apart for a while when the children are hiding out in Isak's antique shop. In these scenes, Isak and his young relatives are crafty and slimy; they display the stereotypical traits that anti-Semites ascribe to Jews. Presumably, this is all Alexander's vision. It's an incoherent one: Alexander, wandering around at night, is ushered into a barred room where a dangerous, mad youth is kept, and is inducted into mysteries (which remain mysteries) by this young man, who seems to be a young woman. But Bergman takes hold of things again after Alexander, who has been taught to use second sight, sees the bishop's obese, bedridden Aunt Elsa in flames.

I enjoyed "Fanny and Alexander" enormously, but I wanted to love it the way I loved Bergman's "The Magic Flute," and I couldn't. This may be because, although I can perceive what's happening when a boy's fantasies are being worked out, I don't feel the tingle of recognition that the material may have for men. The movie is all Alexander's fantasy life. Fanny isn't really in the picture at all; she's merely a blond, blue-eyed presence, and her name's being in the title is probably vestigial—Bergman may have meant to do far more with her than he did. (The script, just published here, was written in 1979, and it includes a third child, older than Alexander. There are other deviations in the film. In the script, Alexander

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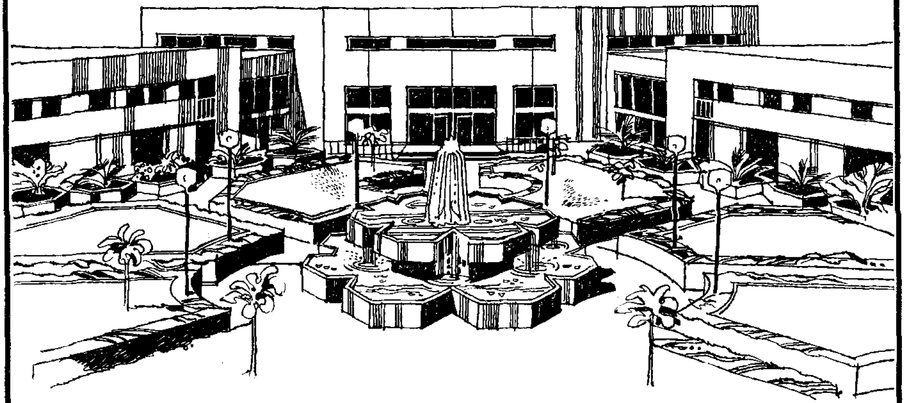

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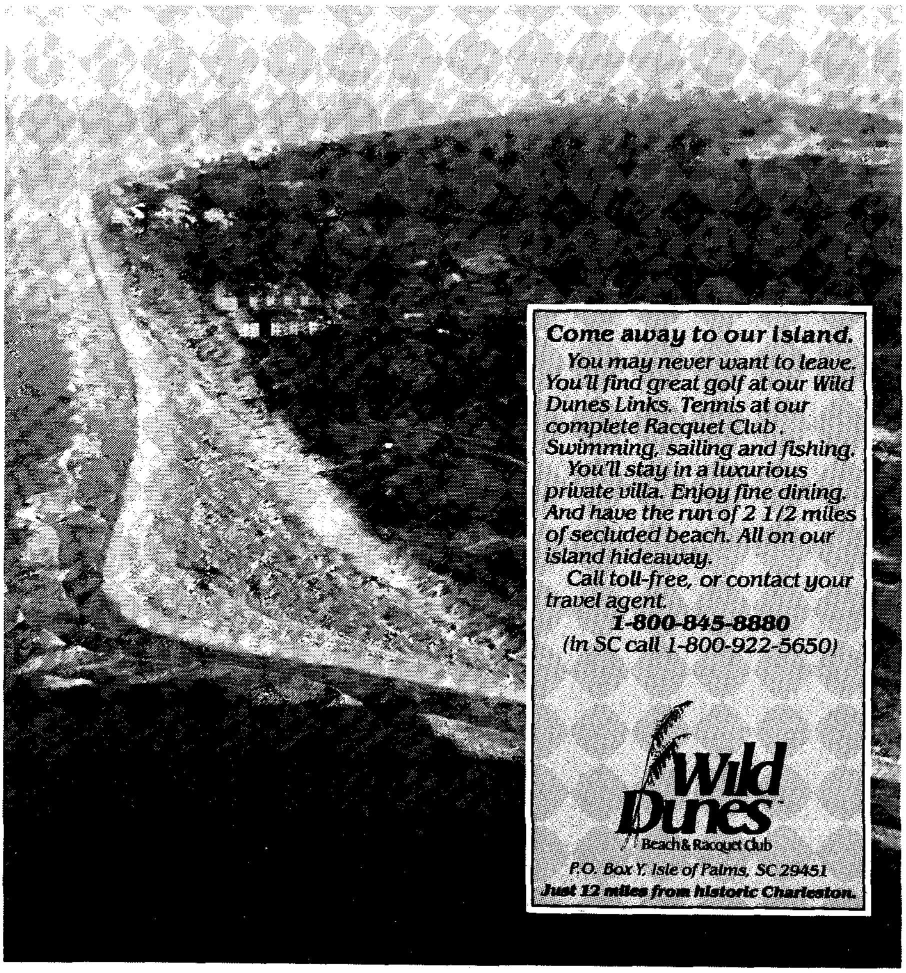

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and Fanny aren't actually Oscar Ekdahl's children but the result of Emilie's extramarital liaisons, and that would certainly be consistent with the way the role of Oscar is cast and played. And in the published version there's the suggestion that the grandmother came from a Jewish family, which helps to explain her attachment to Isak.)

My inability to respond to the film with more abandon isn't only because it's a male fantasy, though. The film is certainly a culmination—a warm-spirited summing up—but it's also a willed masterpiece, and that may be part of what causes the trouble. It's scaled so ambitiously that I kept waiting for it all to come together, but it's somewhat misshapen. After the holiday richness of the first section, there's almost nothing left for the final, Dickensian celebration—the return to the safety and sensuality of the bustling Ekdahl household (where one of the servants has just had a baby, by the unembarrassed Gustav Adolf). The irony that has been set up for the Paradise Regained conclusion—that this warm, yielding family makes no distinction between its legitimate and illegitimate offspring—is a shade self-congratulatory. Too much is made of the Ekdahls' tolerance and of how the servants are really part of the family. And Bergman doesn't trust the material to reach us emotionally; he explains it—not only in that banal speech of Oscar's but by giving the grandmother a passage from Strindberg's "A Dream Play" to read to us at the end (while Alexander is curled on her lap). There are times in this movie when Bergman kills the magic by showing his hand. Surely he has made so many dream-play films already—"Wild Strawberries," for one—that he doesn't need to present the decoding information from Strindberg, unless he's worrying about the future, television-trained audience. (He has prepared a five-hour version for Swedish TV.) I flinched when Emilie told Alexander to stop thinking he was Hamlet. Bergman sets up the metaphors and puts in the paternal ghost, and then he undercuts his own handiwork with Emilie's brusque line. (Was he worried that some people in the audience might not get the idea of the boy's being highly suggestible if he didn't come right out and explain it?) Fortunately, at the end he couldn't resist a good laugh scene, and gave Alexander another ghost to haunt him.

The passion that was in "Shame," the sense of discovery that was in Bibi Andersson's great monologue in "Persona," the elation that was in "The Magic Flute"—they're not here. Bergman may truly have gone past his excitement about moviemaking; "Fanny and Alexander" is a more distanced work. If it calls any film besides Bergman's own earlier ones to mind, it's probably "Children of Paradise"—that other epic about life in the theatre. I don't think "Fanny and Alexander" achieves comparable romantic heights, but it's a cornucopia of a movie, with marvellous things in it. There's an amazingly wide-ranging and vital performance by Gunn Wållgren (who's almost seventy) as the matriarch Helena, the presiding spirit of the movie—her pale-blue eyes, weary but still eager, see into Alexander with complete love. It makes sense that he leaps into her unmade bed, and it's apparent why he pokes around her rooms—her things have a sense of history about them. And there's a lovely, soft-toned performance by Pernilla Wållgren as the Ekdahls' young servant girl Maj (who allows Alexander to keep her company in her bed when it isn't otherwise occupied). The movie also has many oddities; some of them (such as the boy illusionist's being a girl) link up with motifs in other Bergman films, and perhaps with whatever was behind his original use of them. And there are great loony details: Erland Josephson plays the exotic Jew to the medieval hilt, and in the scene in which he's trying to trick the wicked bishop and save the children, he lets out the grandest "Oy" I've ever heard. When the bishop, under the pretext of disciplining Alexander out of love, gives him ten strokes of a cane (raising weals across his back), the bishop's insidiously calm mother holds on to the boy's neck; she has a silver thimble on one finger of the hand grasping his flesh, and that bit of metal gives the scene an extra touch of sadism. Gunnar Björnstrand, in the suitable guise of a distinguished elderly actor, turns up at the Ekdahls' table on ceremonial occasions; making the movie was clearly a ceremonial occasion in itself.

The most obviously appealing thing about "Fanny and Alexander" is its sanity. It's a learning-to-live-with-your-craziness movie. (That may be as good a definition of sanity as any other.) Bergman isn't punishing the audience with his obsessions; he's using his consciousness of his own absurdity to turn them into entertaining fairy tales. (That could be another definition of sanity.) If he has also constructed a picture that's a rationale for his own role as the patriarch of a theatrical clan, this self-acceptance is rather jolly to contemplate—at a safe distance. And there is genuine affirmation in the film: it's in the lighting and in the way that he revels in the actors' faces. There's no airbrushing of their weaknesses and wrinkles. But the parts of "Fanny and Alexander" that remind you the most of other Bergman movies don't remind you of the good parts of those movies. And this film has almost none of Bergman's great wit. What it has is lovingly placed warm gingerbreading, which I fear will lead audiences to take it as a healing experience. They can come out of the movie beaming with pleasure at the thought of Ingmar Bergman's finally achieving harmony with himself. But the conventionality of the thinking in "Fanny and Alexander" is rather shocking; it's not modern conventionality—it's from the past. And that may have a lot to do with why the film seems healing. It's as if Bergman's neuroses had been tormenting him for so long that he cut them off and went sprinting back to Victorian health and domesticity. The picture is an almost sustained flight of Victorian fantasy, and it may win Ingmar Bergman his greatest public acceptance. Coming from Bergman, banality is bound to seem deeply satisfying—wholesome. It can pass for the wisdom of maturity.

THE people who made the nuclear-scare movie "WarGames" had half an idea. The first part is a sly, affectionate comedy centering on an American middle-class high-school student who, like many others, is caught up in the technology of computers and video games. The Seattle computer-freak hero, David, played by Matthew Broderick, has a gentle, childlike face and surprisingly large, competent hands. He has all this miracle-working technology and not a thought in the world about what to do with it. He just goofs off, the way kids a few decades back goofed off with ham radio sets, and in the seventies with CB equipment. About the only practical thing David has found to do with his new prowess is to tap into the school's computer to improve his grades, and he performs a similar service for a girl he likes. He has taste:

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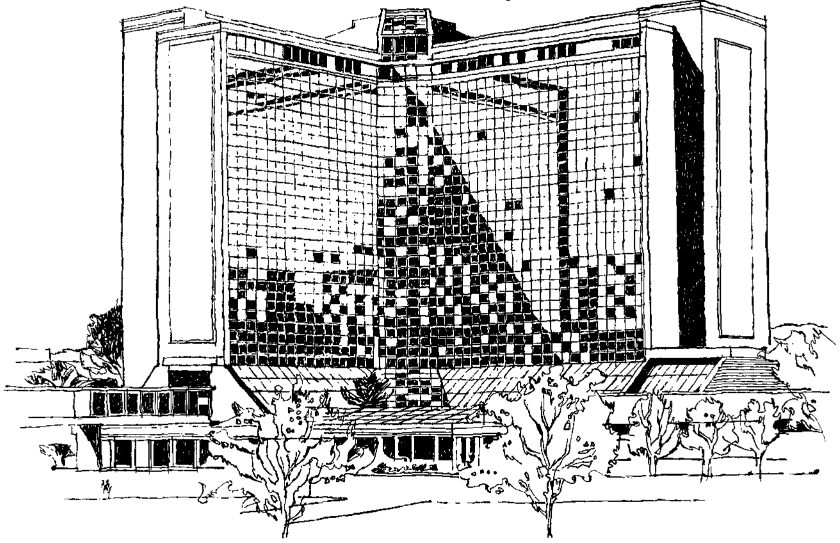

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Jennifer (Ally Sheedy), who delivers some of the movie's best lines, is straightforward and funny. The two kids have an easy manner, and the director, John Badham, seems to know just what he's doing. He leaves the picture in Matthew Broderick's capable big mitts, and it has a core of comedy and excitement. The publicity has tipped us to where the film is heading, but we're charmed by the kids and the details.

"WarGames" gives the impression of having been thought out in human terms. David, who might be a Seattle cousin of the California kids in "E.T.," is only one of the young computer nuts around; there's Jim (Maury Chaykin), who designs games, and there's Malvin, known as Mr. Potato Head (Eddie Deezen), who is possibly the first example on the screen of a new species—computer nerd. What for David is presumably no more than a phase is already Malvin's whole existence. And there's a little boy who hangs around the video arcade—eight or nine years old, he's a miniature version of David. (David's father, too, seems linked to these weirdos, if only by his blank expression and his Southern-style method of buttering his corn.) The influences on Badham are fairly clear: there's more than a suggestion of the Spielberg of "Close Encounters" in the way the shots are edited at the beginning of this picture (and in the opening of Badham's other new film, "Blue Thunder"); David is also probably the closest we've come to an American equivalent to Truffaut's young Antoine Doinel. He's the life in the movie; it's dead when he's offscreen. The moviemakers seem to know this—up to a point.

There are premonitions of solemnities to come when David, who is trying to crack the codes of new video games that aren't yet on the market, accidentally plugs into the Defense Department's war-games system, based in Colorado. He thinks he's playing just another game—Global Thermonuclear War—and we're whacked over the head to grasp the irony that indeed he is. Then the movie is thrown to the machines—to the Defense Department's master computer, a huge box of flashing lights that makes horrible noises. It sounds like an eighteen-wheel truck rumbling down the highway—it's loud even for the sound of doom. When David realizes that he is the cause of the President's announcement of a nuclear alert, he doesn't know how to stop this big contraption from playing out the game automatically. He asks the computer whether what they're engaged in is a game or for real, and the computer answers, "What's the difference?" For a computer, there isn't any. It's a neat touch that this Armageddon computer is tended by an expert (Irving Metzman) who's a grown-up Mr. Potato Head. Before David can do anything to stop the game, he's tracked down, arrested by the F.B.I., and taken to Colorado. There, he's grilled by the specialist in charge of the computer system (Dabney Coleman), who doesn't believe him and simply can't register that the master computer has begun the countdown for the big cataclysm; he thinks that the kid is part of a Communist conspiracy, and the general who's in command of the war room (Barry Corbin) has him locked up. There are echoes of "Dr. Strangelove" here, but the picture doesn't go all the way to satire. It presents almost straight what we laughed at twenty years ago. Still, David has to improvise at each step of his dealings with the military men, and it's fun watching him, and Badham and Broderick and Ally Sheedy have built up so much good will that the movie doesn't go completely flooey until David, who picks the lock of the room where he's being held, and Jennifer—who has joined him—set off for the island where the scientist who programmed the big computer lives.

If you've been starved for movies about mad geniuses and Kevin Kline's thrashing about in "Sophie's Choice" didn't quite satisfy you, you can get your fill with "WarGames," where John Wood plays the hermit computer scientist, Professor Falken, as a falconlike fellow who's so brainy and bitter that he rolls his eyes from side to side and wears his hair in bangs. The professor may suggest a tall, potty Fritz Weaver, but his intensity is all his own. His blue eyes are popping and smoking; they're the only things left alive in his witch's face. This is a real baroque clinker of a performance, but the audience doesn't laugh. Professor Falken is a saint driven mad because the government wouldn't stop its gamesmanship—the top men in the Defense Department believed there were "acceptable losses." Stanley Kramer has returned to us, lugging leftover dialogue from "On the Beach." David and Jennifer have now become the Voice of Youth, and when

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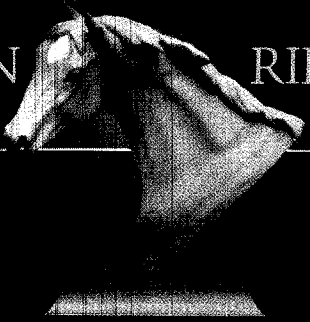

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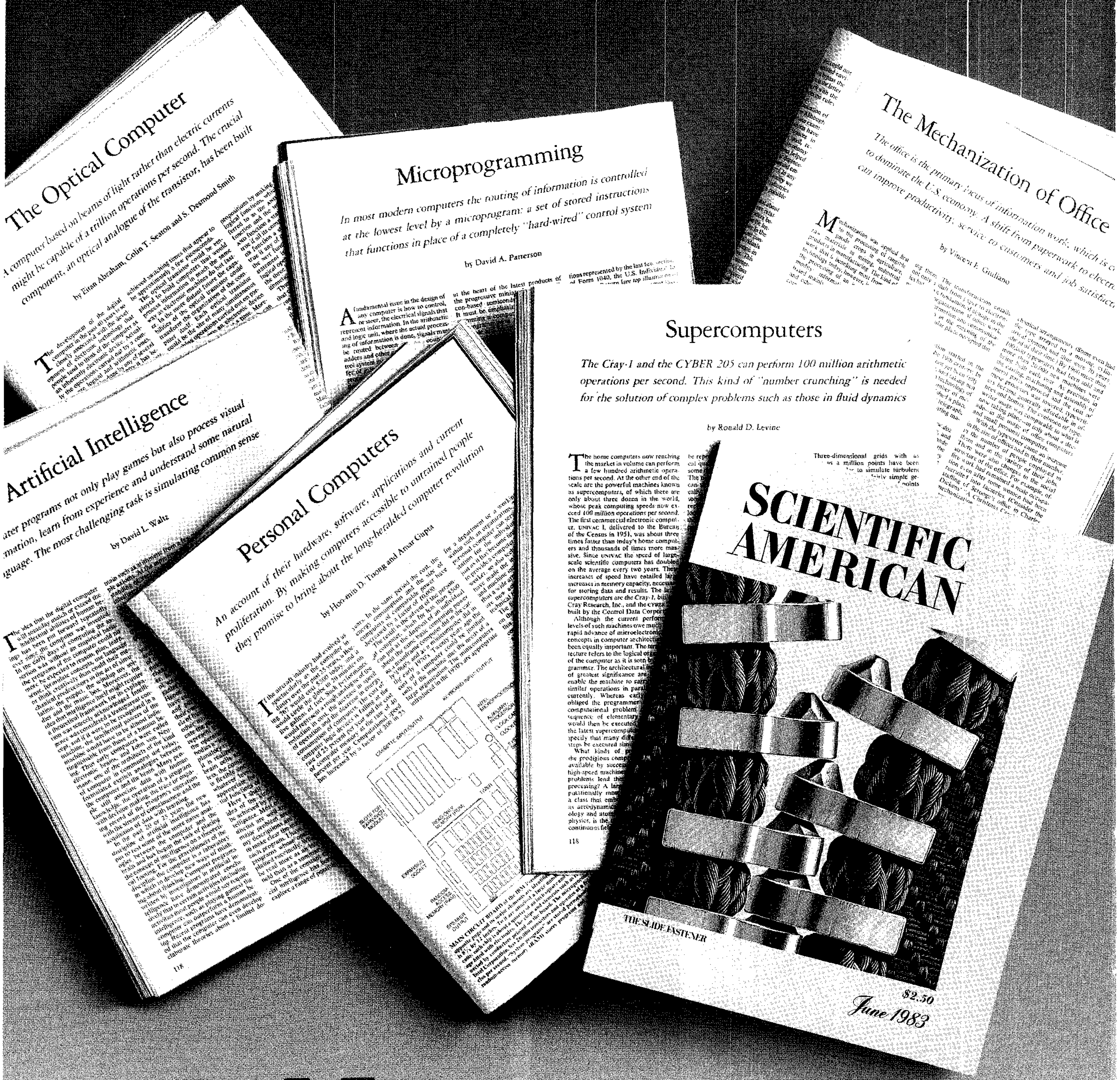
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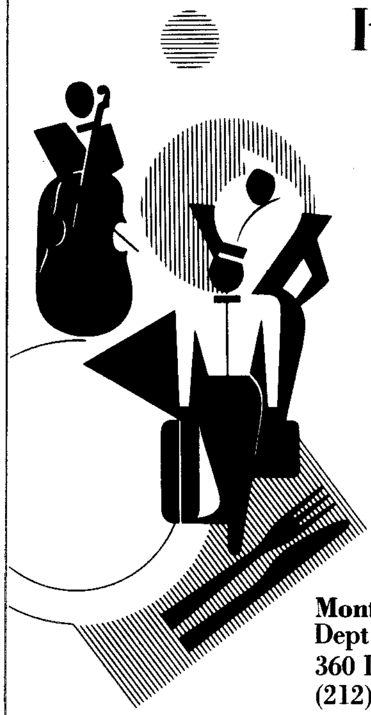
Jennifer announces, "I'm only seventeen years old—I'm not ready to die yet," David's rejoinder is something like "I always thought that there would be plenty of time. I really wanted to learn how to swim." And the reason the audience doesn't throw candy wrappers and stale popcorn at the screen is—I'm guessing—that the movie is so full of itself that it demands to be cheered for voicing the fears of people in the audience and getting its message across.

The actual message of the movie (from a script by Lawrence Lasker and Walter F. Parkes) is simply that computers, being subject to whim, error, malfunction, and misinterpretation of data, shouldn't be trusted to launch nuclear missiles—that human judgment is needed to protect us from the flukes of mechanization. But once the speeches have started, the moviemakers go on to make their "personal statements," the picture loses all its humor, and the actors start acting all over the place. The audience I saw it with didn't seem to mind. After all, it's the master computer itself—indistinguishable from God—that speaks the key line: "The only winning move is not to play." "WarGames" is this year's "The China Syndrome"—the kind of cautionary melodrama that succeeds or fails at the box office for reasons that have almost nothing to do with its quality.

A lingering question: Isn't it time for moviemakers who aren't trying for a satirical effect to recognize that four-star generals are not likely to be barnyard louts? And that maybe the high-level officers in the war room might be soft-spoken, articulate, and knowledgeable—might be at least as aware as we are of the lunacy of the operations they're involved in? A movie in which the adolescents (and even the child video-games addict) are presented as bright, civilized, and resourceful and the adults (except for the mad professor) are presented as thick-headed droids may be suspected of (a) catering to the young movie audience and (b) falling back on TV-style cartoon characters. The men in the war room are puff-cheeked macho dumb, and Dabney Coleman's face is overworked. There's no way for the halves of this picture to come together, because the first half is about how wonderful kids are and the second half is about how stupid and corrupt adults are. It's as if nobody had ever told the moviemakers where adults come from.

—Pauline Kael



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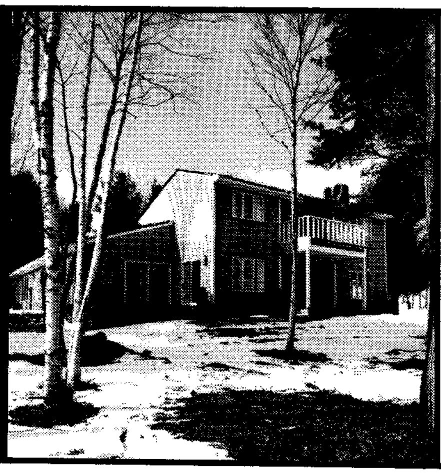

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BOOKS

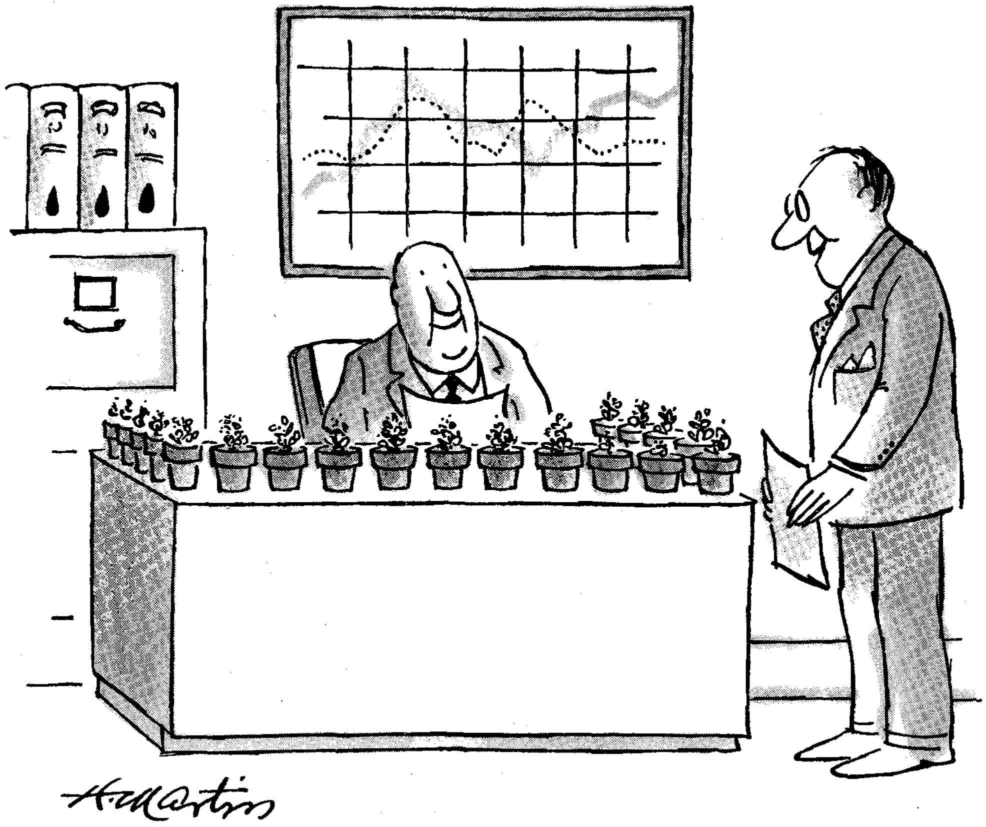
Liszt Superstar

THE mere statistics are prodigious. Between 1839 and 1847, Franz Liszt gave well over a thousand public performances. In a single week, during his Russian tour in the spring of 1842, Liszt earned more than forty thousand francs. During a ten-week spell in Berlin, in 1841-42, he gave twenty-one recitals, which included eighty different compositions, fifty of them performed from memory. Concert tours took him from Portugal to imperial St. Petersburg, from Cork to Bucharest and Constantinople, from Naples to Copenhagen, at a time when almost all such voyages were conducted by stagecoach and under conditions of weariness and discomfort hardly imaginable to the modern traveller or virtuoso. Yet Liszt is also the composer of some thirteen hundred musical works, the author or part author of six volumes of musical-literary writings, and an often dazzling correspondent, of whose letters some six thousand have survived. It is, in turn, not surprising that so titanic an apparition should, by now, have been the object of more than ten thousand books, monographs, and articles. At which figures, Liszt's grandfather the venerable Georg Adam might have raised a gently condescending eyebrow: For had *he* not married thrice, fathered twenty-five children, progressed from village schoolmaster and parish notary to overseer of princely Hungarian estates, played the violin, piano, and organ, and transmitted musical gifts to three of his own children and three of his grandsons?

Alan Walker's "Franz Liszt" has been long awaited. This first volume, subtitled "The Virtuoso Years: 1811-1847" (Knopf; $25), has been printed and illustrated with the same care and comely authority as Ernest Newman's classic four-volume biography of Wagner. Very rightly, Mr. Walker's study, which is to comprise three volumes, will challenge comparison with that great predecessor. But it proposes to do so on a basis of greater substance than that of comprehensive scholarship and vivid narration. This work "arose from a conviction, based on many years of study of the man and his music, together with a close investigation of the literature, that Liszt was the central figure in the Romantic century (Berlioz and Wagner notwithstanding) and that a book was needed to proclaim that fact," Mr. Walker writes. Here it is not only Newman's Wagner who is being invoked but the Berlioz whom Jacques Barzun, in a pioneering masterpiece, set squarely at the pivot of Romanticism. The very phrase "the Romantic century" is Barzun's.

To justify his conviction, Mr. Walker must argue not only Liszt's incomparable virtuosity at the keyboard and the arch-"Romantic" qualities of Liszt's dramatic persona and amorous career. (Both of these domains are, of course, long established and documented.) He must demonstrate that Liszt's own music, together with the influence of his sensibility on contemporary taste, does indeed make of him the emblematic, the pivotal presence in European Romanticism. Given the facts of Liszt's development, from concert and recital-hall superstar, to composer of a more private spirit, to an almost unrivalled role as Europe's musical impresario, and, finally, to a representative part in the religious aspects of the Romantic century, Mr. Walker will be able to put the best part of his case only in subsequent volumes. This postponement may account for the somewhat defensive air of this opening movement and for rather frequent lapses of style. Presiding over "grisly scenes" of Napoleonic carnage, "like a ghostly galleon in the skies," is the Great Comet of 1811; during the eighteen-thirties, "dozens of steel-fingered, chromium-plated virtuosos" are playing in Paris; the famous technical rivalry between Liszt and Thalberg yields the prospect of an "ivory duel;" the birth of Liszt's and Mme. d'Agoult's first child is characterized as an "event" that "duly presented itself." And it is, to say the least, unsettling to find the greatest poet in French literature, Victor Hugo, catalogued as a "novelist." Ernest Newman kept a tauter rein. But the fundamental problem—that of a positive presentation of Liszt's art and temperament during the first decades of his life—is not of Mr. Walker's making.

Our age has witnessed the mass hysterics of rock and pop festivals. It has seen screaming crowds attempting to snatch some relic from the living frame and leavings of a Sinatra or a Presley. The Beatles and the Rolling



"Alternating dwarf yellow marigolds with blue ageratums certainly makes a snappy border, Jennings."

Stones have been all but sanctified, and the media have spawned the ecstatic abjections of the groupie. But it is doubtful whether any twentieth-century phenomenon of audience response quite matches the "Lisztomania" (Heine's malicious but fascinated coinage) that swept Europe during the early eighteen-forties. Mr. Walker invokes the tumultuous and magnetic powers of Niagara Falls when seeking to characterize the effect that Liszt's recitals had on their public. Mesmerism, mystical ecstasy, mass hysteria on an unprecedented scale are the commonplace of contemporary descriptions. It became very nearly a cliché to compare Liszt's improvisations—often on themes proposed by his listeners—to the playful yet all-mastering and all-transforming creativities of God. Every detail of Liszt's mien—the pallor, the mane of flowing hair, the fingers of the Master, at once mesmeric in their poised repose and demonic in their wholly unequalled span and precision—was the object of fervid illustration, imitation, and commentary. "No artist in history has ever received the acclaim and honours about to be showered on him."

Though Liszt had entered into legend almost from his début as a child prodigy (comparisons with Mozart were immediate), it was his return to his native Hungary during the winter of 1839-40 which set the pattern for apotheosis. The fantastic tale has often been told, but never better than by Mr. Walker. Liszt's progress from Pressburg to Pest, in a convoy of princely carriages, triggered a sort of national delirium:

> In Pest talk was of nothing but Liszt. After his concerts were announced, hundreds of people travelled in from the provinces, some of which were four or five days distant, in order to hear him play. Print sellers were despatched to Vienna for engraved likenesses of their famous compatriot. Even the pastry-cooks excelled themselves by producing a new type of biscuit, in the shape of a grand piano, inscribed with the name "Liszt" in icing sugar. At a banquet given in his honour, someone got up and proposed a subscription for his bust; in less than ten minutes 1,500 francs was raised.

The apogee came on the night of January 4, 1840. Crowds had milled for hours in the bitter cold in front of the Hungarian National Theatre. The audience packed not merely the hall but the wings and the back of the stage, which had been converted into boxes. Liszt appeared in Hungarian national costume, unleashing thunderous ovations. The program featured two of his stellar turns: the paraphrase on Donizetti's "Lucia di Lammermoor" and his own "Grand Galop Chromatique," with its electrifying cascades of notes taken at uncanny speed. The tumult that followed the announced items showed no sign of abating. The Master returned to the piano and struck up his arrangement of Hungary's unofficial national anthem, the famous "Rákóczy" March. The ensuing furor was "almost enough to have awakened the dead." Six high-ranking Magyars, in glittering national garb, mounted the stage to present Hungary's greatest son with a jewel-encrusted sabre. Liszt wept, rallied, and delivered a speech in French. He identified himself uncompromisingly with the national aspirations of his compatriots, with the storm gathering against Austrian governance: "Hungary, gentlemen, must not remain a stranger to any glory. She is destined to march at the head of the nations, by her heroism as by her genius in peaceful pursuits." Leaving the delirious theatre, Liszt was compelled to descend from his carriage and to process to his lodgings at the head of a torchlit column of some five thousand worshippers.

As Mr. Walker underlines, Liszt's triumph in Hungary was due as much to nationalist sentiments as to his executive genius. But comparable scenes of frenzied homage took place throughout the Continent. "Lisztomania" infected Berlin:

> His portrait was worn on brooches and cameos. Swooning lady admirers attempted to take cuttings of his hair, and they surged forward whenever he broke a piano string in order to make it into a bracelet. Some of these insane female "fans" even carried glass phials about their persons into which they poured his coffee dregs. Others collected his cigar-butts, which they hid in their cleavages.

Three thousand people, an audience of a size and glitter unprecedented in Russian history, thronged the Assembly Hall of the Nobles for Liszt's first St. Petersburg appearance. Two pianos stood on the platform, so that the Master could face each half of the public in turn. The verdict of the music critic Vladimir Stasov was typical: "We had never in our lives heard anything like this; we had never been in the presence of such a brilliant, passionate, demonic temperament, at one moment rushing like a whirlwind, at another pouring forth cascades of tender beauty and grace. Liszt's playing was absolutely overwhelming." Schumann's testimony after a Dresden

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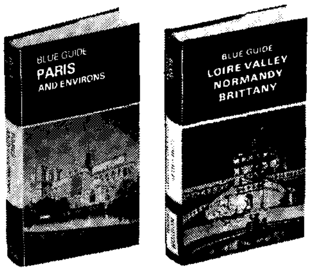

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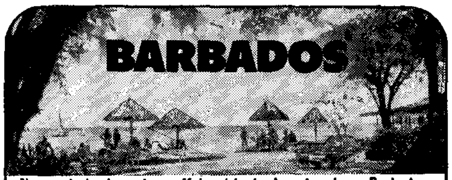

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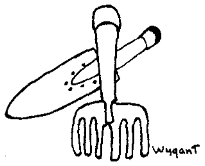
concert is unequivocal: "It is unlikely that any other artist, excepting only Paganini, has the power to lift, carry, and deposit an audience in such high degree."

The reference to Niccolò Paganini is, of course, vital. He alone seems to have rivalled Liszt's demonic charisma. Both men appear to have extended the material range of their respective instruments and to have performed feats of dexterity on those instruments which, if legend is correct, have not proved practicable after them. Both Paganini and Liszt mesmerized the contemporary artistic imagination, and carried about their person an aura of Faustian omnipotence and secret desolation (that entente with the agencies of darkness which had insured their more than human virtuosity). What is central: we find in the aesthetics, in the personal impact, in the feverish stamina of both Liszt and Paganini a shift of the concept of the heroic away from Napoleonic politics or military deeds to the realm of art and the artist. It is now the artist—the musician above all—who incarnates the elixir of heroism and hero worship. This shift, which will culminate in Wagner and on which Thomas Mann's fictions will look back with spellbound irony, is essential to Romanticism.



As I have said, Mr. Walker is a superb chronicler of Liszt's meteoric progress through the concert halls and recital rooms of Europe. But the incandescent material fills him with unease. He is all too conscious of the fact that Liszt's "virtuoso years" have left an ambiguous aftertaste. The suspicion of a merely technical brio, of a musicality based primarily on instrumental exhibitionism, has haunted Liszt's status in the history of music. Intimations of kitsch and of "camp" *avant la lettre* attach, unavoidably, not only to the maniacal enthusiasm that Liszt's performances inspired but to the artist's highly self-conscious manipulations of the political and social élite as well as of the mass public. Mr. Walker's advocacy is able. He nowhere denies the "pop star" elements in Liszt's temperament and early career. What he demonstrates is the revolutionary role of Franz Liszt's piano playing in the whole development of modern musical history and sensibility.

It is not only that Liszt, as London critics were among the first to note, literally invents the modern piano recital, with its assumption that an audience can be held for several hours by the execution of serious music on a solo piano. It is that Liszt lays the foundations for the piano repertoire as we still know it. He was, preëminently, the champion of Beethoven, and of that which is most demanding in Beethoven's sonatas. Liszt returns to Bach and Scarlatti. With that generosity which is, indeed, the finest trait in Liszt's intricate nature, he championed his rivals and competitors, such as Chopin and Schumann. It is Liszt's performances during the late eighteen-thirties and the eighteen-forties which do much to introduce to a larger public the genius of Schubert. Liszt's transcriptions of older or neglected masters may not always be to our current taste. But it was via these transcriptions that works of Bach and of Handel, of Bellini and of Schubert took their enduring place in the concert hall. Only an artist of profound musical understanding and essential seriousness could have brought this about. In the largesse, in the catholicities, of Liszt's virtuoso programs are incipient the clairvoyance, the courage that were to make of him the patron of Berlioz and of Wagner.

Mr. Walker goes further. He asks that we revalue Liszt's own early compositions. Some of the "Italian" pieces, completed between the spring and winter of 1838, "occupy a central place in the history of piano playing." In particular, the Fantasia Quasi Sonata "After a Reading of Dante" remains "one of Liszt's unique creations, little played and little understood for over half a century after its initial publication in 1858." Its thematic contrasts, Mr. Walker suggests, were of a kind far beyond contemporary taste. With the appearance in 1838-39 of the twelve Transcendental Studies and the six Paganini Transcriptions, or Études, Liszt initiated "a treasury of keyboard resources not found in any earlier work." If these compositions do not hold their just place in today's repertoire, Mr. Walker argues, it is not only because of their often fantastic difficulty. It is because the whole aesthetic of arrangement and transcription, especially in respect of operatic music, is alien to twentieth-century habits. To transform the texture of an operatic score "from a dull piano reduction (a dead copy of the original) into a living composition calls for a touch of the magician's wand—with poetic licence, roulades, diamond-bright cascades, and even the occasional eruption of flame and fire—to cast a spell over the keyboard and persuade it to illuminate by suggestion the creative spirit of the original." Would it, however, be altogether unfair to add that the involuted looseness of Mr. Walker's own prose at this juncture too faithfully mirrors the music he is extolling?

If the piano is one focus of this initial volume, the other must necessarily be Liszt's liaison with Marie d'Agoult. As everyone is aware, the world owed to this affair the future Cosima Wagner. The literature, both documentary and fictive, is vast. Contemporary opinion was fascinated by the elopement to Geneva in the summer of 1835 of the aristocratic Countess and her younger lover. The peregrinations of Franz and Marie, their involvement in George Sand's bohemian circle, the bold candor of their "unconsecrated union," and the bitter end of their relationship, in 1844-45, were the object of incessant gossip and fantastication. Mr. Walker reviews the facts with stringent scholarship. More especially, he aims to correct the account of Liszt's conduct toward his children which was given by Marie d'Agoult after the couple broke up. Quite unexpectedly, Marie turned into a formidable polemicist and publicist, whose thinly veiled narrative of her life with Liszt, in a novel signed with the pen name Daniel Stern, not only marked contemporary views but exercised great influence on posterity. Mr. Walker skimps neither the force of Marie d'Agoult's apologetic talents nor the very real difficulties in which she found herself (difficulties, in fact, attenuated by the poignant forbearance and patience of her husband). But he demonstrates, through scrupulous research, the extent to which the crisis of the mid-eighteen-forties stemmed from the deepening instabilities of her character, and he shows beyond doubt that Liszt's support of the three children Marie had borne him—Blandine, Cosima, and Daniel—was unstintingly generous. As this volume closes, Princess Carolyne von Sayn-Wittgenstein, twenty-eight years old, mistress of countless Ukrainian acres and of thirty thousand serfs (there *is* a titanic touch about almost everything in Liszt's life), has journeyed to Kiev and heard the Master play. Soon they will meet, and the second major phase of Liszt's existence will begin.

But already Mr. Walker has shown the arch-Romanticism of his hero's

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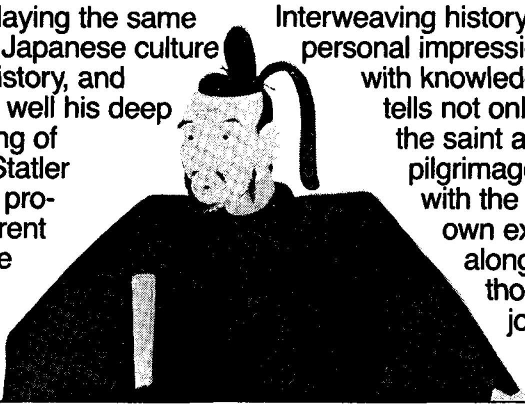

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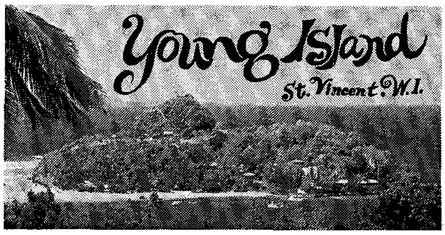

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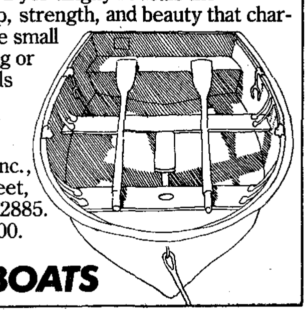

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genius and personal destiny. Everywhere he went, moreover, Liszt proved himself a lodestar. He gathered around him the dramatis personae of the age: Schumann, Chopin, Paganini, George Sand, Victor Hugo, Musset, Heine, Berlioz. The powers of projection which so evidently animated Liszt's playing extended into his prodigality in human contacts. (Franz Liszt's generosities toward those less fortunate than himself were legion.) If *only in respect of his itineraries during* the eighteen-forties, Liszt was indeed, as Mr. Walker would have it, at the hub of Romanticism. Nevertheless, the case for his intrinsic greatness as a musician—notably as a composer—and as something more than a technically supreme, charismatic executant, remains to be made.

What lies ahead is the Weimar years and the turbulent consequences of the Liszt-Wittgenstein alliance in the development and the politics of nineteenth-century music. The "Wagner decades" are yet to come. Thirteen dramatic years divide the end of Mr. Walker's overture from Franz Liszt's departure for Rome and his subsequent entry into holy orders—yet another chapter that was to fascinate the European imagination. Principally, there lie before us the facts of Franz Liszt's evolution as a creator of original and influential music. What roads were to lead the flamboyant virtuoso and acrobat of inimitable trills to the bleak, uncompromising spirit of the "Valse Oubliée" No. 4, and the "Bagatelle sans Tonalité," both composed in 1885, the year before Liszt's death? What transmuted the keyboard duellist against Thalberg into the direct predecessor of Bartók? It is no mere civility to say that this superb first volume makes one impatient for Alan Walker's answers.

—GEORGE STEINER

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

THE TIMES ARE NEVER SO BAD: A NOVELLA AND EIGHT SHORT STORIES, by Andre Dubus (Godine; $13.95). A strong collection of stories (Mr. Dubus's fourth), ranging from five pages to about sixty and from New England to California. The best of them, with their focus on serious, if small-scale, violence and its unpredictable effects, recall Euripides' plays and Hitchcock's movies. In "The Pretty Girl," a half-mad ex-husband terrorizes his ex-wife and her friends with knives, fire, and his fists until her father helps to arm her for the next attack. In "Anna," a young woman helps her lover rob a drugstore, but even before they finish their spending spree her euphoria has faded to doubt and her doting pride to pity. In "Leslie in California," a young wife with her third black eye coolly hefts a skillet while her hung-over husband makes the usual empty promises. In "A Father's Story," a good Catholic chooses to commit a crime and a sin when he helps his daughter conceal a fatal accident. Mr. Dubus is a shrewd student of people who come to accept pain as a fair price for pleasure, and to view right and wrong as a matter of degree; without moralizing, he suggests that their self-inflicted punishments are often worse than what a just court, or a just God, would decree.

THE LAST SUPPER, by Charles McCarry (Dutton; $15.95). Mr. McCarry continues his agreeably mannered account of the somewhat mannered adventures of the American secret agent Paul Christopher. As an entertainer, Mr. McCarry resembles John le Carré in his leisurely approach to a point and in his carefree use of chronology. This, his fourth Christopher story, is chronologically, in part, his first: it opens with the courtship of Christopher's parents—Hubbard Christopher, a rich American poet, and the Baronesse Hannelore von Buecheler, a Prussian aristocrat—in the summer of 1923. It follows Hubbard Christopher from poetry into the Second World War and espionage—to the disappearance of his wife and his own death. Paul Christopher then appears and takes over. New characters appear and familiar characters reappear. There is much romantic love (and sex) and much romantic action, much good living and much privation, and, above all, Mr. McCarry's richly satisfying writing—writing that escapes excess only by the skin of its teeth.

DANCING IN THE DARK, by Janet Hobhouse (Random House; $12.95). In this intense, accomplished novel (her second), Miss Hobhouse casts an observant eye on contemporary life, and particularly on that corner of the emotional landscape where heterosexual women befriend and are befriended by homosexual men. Gabriella Callagher, the book's central character, is—like most of the supporting cast—in her early thirties and drawn to the idea of "style." She is also tussling with her husband, Morgan, in powerful conflicts—over possessing or being possessed, freedom versus security—that have brought the marriage to a point of near-combustion. Into this dark Lawrentian struggle flits the hummingbird presence of Claudio, a charming, childlike, hedonistic homosexual, who seems at first to offer Gabriella effortless escape and camaraderie. Miss Hobhouse is writing about modern, self-invented people living in new kinds of "families" and moving about in the fashionably decorated lofts, beaten-up taxicabs, and dancing clubs of lower Manhattan. Yet her literary roots are in the traditional English novel of manners. In prose at once deft and stately, she evokes social set-piece scenes of old-style authoritativeness—the goings on at some all-male disco, for example, are re-created as minutely as the measured Assemblies of Austen or Trollope.

SHAKESPEARE'S DOG, by Leon Rooke (Knopf; $10.95). "We were making quite the whoobug when my master Two Foot's kicksy-wicksy, the noxious Hathaway . . . howled in her drone's eminence from the back door," the narrating Four Foot recalls in this ingenious dog's-eye view of Anne Hathaway, Arden Wood, the River Avon, and its twenty-one-year-old Bard-to-be. Hooker describes one day: the day, in 1585, before he and his equally ambitious Shagspere (or Shokespit, Shakespoot, Shaxpoot, Snakespit—Hooker rarely gets it right) set out, in spite of Anne's ploys and protests, for London. If Hooker is ambitious (he dreams of baiting a London bear and of meeting the Queen), he can be generous (stealing mutton for some vagabonds), brave (guarding from cats and boys a bird's nest full of "beepers"), and faithful (coming to the rescue when his master falls into the river); and he never claims to be more than his master's best friend, although he tries, with his growls ("He'd hike up his ears at the syllable-roll but stand dumb to their subtlety"), to be his Muse.

GENERAL

WHOSE LITTLE BOY ARE YOU?, by Heywood Hale Broun (St. Martin's;

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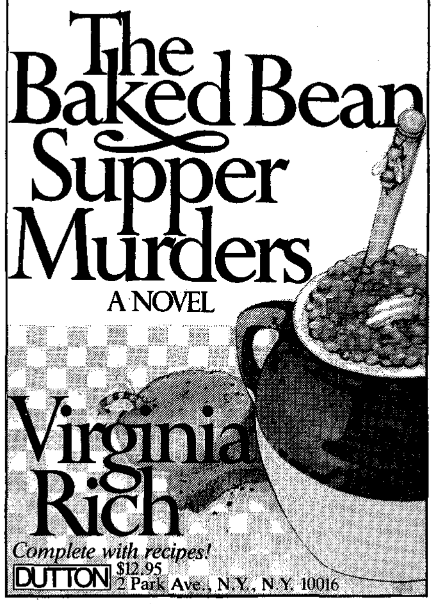
$14.95). The author was born in 1918, the son of Heywood Broun, one of the most successful and best-known columnists of his time, and Ruth Hale, a talented journalist. The boy was permitted a brief period of infancy, and then, in accordance with his parents' views on domestic democracy, was pitched into a kind of mini-adulthood. He was, to his bewilderment, an equal among equals: he called his parents by their first names, and at the almost continuous party in the family's New York town house he was expected to act the gentlemanly co-host—to keep the guests' glasses filled with bootleg gin, and, shored up by a telephone book at the dinner table, to match wits with a company that usually included members of the Algonquin set and luminaries like Paul Robeson and Gene Tunney. Woodie, as he was called, went along with this as best he could, although he wasn't sure his parents even thought much about him when he wasn't under their noses. When he became sickly and was sent to distant schools, for his health, his doubts grew larger. It wasn't until the last years of his parents' lives, when they were divorced and somewhat on the downgrade, that he came to know them, and to forgive them. In this book, he lays all his old ghosts. It is a quite lovely memoir—funny, fierce, poignant, and passionate.

SAVAGE ARENA, by Joe Tasker (St. Martin's; $18.95). Joe Tasker was a young British climber who died in the summer of 1982 while attempting an immensely difficult route on the Chinese side of Mt. Everest. He left this fine autobiography. Tasker first learned about mountain climbing when he was a seminarian, studying for the Catholic priesthood. At mealtime, books were read aloud, and after hearing a book about climbing the Eiger he decided that he would give mountaineering a try. He eventually left seminary, and became one of the best alpinists in Europe. Tasker is as good on people as he is on places; his book is honest and hair-raising.

•

My brother, Edward Moravitz, married a girl who thought Moravitz sounded too ethnic, so she nagged him until he changed their name to ddaraMoore.—*Letter to "Dear Abby" in the Middlesex (Mass.) News.*

Still sounds ethnic.



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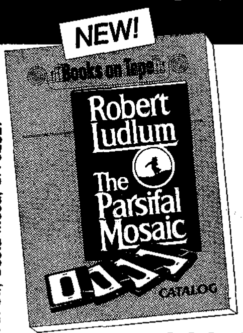

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